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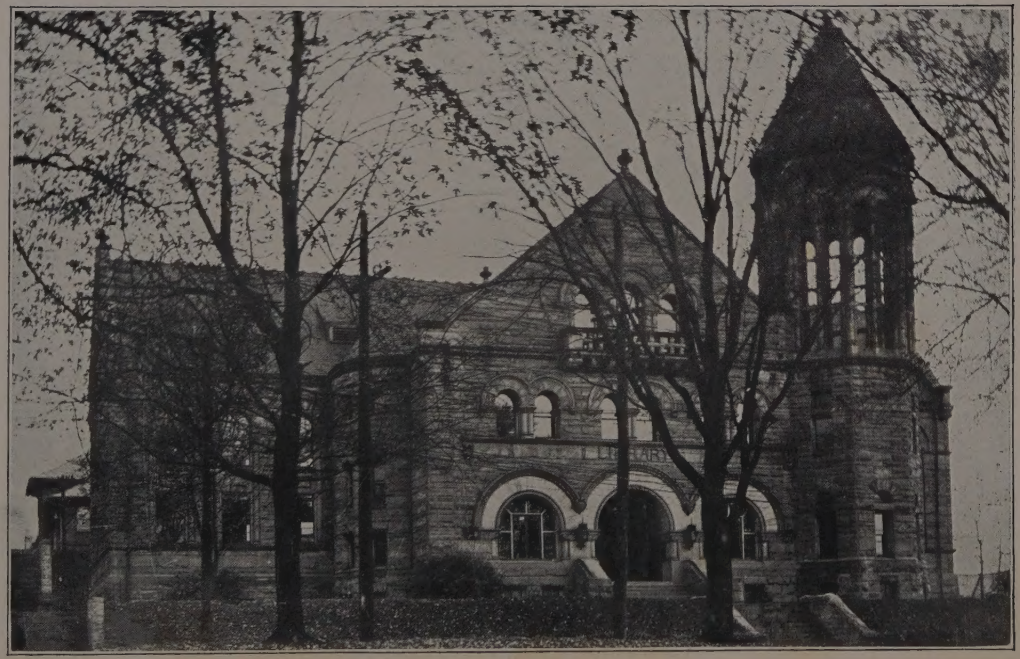

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Representative Authors of West Virginia

BY

WARREN WOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE TRAGEDY OF THE DESERTED ISLE,"
"WHEN VIRGINIA WAS RENT IN TWAIN,"
"VOICES FROM THE VALLEY."

WITH A FOREWORD BY

DR. TUCKER BROOKE

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN YALE UNIVERSITY

THE WORTH-WHILE BOOK COMPANY
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To

THE TEACHERS OF WEST VIRGINIA

In appreciation of the devoted service they are rendering humanity and for their contribution to the intellectual life of the State, this volume is sincerely dedicated.

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Appreciation and hearty thanks are extended to all, who in various ways have aided in what has proved an arduous undertaking, but which, owing to their coöperation and good wishes, has not been without its compensations.

FOREWORD

STUDENTS of American culture will be much indebted to Mr. Wood for the broad reading and sound judgment that inform this volume. His subject, never before treated so fully or so well, is by no means an easy one to handle, for the critic of life and letters in West Virginia has a much harder task than those who deal with more homogeneous and sophisticated commonwealths. Mr. Wood is to be congratulated upon avoiding the two special dangers of parochiality and of sectional prejudice. He shows an intelligent sympathy for both the pioneer and the cavalier tradition, for the spirit of the Shenandoah Valley as well as that of the Kanawha and the Ohio; and he emphasizes figures and points of view which have more than local importance and give a rounded impression.

In the hazardous endeavor of appraising living authors Mr. Wood has very evidently striven to praise wisely and not too well. I think his estimates will impress the reader as discriminating and well-informed, without giving offence either to the authors discussed or to the skeptical outsider. The chapters devoted to figures of the recent and not-so-recent past, such as Dr. Alexander Campbell, Judge Lucas, Mrs. Dandridge, William Leighton, and Miss Withers are excellently rounded and contrasted. They distinctly deserve the attention of connoisseurs of American literature. Perhaps special note should be made of the sections on W. K. Pendleton and P. B. Reynolds, characters of no small interest, whose

writings, characteristic and significant though they are, are so inconspicuously tucked away that the pointing finger and well-chosen excerpts of the historian almost effect a discovery.

Mr Wood has accumulated in the book much miscellaneous information which connects the subject of his story with the world outside. It is interesting to be reminded that the 'Sage of Bethany,' Alexander Campbell, was a cousin of the poet, Thomas Campbell, and Alexander Scott Withers, the pioneer historian of *Border Warfare* (Clarksburg, 1831), a cousin of Sir Walter Scott. In the latter instance at least it is easy to trace congenital sympathies. That Nat. Willis, the Yale poet, was son of a pioneer newspaper editor at Martinsburg, Richard Harding Davis son of a West Virginia authoress of Wheeling, and Weir Mitchell of a novelist of Shepherdstown are further *data* for those who speculate upon literary antecedents.

The admirable Résumé of Books and Authors will be a valuable resource both to the bibliographer and to the collector of choice Americana.

TUCKER BROOKE

YALE UNIVERSITY

PRELIMINARY

LITTLE has been written on the literature of West Virginia, and this is the first book to attempt an appraisal of its achievement, or to present an outline of its history. Mention should be made, however, of the recent excellent compilation, *Stories and Verse of West Virginia* by Miss Ella May Turner, and the significant article, *A Study of the Literature of West Virginia*, prepared by Miss Mary Meek Atkeson for Dr. J. M. Callahan's *History of West Virginia*, which has been issued as a separate monograph.

Since 1869, efforts have been made by various historical societies to rescue and preserve in enduring form the annals and records of the "war-born" state, but it was not until a comparatively recent date that the State itself provided for such an enterprise. On February 18, 1905, an act was passed by the West Virginia Legislature for the establishment of a "State Department of Archives and History," the object of which is to collect and preserve everything pertaining to the history of the Commonwealth.

Among the things enumerated for which provision is made are "The works of West Virginia authors and such others as shall properly illustrate the bibliography of the State." It is these "works of West Virginia authors," as well as the authors themselves that are to be considered in this volume. Most of their books are difficult to obtain; many are out of print, some are exceedingly rare or inaccessible, while others belong to the things that were but are not. Hence the at-

tempt to present and perpetuate the intellectual life and ideals of the people of West Virginia as exemplified in their literature, and if it may be to stimulate a greater literary interest and higher endeavor in the future. Owing to anomalous conditions the advance of letters has hardly kept pace with the remarkable material development of the commonwealth, yet much has been accomplished. Here and there may be noted an outstanding figure; a few have been acclaimed afar, while unheralded, many throughout the state have striven to lay the foundation of what it may be hoped will prove a permanent literature.

In planning this volume the leading aim has been to consider the work of representative authors in a series of appreciative reviews or essays, at such length and with sufficient quotation as to afford a just and discriminative estimate of the writers concerned, rather than to compile a chronological dictionary of books and authors, which while serving as a reference would obviously lack the interest of a more liberal treatment. For those especially interested, study classes and reading circles, a general survey of the entire subject accompanies the main division, with an indicated background of early history, while an extended list of authors and their books, arranged for convenience of reference in alphabetical order, is appended.

Liberality has been exercised in the admission of authors; nonresidents dealing with West Virginia themes receiving frequent mention, especially those associated with the early history of this region, but for obvious reasons scientific, legal, theological treatises and textbooks, except such as bearing on the literature of the state in its more restricted meaning are not included. Endeavor, meanwhile, has been made to

maintain a semblance of balance, despite the temptation to linger with those of other times who have labored to preserve somewhat of the life, the color and the spirit of the days that come not again.

W. W.

RAVENSWOOD-ON-THE-OHIO
December 31, 1923

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SPOTSWOOD'S PARTY DRINKING THE KING'S HEALTH
(*Old Print*)

Representative Authors of West Virginia

Chapter I

THE LIGHT-BRINGERS' FIRST ADVANCE

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But Westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

WEST VIRGINIA, unlike the Old Dominion and the neighboring commonwealth beyond the Ohio, is not generally recognized as a "literary state." If one were undertaking to establish such a relation, the easiest way, perhaps, would be by levying on our inheritance beyond the mountains, after the conventional fashion. West Virginia, as every one knows, formed an integral part of the Old Dominion till that eventful day she set up housekeeping for herself, June 20th, 1863. Hence, one might with as good grace as others assume, lay claim to all the literary hereditaments appertaining to the mother state from that date back to the spacious times of that sturdy Elizabethan, Captain John Smith, who with the scholarly George Sandys and other contemporaneous Englishmen conferred a certain esthetic distinction on the Cavalier colony at Jamestown. To our lot, however, falls the more prosaic task of setting

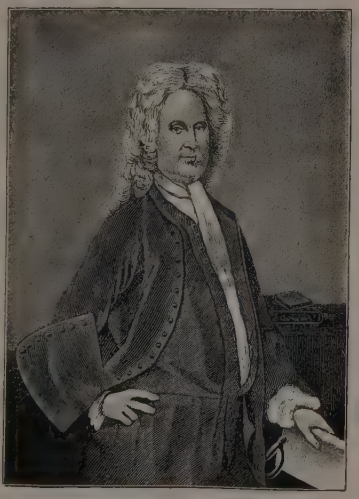
forth the beginning the "Mountain State" has made on her own account. Yet such an undertaking is not devoid of interest, not to say inspiration to be drawn from the varied life and endeavor of those who are definitely associated with the history and development of the region under consideration.

Nature gave this narrow, irregular strip west of the Alleghenies, now comprising West Virginia, an exceptional strategic position, linking her history in a vital way with the larger life and destiny of the nation, and winning for her an enviable place denied many another more imposing commonwealth. The dawning of its history reveals an unbroken wilderness, barren of population, if roving bands of savages be excepted, but claimed by the Indians as a hunting ground by hereditary possession, and by the French and English as an extension of their holdings by right of discovery. Of the white claimants, the English were first in their attempt to profit from this disputed territory. Their hunters and traders, braving the hardship and danger of the primitive wilds, threaded their way through the dense forests along the sinuous buffalo and Indian trails in search of game and peltry, ever pushing farther westward in their traffic with the Red Men, in their feverish exploration of the country, or for the sheer love of adventure.

It required a little more than a century from the founding of Jamestown for the vanguard of civilization to reach the Blue Ridge. Between this mountain range and the Alleghenies to the westward lies the famed Valley of the Shenandoah, the history of which is most

intimately related with the early settlement of West Virginia.

In the summer of 1716, Alexander Spotswood, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, with a party of merry adventurers, including Robert Beverly, the historian, John Fontaine, the journalist of the expedition, Robert Brooke, the king's surveyor-general, and a half-dozen other gentlemen, their retainers, a company of rangers and four Meherrin Indians — some fifty persons in all — with spare horses and sumpter-mules laden with provisions and an astonishing variety of liquors, set out at the signal of the hunter's horn on a journey westward across the mountains.



Alexander Spotswood
From an old print.

"The chief aim of my expedition over the great mountains in 1716," writes Governor Spotswood, "was to satisfy myself whether it was practicable to come at the Lakes." He believed from stories told him by the Indians that the Great Lakes, especially Lake Erie, was but a few days' journey west of the mountains. Associated with his leading object, a better knowledge of the country and the desire for adventure and exploration, rather than any thought of protecting the English

settlements from the French, as sometimes stated, were the contributing motives for this rather belated undertaking.

Starting with some members of his staff from Williamsburg the beginning of August, he proceeded to Germanna, a small frontier settlement colonized two years before. Here he was joined by the remainder of the party, and after all their horses were shod, the journey was continued by way of Peyton's Ford and the upper Rappahannock. On September 5th, thirty-six days from the date of their departure from Williamsburg, they scaled the Blue Ridge at Swift Run Gap and descended the western side into the Shenandoah Valley. They found the river very deep and about eighty yards wide in its narrowest part. Following its course up stream they at length came to a place where it could be crossed. The fording was made September 6th, and they rested on the western bank. Fontaine says: "I graved my name on a tree by the river side, and the Governor buried a bottle with a paper enclosed, on which he writ that he took possession of this place in the name of King George First of England." They had a good dinner and after calling all the men together celebrated the occasion by drinking the King's health, the princess' health, all the rest of the royal family's health and finally the Governor's health.

Leaving the rangers to further explore the Valley region, the Governor and his immediate attendants set out on their return to Williamsburg, where they arrived after an absence of about two months. It had been a long and toilsome journey, but there was abundance of

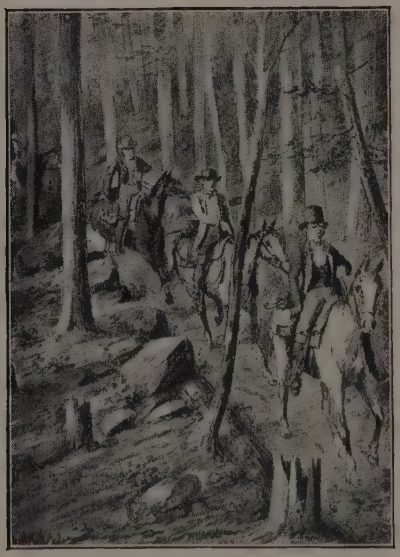
game on the way: grouse, turkeys, bears and deer; footprints of elk and buffalo were also seen. Each day was beguiled with the chase and each night enlivened with campfire, song and story; moreover, a glimpse of the great "Valley of Virginia" proved ample compensation for all their arduous mountain climbing.

Governor Spotswood was enthusiastic over his invasion of the wilderness and sought to commemorate his achievment by instituting the "Transmontane Order" of the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe," presenting each member of his party with a miniature horseshoe bearing the motto, "Sic jurat transcendere montes" — (thus he swears to cross the mountains). This insignia was also offered to others who would comply with the inscription. Spotswood's expedition, no doubt, eventually led to important results, but notwithstanding his spectacular efforts and his followers' glowing accounts of the country, there remains no evidence of emigration from the East through the rugged passes of the Blue Ridge until many years later.

Pennsylvania instead of the Old Dominion was destined to furnish the earliest settlers for the land west of the Blue Ridge. To Morgan Morgan belongs the honor of raising the first humble home within the limits of what is now West Virginia. A native of Wales, he early emigrated to Pennsylvania and from there came to the Shenandoah Valley, locating on Mill Creek in what is now Berkeley county in 1727. He was a member of the English Church and noted for his exemplary character. The same year, some German emigrants from Pennsylvania crossed the Potomac at the "old pack-horse ford"

and began a settlement on the present site of Shepherdstown, the oldest town in the state, which for a time was called New Mecklenburg in memory of their ancestral home in the Fatherland.

As early as 1725, John Van Meter, an Indian trader from the Dutch settlement on the Hudson, traversed the lower Shenandoah, upper Potomac and South Branch valleys. One of his sons, Isaac Van Meter, visited this region some time later and was so pleased with the lands that he and his brother John, in 1730, obtained from Governor Gooch a warrant for forty thousand acres in the lower valley, much of which was within the present limits of Jefferson and Berkeley counties. The next year they sold a part of their grant to Joist Hite, who with his own and fifteen other families made their way through the wilderness from York, Pennsylvania, settling at a number of points near where Winchester now stands. Although this territory was outside the present borders of West Virginia, these settlements and those which fol-



OVER THE MOUNTAINS
From an old print.

lowed exerted a marked influence on the neighboring frontiers of this state. A stream of emigration soon began to flow into the rich lands offered by Hite, but a controversy arose with Lord Fairfax concerning the proprietor's title.

Lord Fairfax had inherited an immense estate lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers in Virginia, including the present counties of Jefferson, Berkeley, Morgan, Hampshire, Mineral, three-fourths of Grant and a part of Tucker within West Virginia. Fairfax claimed Hite's lands as a part of his patent, and in 1736 entered a *caveat* against Hite; thereupon Hite brought suit against Fairfax. The contest was not finally settled till fifty years later, long after all the original parties were in their graves. In 1786 judgment was rendered in favor of Hite and his vendees. It is said that this estate has caused more litigation than any other land grant on the continent. The legal complications and uncertainty of titles tended to retard the settlement of that part of the valley. Emigrants pushed their way farther up the Shenandoah, settlements crept up the South Branch into the region of Pendleton county, and later on some of the German people crossed the Alleghenies and established homes on the New, the Greenbrier and Kanawha rivers.

Prominent among those who early came to the Valley of Virginia were the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. Subsequent to the Reformation many lowland Scotch emigrated to the province of Ulster in north Ireland. For a time they prospered, but owing to England's restrictions on their religion and Irish industry and commerce, thousands

were driven elsewhere. Many embarked for Pennsylvania because of the religious liberty offered the oppressed of other lands. The original settlers, however, were jealous of the newcomers and the restrictive measures by the proprietary government against both the Scotch-Irish and German emigrants led them to seek homes farther to the south. Many of the Germans joined their compatriots in the lower valley, while the Scotch-Presbyterians following in the wake of the indomitable John Lewis[1] found homes on the upper Shenandoah in the vicinity of Staunton.

But these two races were not the only people who established themselves in the Valley of Virginia. Hither came the Cavaliers from the Tidewater colonies, the Puritans from New England, the Dutch from New York, the Quakers from Pennsylvania, the Catholics from Maryland, the Baptists from New Jersey, the devoted Moravians and the oppressed Huguenots. All the varied elements of European civilization transplanted to our eastern shores, here met and mingled and flowed onward. Although some of these groups for a time maintained a semblance of individuality, the menace of the Indian wars and the fires of the Revolution eventually forced them together, while the common interests of a young and vigorous community cemented more firmly the ties by which they were united.

Thus a new element entered the life of the Old Dominion that was destined to exert a determining influence in the history of West Virginia. Across the Alleghenies with the descendants of the Jamestown Cavaliers and the New England Puritans trekked the descendants of

these pioneers of the Shenandoah Valley. They settled on the Greenbrier and the New, in Tygart's Valley and along the Cheat, on the Great Kanawha and the Ohio, and in increasing numbers on the Monongahela and the extreme northwest, where they were joined by other emigrants from Pennsylvania and other states. Here, then, was established a composite population, brave, venturous and intelligent — differing fundamentally from the East on questions of social and political equality. Imbued with a love of personal and civil liberty, inadequately represented in their state assembly, there gradually arose a feeling of antipathy that finally culminated in open revolt. While the formation of West Virginia was largely the outcome of natural and economic conditions, it will be remembered that when the opening of the Civil War furnished the occasion for a separation, although practically all parts of the present commonwealth were represented in the Wheeling conventions, it was the uncompromising attitude of the " northwest " that determined the organization of a new state between the Alleghenies and the Ohio.

Life in pioneer times was not of a character to foster an interest in literature. The hardy settlers were engrossed in the rough business of subduing the Wilderness, conquering savage foes and establishing homes by the arduous labor of their hands. There were but few books, an occasional Bible or other treasured volume brought over the mountains with the ax and rifle and scant household stuff. The only recompense for the lack of books were the tragic ballads and romantic tales of legendary heroes. Some of the songs, set to rude tunes, were de-

rived from Robin Hood, or some real historical character, while others were pathetic songs of love and murder, with an occasional local ballad such as the "Battle of Point Pleasant." The dramatic narratives were of the "Jack and Giant" variety; stories of knight errantry, usually concerning the captivity of some fair maiden, who, after many adventures and great achievements of the hero, was restored to her lover — such tales as were told in the primitive ages of mankind. Whether these frontier legends bore any authentic resemblance to the recitals of Homer and Ossian, as it has been claimed, may remain a question, but they certainly were echoes of ancient tales coming down from generation to generation. While relieving the tedium and loneliness of the brooding forest and the long winter nights about the cabin hearth-fire, they served as the forerunners of the narrative poem, the border romance and the more modern novel.

Few frontiersmen in that early day could boast of the learning and culture of schools, but they had the saving grace of common sense and an unerring instinct for law and order. Along with the quest for new homes, productive lands and personal acquisition, was cherished the idea not alone of possessing the wilderness, but of transforming it into a civilized community, of establishing a civilization freed from unjust restraints, with equal privileges and rights for all. And with this was involved the demand for education and enlightenment, the need of school and church and the betterment of society.

These ideals were encouraged and upheld by the arrival in the settlements now and then of men of superior ability and education, teachers, preachers and legal advisers, a

few who tried their hands at authorship, or in framing laws for the trans-Allegheny region, and who gave direction and impetus to the intellectual and moral life of the people — such men in the West in the early part of the nineteenth century as Joseph and Philip Doddridge of Wellsburg, Alexander Campbell of Bethany, Noah Linsly of Wheeling, Alexander Scott Withers of Clarksburg, and Lewis Summers of Charleston. The leaven of learning was beginning to influence what is now the eastern part of the state even at an earlier date. Virgil A. Lewis states that "In the year 1774, General Adam Stephen was writing from Martinsburg, in Berkeley county, scathing letters denouncing the action of the British Government. In 1787, James Rumsey, at Shepherdstown, was writing his 'Treatise on the Application of Steam to Navigation.' In 1799, Colonel John Stuart was at Lewisburg, in Greenbrier county, writing his 'Memoirs of the Indian Wars and Other Occurrences.' Nathaniel Willis, father of the distinguished poet, Nathaniel Parker Willis, was editing the 'Gazette,' at Martinsburg."

With the advent of the newspaper also came the period of the old-time academy and classical institute. David Starr Jordan has said that "the growth in educational systems is from above downward." Although this appears to be a reversal of the natural order, it proved true in West Virginia as in more notable instances elsewhere. These early educational institutions, coeval with the primitive "Old-field schools" with their grim and migratory masters, antedated the Public Free School of the new state half a century. With meager support and

inefficient equipment, but directed by men with unfaltering zeal and faith in the future they served their day and generation. Many of the youth who went forth from their humble halls achieved eminence in various callings of life. Not least of their services was the creation of a sentiment favoring better educational facilities, and some were merged into higher institutions of learning. They were the light-bearers of their time pointing the way to an era of better things.

A century has passed away since the men who laid the educational and literary foundations of our state began their work among the hills. They were the benefactors of their time, the conservators of progress, the pathfinders of an age gone by. While we cherish the heroism of those who at the peril of life redeemed the wilderness and cleared the way, we should not forget the devotion of the more cultured souls who endured privation and hardship that the benefits of civilization and the love of letters, " the things that are more excellent," might be secured to posterity.

Chapter II

A GENERAL SURVEY

O you youths, western youths,
So impatient, full of action, face of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you, western youths, see you tramping with the foremost.
Pioneers! O pioneers!

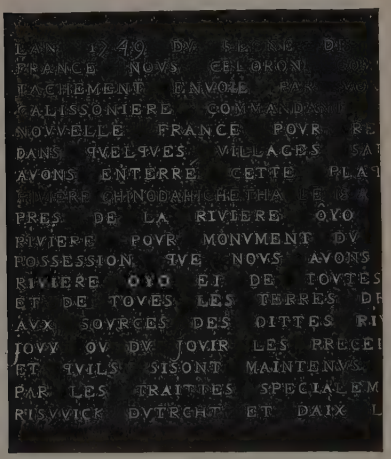
Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers.

WALT WHITMAN

DOWN where the Great Kanawha enters the Ohio, one day in March, 1846, a small boy, son of John Beale, while wandering along the riverside and exercising the small boy's prerogative that "eyes were made for seeing," glimpsed an unusual object protruding from the bank of the Kanawha, a few feet below the surface. It proved to be a leaden plate eleven inches long and seven and one-half inches wide, bearing the following inscription in French:

"In the year 1749, reign of Louis XV, King of France, we, Céloron Commandant of a detachment sent by Monsieur the Marquis de la Galissoniere, Commandant General of New France, to reestablish tranquility in some Indian villages of these cantons, have buried this plate at the mouth of the

Chinodahichetha, the 18th of August, near the River Ohio, otherwise Beautiful River, as a monument of renewal of possession which we have taken of the said River Ohio and of all those which fall into it, and of all the land on both sides as far as the sources of said rivers; the same as were enjoyed, or ought to have been enjoyed by the preceding Kings of France, and that they have maintained it by their arms and by treaties, especially by those of Ryswick, Utrecht and Aix-la-Chapelle."



HALF OF CÉLORON'S LEADEN PLATE

This plate buried at the foot of an elm on the south bank of the Kanawha, where it had lain for nearly a century, was one of six planted along the Allegheny and Ohio by Céloron de Bienville, who with a picturesque company of French, Canadians and Indians in a flotilla of birch-bark canoes drifted down these rivers, taking formal possession and burying these plates, as he states, to confirm the title of the French Crown to the Ohio Valley. The advance of Céloron, a chevalier of the royal and military order of St. Louis, with his motley company of voyageurs, soldiers and savages down the shadowy aisles of the green-walled river seems, at this distance, like a phantom pageant woven upon some mediæval tapestry. Leaving

Montreal June 15th he reached Niagara Falls on July 6th and on the 29th wrote in his *Journal:*

"29th, I entered at noon into the Belle Revière (Ohio). I buried a lead plate, on which is engraved the possession taken in the name of the King, of this river and of all those which fall into it. I also attached to a tree the arms of the King, engraved on a sheet of white iron, and over all I drew a Procès Verbal, which the officers and myself signed."

The French claim was based on the discovery of the Ohio river by Robert de La Salle, who in the latter part of 1669 journeyed with Indian guides from Onondaga, New York, to the Alleheny river, where he embarked, and after reaching its junction with the Monongahela continued his voyage down the Ohio to the Falls, the present site of Louisville, Kentucky. Here his Indians deserted him and he was compelled to return alone through the wilderness to Canada.

Coincident with La Salle's discovery of the Ohio, another explorer, John Lederer, a German by birth and surgeon by profession, was approaching this section from the East. Commissioned by Governor Berkeley, of Virginia, to prosecute discoveries, he made three expeditions westward during the years 1669–1670. In company with a number of Englishmen and Indians he set out on his third journey August 30th of the latter year. Proceeding up the Rappahannock he came to the Blue Ridge, and from the crest of that mountain barrier, near Harper's Ferry, on the 26th of September, he looked across the Lower Shenandoah Valley to the high mountain ranges westward and upon lands included in what is now West Virginia.

The following year General Abraham Wood, acting under the authority of Governor Berkeley, sent out an exploring party to the west. The introductory paragraph of their *Journal* describes their start and the personnel of the company:

"1671 Sept^{r}. 1, Thomas Batts, Thomas Woods and Robert Fallam, having received a commission from Major-General Wood for the finding out of the ebbing and flowing of the water on the other side of the mountains, in order to the discovery of the South Sea, accompanied by Perecute, a great man of the Apomatack Indians and Jack Neasam, formerly servant to Major-General Wood, with five horses set forward from the Apomatack's Town about eight of the Clock in the morning, being Friday, Sept^{r}. 1, 1671. That day we traveled about forty miles, took up our quarters, and found that we had traveled from the Okenechee path due West."

On their journey they passed along the Roanoke river and over the Blue Ridge. Their way lay across many streams, over high mountains and down deep valleys. They passed through the present county of Greenbrier and sighted what are supposed to have been the limestone cliffs of New river, and later on, a branch of the Gauley. One of their number, Thomas Woods, had been left at a town of the Flanakaskie Indians on September 6th, dangerously sick. On the 16th the others came in sight of the Falls of the Great Kanawha, and the next day trees were marked, guns were fired, and Charles II, King of England, was proclaimed proprietor of all the region adjoining. Their guide had left them and their Indians becoming restless, they returned to Fort Henry, arriving Sunday, October 1st.

This was forty-five years before Governor Alexander Spotswood made his much-vaunted expedition over the Blue Ridge, which he celebrated by instituting the "Transmontane Order of the Knights of the Golden Horse-Shoe." Although Captain Batts and his companions did not reach the Ohio, they were the first English to explore its waters having attained a point within eighty miles of the mouth of the Great Kanawah, where La Salle had passed on the sweeping current of the "Beautiful River" two years before. Mr. Hallam had kept a record of each day's travel, and this *Journal from Virginia Beyond the Appalachian Mountains* was later forwarded to the Royal Society, London.

These discoveries of the region between the Alleghenies and the Ohio by rival nations and their conflicting titles, which resulted in the struggle between the French and English for America, afford a definite starting point not only for the history, but also for that body of writing which may be broadly denominated the literature pertaining to this section.

It is noted elsewhere that there is a vital relation between the history and literature of a people: One records its deeds, the other expresses its life, while both commemorate its varied experiences. It obviously follows that there is a corresponding development. Without attempting to fix any arbitrary bounds, a general survey of the literature relating to the section occupied by West Virginia will show that its progress is marked by four successive stages: 1. The period of exploration and travel, 1669–1823. 2. The period of pioneer expansion and planting of civilization, 1823–1861. 3. The period

of Civil War and reconstruction, 1861–1876. 4. The period of the development of the commonwealth, 1876–192–.

The Voyageurs

1. The Period of Exploration and Travel, 1669–1823. The first books pertaining to this territory were in the form of journals, sketches and travels. Most of them were written by outsiders, who ventured across the Alleghenies, or drifted down the Ohio; some on tours of exploration, or scientific observation; some engaged in the business of locating lands, or in search of adventure; others traveled on embassies of peace, or missions of war. A tour of this vast wilderness was then considered a hazardous undertaking, of sufficient import to warrant the making of a will before starting, or commemorating the return by publishing the experiences of the journey. For the most part these writings consisted of descriptions of the natural productions and scenery, the scattered settlements, the customs and characteristics of the inhabitants, and the wild life of the wilderness. That these dingy-paged old volumes found readers afar is evidenced by frequent references of foreign authors. Carlyle writing Emerson in 1851, of one of these early journals — that of Capataine M. Bossu (1792) — describes it as "A Journal of his experiences in 'La Louisiana' 'Oyo' (Ohio), and those regions which looks very genuine, and has a strange interest to me, like some fractional Odyssey or letter . . . written only a century ago, yet which already seemed old as the Pyramids in reference to those strange, fast-growing countries."

The most noted of these old records are George Washington's *Journal of My Journey Over the Mountains while Surveying for Lord Thomas Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, 1747–1748,* in which he gives the best account of the settlement of Berkeley, Jefferson and Morgan counties, the earliest in the state, and the *Journal of his Tour to the*

WASHINGTON WRITING HIS JOURNAL
From an old print.

Ohio in 1770, while locating lands on the Virginia side of this river and along the Great Kanawha, for himself and others for services during the French and Indian War.

Associated with the Washington papers are the journals of Christopher Gist, who was the guide and comrade of young Major Washington on his perilous expedition to Fort Le Boeuf in the year 1753. Gist was the agent of a Virginia land organization known as the Ohio Company, which a few months before Céloron's expedition had received from King George II a grant of one-half million acres to be located south of the Allegheny and along the

upper Ohio, though confined to the south side if otherwise deemed expedient. On October 1, 1750, he was sent on an exploring tour through the "Ohio Country" returning in May the following year, having traveled about twelve hundred miles. On his journey he visited many Indian towns, examined the lands and kept a daily account of his travels. Returning from the chief town of the Miami nation to the northwest, he crossed the Ohio near the mouth of the Scioto and proceeded into Kentucky as far as Frankfort, thence southeast along the Kentucky valley and the Clinch, passed down the Bluestone and crossed the New river in Summers county, West Virginia, and from here journeyed to his home, near that of Daniel Boone on the Yadkin in North Carolina. His *Journal* of this tour for the Ohio Company is the second earliest authentic account that has come down to us of the Ohio river region,

In the latter part of 1751 he was sent to explore the country south of the Ohio, between the Monongahela and the Great Kanawha. Starting from the Ohio Company's store near the present site of Cumberland, Maryland, November 4th, he crossed the Alleghenies to the upper forks of the Monongahela, visited the Indian camps in the neighborhood of this river and proceeded to the head of Fish creek in Marshall county, West Virginia. Passing southeast through the State at varying distances from the Ohio he reached the Great Kanawha in Putnam county February 19, 1752; crossing Mason county he came to the Ohio. On his return he touched this river at a number of points and included Ohio and Brooke counties in his itinerary before crossing into Pennsylvania.

His *Journal*, which is of special interest to West Virginians, contains a description of the country, the quality of the land and timber, an account of his progress day by day, and the big game — elk, buffalo, deer and wild turkey — upon which he and his son subsisted while on the journey. To one familiar with pioneer topography his route may be traced through the tier of counties over which he traveled.

Some of the early journalists were foreigners like the French naturalist, François André Michaux, who voyaged down the Ohio in 1802, or the "Swindling Englishman," Thomas Ashe, who visited this section in 1806. Both describe the towns and scenery along the shores of the Ohio, and Ashe gives an account of his visit on Blennerhassett Island.

Of those who earliest sought ingress and egress by way of the mountain trails was John Peter Salley. Starting with three companions from near Natural Bridge, Virginia, in March, 1742, he crossed the Alleghenies and followed the course of the New river, thence across the mountains and down the Coal and Kanawha rivers to the Ohio. His *Journal* reads like a romance. Passing down the Ohio and Mississippi they were captured by the French and taken to New Orleans, where they were imprisoned for more than two years. With the aid of a French prisoner they made their escape across the country to Charleston, South Carolina and thence to their home in Virginia. They were the first to descend the Coal river and voyage down the Kanawha.

A few years later, 1750, Dr. Thomas Walker, returning from the wilds of Kentucky, was the first to explore the

section south of the New river. He crossed the Big Sandy and the New, proceeded up the Greenbrier and over the mountains into Virginia.

Two of the early "journalists" were residents of this transmontane land: Lewis Summers of Charleston and Patrick Gass of Wellsburg. During the summer of 1808 Judge Summers, then a young man, crossed the mountains, traversed the Greenbrier and Kanawha valleys, thence proceeded up the Ohio to Wheeling, from where he returned to his home, then near Alexandria. He gives the best description of the country through which he passed up to that time.

Betty Zane

Patrick Gass was the journalist and last survivor of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. He kept a diary of that memorable journey through the western wilderness to the Pacific; starting May, 1804 and returning September, 1806, having spent nearly two and one-half years beyond the confines of civilization.

These time-stained diaries and journals, sometimes recorded under stress and suffering, or amid trial and danger, together with the stories told around forest

camp fires, the legends growing up about frontier hearthstones, the folk-songs of love and war, and the border epics woven around such romantic figures as Lewis Wetzel, Daniel Boone, Anne Bailey and Betty Zane, have served as the basis of the more finished productions of the historian, the novelist and the poet.

The Pioneers

2. The Period of Pioneer Expansion and the Planting of Civilization, 1823–1861. During the French and Indian War many of the settlements on the West Virginia border were destroyed and others driven back beyond the mountains. Fierce battles raged around the primitive forts. There were ruthless massacres in the outlying clearings and many wilderness tragedies enacted in lonely places. The war of extermination was waged until the Indians held undisputed sway west of the Alleghenies.

From the time the French were driven out of America up to the Revolution, the settlement of the frontier was not only discouraged, but actually forbidden by royal proclamation. After Pontiac's War, 1763, in which the Indians attempted to hold the country for themselves, there was a nominal peace for ten years, during which some of the settlers ventured back to their devastated holdings, while the more daring pushed still farther into the primeval forest.

The battle of Point Pleasant, 1774, the climax of the Dunmore War and the prelude to the Revolution, served for a time to check the Indian depredations. In the struggle for American independence they were enlisted, armed and abetted by the British, and the frontier was

again exposed to all the barbarities of a savage foe. After the English power was broken, the Indians continued to make frequent invasions upon the border settlements. It was not until General Wayne's decisive victory on the Maumee river, 1794, that the contest for race supremacy in the Ohio Valley was finally ended, and the West Virginia pioneers forever freed from the horrors of savage warfare.

Following the Treaty of Greenville, which attended Wayne's victory, the pioneers swarmed over the mountains, down the valleys and spread out along the Ohio. The sturdy backwoodsmen, no longer harried by savage hordes, turned to the clearing of the forests and erecting homes. Settlements expanded, towns were founded, printing presses set up, and the civilizing influences of community life established on a more permanent basis.

Many of the first books relating to West Virginia were issued from newspaper offices; newspapers in the frontier settlements as a rule preceding the more enduring form of publication. The first newspaper published within the present limits of the state was the *Potomac Guardian and Berkeley Advertiser*, printed at Martinsburg in 1789. It was a diminutive sheet 9 × 15 inches. The editor and publisher was Dr. Robert Henry, a practicing physician of Berkeley county. The next was *The Martinsburg Gazette*, established in 1799 by Nathaniel Willis, father of the distinguished poet, Nathaniel Parker Willis. Martinsburg is also accredited with the third newspaper published in West Virginia territory, *The Berkeley and Jefferson County Intelligencer and Northern Neck Advertiser*, which appeared in the year 1800. John Albertus

was the publisher of this paper with a formidable name.

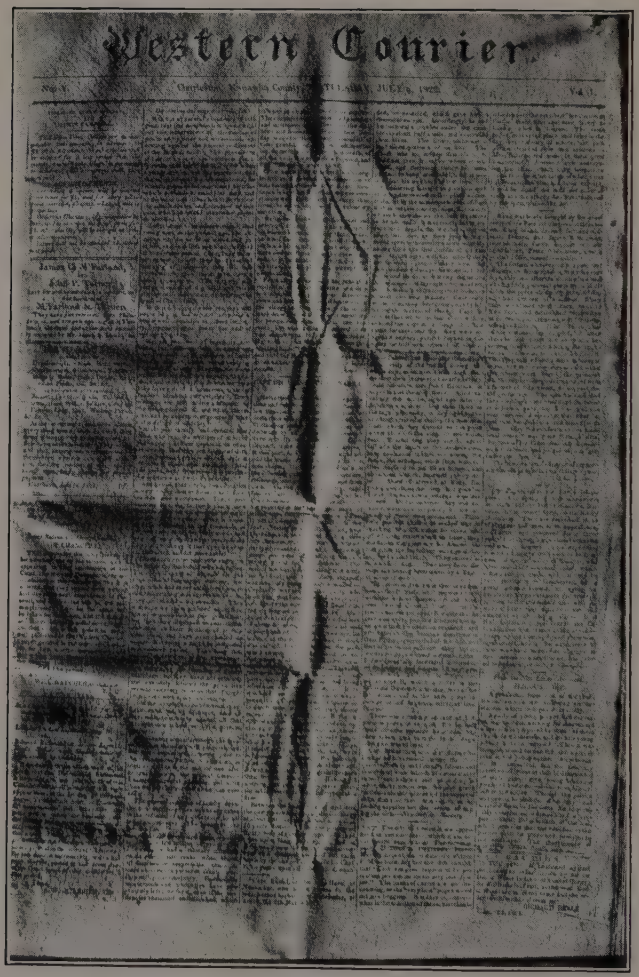
The first newspaper established in trans-Allegheny Virginia was the *Monongalia Gazette*, founded at Morgantown, 1803. *The Repository* was the first newspaper printed in Wheeling, being established in 1807. It was closely followed by the *Times*, *Gazette*, *Telegraph* and *Virginian*. The *Farmer's Repository* was launched at Charles Town, Jefferson county, in 1808. It was the first journal devoted to agriculture west of the Blue Ridge. The *Independent Virginian* was issued at Clarksburg in 1819. The first newspaper published in Charleston was the *Kanawha Patriot* in 1819. It was established by Herbert P. Gaines, who is said to have been the first schoolteacher in that city. The *Western Courier* was established by Mason Campbell in 1820. This was followed by the *Western Register*, published by J. M. and A. T. Laidley in 1829. *The Virginia Free Press*, published in Charles Town in 1821, holds the distinction of being the oldest newspaper still published in the state. As it absorbed the *Farmer's Repository*, established in 1808, it may lay claim to a sustained publication of 115 years. Other early journals continuing publication to the present are: the *Charles Town Spirit of Jefferson*, founded 1844; the *Wellsburg Herald*, established 1846, and the Shepherdstown Register, first issued in 1849. West Virginia journalism may well be proud of such a lineage.

Owing to the primitive environment and remoteness from the main-traveled lines of communication, the newspapers of that early day were alike the disseminators of news and purveyors of knowledge. They were

the harbingers of the school and library. They both recorded the history of the time and reflected the life of the people. Like sentinel fires in the wilderness, they lighted up the dark places and heralded the advancing forces of civilization.

Alexander Campbell's Printing House

Colonel John E. Day, Nestor of West Virginia journalists, states: "The editorial page of the old newspaper was the all-important feature, for that was the day of personal journalism. The contents were heavy, without the breezy, entertaining lightness of the newspaper of to-day. In the early thirties, and up to the beginning of the great American conflict in 1861, the journals more nearly ap-


Western Courier

WESTERN COURIER July 9, 1822

poached the magazine with fiction, literary essays and book reviews. Foreign news even took precedence over local affairs of moment. The editor in those days was a pastmaster in invective and epithet, and his freedom in personal criticism often provoked physical combats."

As a natural consequence, under the improved conditions, reminiscences of the Indian wars and captivities, the adventures and hardships of the first settlers were revived, and the narratives of their courageous deeds and strenuous lives were fortunately considered of sufficient interest to be preserved for future generations. Several collections of these stories and legends were made by resident authors. The most notable are: "Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania," by Joseph Doddridge; "Chronicles of Border Warfare, or a History of the Settlement by the Whites of Northwestern Virginia and of the Indian Wars," by Alexander S. Withers, and "Memoirs of Indian Wars and Other Occurrences," by Col. John Stuart. Similar compilations of a later date are: De Hass's "History of the Early Settlements and Indian Wars of Western Virginia," and Foote's "Sketches of Virginia, Historical and Biographical."

About the time the first Indian chronicles were issued, there was an apparent effort to create a literature of a lighter and more definite character. The first book of verse, "The Widow of the Rock and Other Poems," by Margaret Agnew Blennerhassett, who for many years resided on Blennerhassett Island, was published anonymously at Montreal, Canada, in 1824. The previous year Dr. Joseph Doddridge had published

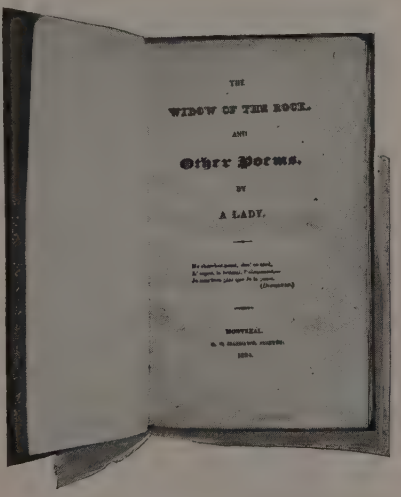
"Logan, the Last of the Race of Shikellemus, Chief of the Cayuga Nation," a dramatic piece based upon a border incident. It was also in the year 1823 that Alexander Campbell set up his country printing press at Bethany, from which were issued many thousand volumes of his own works.

MARGARET BLENNERHASSETT

The first book printed in Western Virginia was of a religious character, "The Christian Panoply," by R. Watson, Shepherdstown, 1797. It was commonly known as "Watson's Reply to Tom Paine," and reprints were circulated in many parts of the world. Associated with it was a little volume, "David and Goliath, an Apology for the Baptist Religion," by Joseph Osborne, a pioneer preacher of Greenbrier county, said to have been issued about the time of the Revolutionary War.

In 1827 appeared the first work of fiction by a resident, "The Tennesseean — A Novel founded on Facts," by Anne Royal. This so-called "Novel" was inferior from a literary standpoint to her first book, "Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States," issued the year before. Her writings number eleven volumes, including her "Southern Tours" and discredited "Black Books." She is noted as the first

woman journalist of this country. Her weekly páper, "Paul Pry" was issued Dec. 3, 1831; her second paper, "The Huntress" made its first appearance Dec. 2, 1836. Both were published at Washington, D.C., and together covered nearly a quarter of a century. It should be noted that although a resident some thirty years near Sweet Springs, Monroe county, she had removed elsewhere before entering upon her career as an author.


THE
WIDOW OF THE ROCK.
AND
Other Poems.
BY
A LADY.

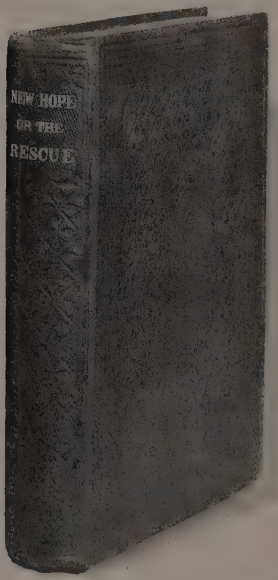
MONTREAL.

Mrs. Blennerhassett's Poems

There were stories written by outsiders featuring certain incidents in the early history of Western Virginia, but the first novel dealing with the life of this region appeared in 1845 under the name of "Young Kate." It was reissued anonymously ten years later with the title "New Hope, or the Rescue — A Tale of the Great Kanawha." It is a typical pioneer story and its authorship has been credited to John Lewis.

The journal type characterizing the preceding period was developed by David Hunter Strother, a native author and artist, into a series of felicitous chronicles mostly relating to Virginia, which he contributed to Harper's Magazine under the pseudonym of *Porte*

Crayon. Some of these were collected in his "Virginia Canaan," and "The Adventures of Porte Crayon and his Cousins," New York and London, 1857. His "Blackwater Chronicle" was issued four years preceding. Both are of permanent value.



West Virginia's First Romance

Prominent among the poets of this period were Thomas H. Lees, President of Linsly Institute, Wheeling, whose "Musings of Carol" was published 1831, the second edition, including "The Snowy Daughter," and entitled "Poetical Works," 1839; Philip Pendleton Cooke, of Martinsburg, elder brother of the well-known novelist, John Estin Cooke, and author of the popular lyric, "Florence Vane," translated into many languages, published "Froissart Ballads and Other Poems" at Philadelphia, 1847. Dr. John Kearsley Mitchell, father of the distinguished novelist and physician, S. Weir Mitchell and a native of Shepherdstown, but who spent most of his life as an instructor in the medical colleges of Philadelphia was the author of "St. Helena, A Poem by a Yankee," Philadelphia, 1821, and "Indecision: A Tale of the Far West and Other Poems," Philadelphia, 1839. Thomas Dunn English, author of the

favorite old song " Ben Bolt," resided in Logan county from 1852–1857. His " Poems " were issued in 1865, and " Ballads," 1882; " Select Poems," edited by his daughter Alice English, 1894. His writings have much to do with West Virginia, and the beauty of one of its mountain rivers is celebrated in " Brown Waters of Gauley."

A few of the writers mentioned acquired a national reputation in their day, while others were little known outside their own state; but as the pioneer phase of our history recedes farther into the past, all become of interest who amid trial and discouragement attempted to rescue the life, the thought and experience of their time from oblivion.

The Divided House

The period of the Civil War and Reconstruction, 1861–1876. — With the Civil War there was a changing of the old order, not only in the government of Western Virginia, but in the whole life of the South. The people of the " Mountain State " grieviously differed on the questions of the war and especially on the rending of the old commonwealth. Those of the north generally favored the Union, while farther to the south they sided with the Confederacy. Throughout the state there were divided sympathies, strife among neighbors and the breaking of family ties. The Northern element embittered by the wrongs of half a century seized the opportunity of erecting a new state government for the region on the western side of the Alleghenies, while those who espoused the Southern cause were unyielding in their loyalty to the Old Dominion.

It would seem a time of literary *renaissance;* but it does not follow, as sometimes claimed, that great literature is born in the wake of great events, or when the people are stirred by great emotions. The enduring figures of West Virginia in this embattled epoch are remembered for the deeds they accomplished rather than the books they wrote. Aside from the puissant State builders with their impassioned speeches and more formal addresses, there were few who rose to the great occasion. Many of the writers participated in the struggle and their productions are often warped by prejudice, yet they have the merit of direct contact with the stirring encounters and militant life of the time.

Early in the war, 1862, there was issued a story of the civil strife in West Virginia entitled "David Gaunt," by Rebecca Harding Davis, of Wheeling, an author of especial note and mother of Richard Harding Davis, of national reputation and who inherited his writing instinct from her. Her first and perhaps her most important story, "Life in the Iron Mills," brought out the year before, delineated the life of the city mentioned in that day. With the realism of Zola the labor problem here made its first appearance in American fiction. She is also the author of "Doctor Warrick's Daughters," and "Kemp Hampden." Charles Leib's "Nine Months in the Quartermaster's Department" was also published in 1862.

There were other stories of like character, personal recollections and tales of adventure growing out of the Civil War, but published at a later date; such are "The Flying Gray-Haired Yank, or the Adventures of a

Volunteer," by Michael Eagan, the diary of a Union soldier who escaped from a southern prison. Some of his experiences relate to West Virginia campaigns. "Four Years a Soldier," by David Johnston, Circuit Court Judge and member of Congress, consists of reminiscences while Sergeant-Major of the Confederate army. "Women, or Chronicles of the Late War," 1870, is the work of Mary Tucker Magill, a native of Jefferson county. Her books include a number of stories and a school history of Virginia. "The Annals of Harper's Ferry, with Sketches of its Founder," by Joseph Barry, of Martinsburg, 1872, contains a graphic description of John Brown's Insurrection.

This period was not unproductive of verse, but a comparatively small amount has been considered worthy of preservation. "The Sunny Land of Prose and Poetry," consisting in part of verse by Col. Buehring H. Jones, of Lewisburg, was written while he was a Federal prisoner on Johnson's Island. The poetical work of Judge Daniel Bedinger Lucas, of Charles Town, some of which was given periodical publication, marks a distinct advance in this department of our literature. He first gained recognition by his famous war ballad, "The Land Where We Were Dreaming," which was included in "The Wreath of Eglantine and Other Poems," published in collaboration with his sister, Virginia Bedinger Lucas, 1869. Much of this volume is of real merit. His later work is mentioned in connection with the following period.

The passions engendered by civil strife were not soon allayed. The wounds of war were slow to heal, but with

the return of peace came new issues. Gradually the differences of the past were forgotten in the adjustment of changing conditions and the awakening of new interests.

The Widening Horizon

Period of the Development of the Commonwealth, 1876–192–. — West Virginia was one of the first states south of the Ohio to recover from the effects of the war. Civil government was soon restored throughout its borders, and it was not long until all proscriptive measures were removed. In 1872 a new constitution was adopted, and the arrested industrial development again went forward. In January, 1873, the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad across the middle of the state was completed, connecting the James river with the Ohio, opening up the great coal fields and lumber regions, and bringing in a new era of industrial prosperity. The year 1876 marked the anniversary of American Independence, and West Virginia improved the opportunity by making known to the world the vastness of her natural resources by participating in the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia with exhibits from her mines, forests and fields.

Prose

With the material awakening there was a corresponding advancement in education and a greater interest manifested along the line of literary endeavor and in all intellectual pursuits. Early in the period a number of West Virginians ventured into the field of general fiction. Mrs. Alexander McVeigh Miller, of Alderson — now of Washington, D.C. — a writer of light fiction, began to

publish her stories in book form. She is a prolific writer, having some two score stories to her credit, including "The Bride of the Tomb," 1881; Guy Kenmore's Wife, and others. Her success with this type, no doubt, has hindered her from engaging upon work of more permanent value. Frank Lee Benedict, of St. Albans, also contributed a popular story, "My Daughter Elinor." Sarah Jones, of Buffalo, who has written many stories for young people and temperance reform, published "Downward" and "Struggling Upward," 1883. Other writers of fiction are: William Perry Brown, of Glenville, author of "A Sea Island Romance," 1888; Katherine Pearson Woods, of Wheeling, author of "Metzerott Shoemaker," 1889, "A Web of Gold" and "The Mark of the Beast," 1890, "From Dusk to Dawn," 1892, and other stories of a later date; Callie Bruce Oldham, of Moundsville, author of "Down South in Dixie;" William H. Harvey, of Putnam county, author of "A Tale of Two Nations," a political novel, 1894, also known as the author of "Coin's Financial School," 1892; J. McHenry Jones, author of "Hearts of Gold," 1896; Lena Leota Johnson, of Monroe county, author of a delightful juvenile, "Nonie," 1898; Martin Luther Fearnow, of Morgan county, author of "A Modern Crusade," 1899; Minnie Reed French, of Bluefield, author of "A Little Court of Yesterday," 1900; Bernice McCally Pollock, author of "Hortense," 1902; Anna Pierpont Siviter, of Fairmont, author of "Nehe," a story of the time of Artaxerxes, 1901. She has also written other books, including "On Parole," a tale of adventure in Wyoming.

This period brought about a new era in the literature relating to this region. There was developed a different order of stories, sketches and novels, portraying various mountain types and phases of life in the hills. G. W. Atkinson, then a young internal revenue collector, afterward congressman and governor, won recognition as a writer of such sketches with his "Among the Moonshiners," 1881, which gives his experience in hunting down illicit stills among the mountains. His other books include "Men of West Virginia," 1890 and "Public Addresses," 1901. "The Daughter of the Elm," 1899, by Granville Davisson Hall, whose activities reach back to the time of the Civil War, is a tale of lawless days on the upper Monongahela; his "Old Gold," 1907, is a series of sketches of the essay order, recalling well-remembered scenes among the hills before the war; "The Rending of Virginia," 1902, is a notable history of the formation of the state. Oren F. Morton's "Winning and Losing," 1902, pictures the life of the Allegheny highlands at the time of the Spanish-American War; "Land of the Laurel," 1903, describes the life of this region a half century earlier. Mr. Morton is also the author of "Under the Cottonwoods" and "An Irony of Fate." Will C. Whisner's "Mark Ellis" deals with Berkeley county in Civil War time; Duncan McRa's "Quaint Family of Three," with Monongalia county, and W. W. Wirtz's "Malinda," with the Great Kanawha Valley.

Melville Davisson Post first became known as the author of a new kind of short-story, "The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason," 1896, showing how ad-

vantage may be taken of the law. "The Man of Last Resort," a similar series was issued in 1897, and "Dwellers in the Hills," a story of the cattle country in 1901. Randolph Mason was resurrected in the collection, "The Corrector of Destinies," 1908. Mr. Post is the author of many baffling mystery stories of a different order, including "Uncle Abner," 1918, "The Mystery of the Blue Villa," 1920, an assortment with a foreign flavor, and others of a varied nature. A marked departure was made in his mystical story of "The Mountain School Teacher," 1922. "In the Virginias," 1896, by Waitman Barbe, of Morgantown, is a sheaf of interesting and well-written stories, mostly relating to life in West Virginia. Frank R. Stockton, the well-known novelist, lived for a few years at "Claymont," near Charles Town, where he found a setting for "John Gayther's Garden," 1900, and "The Captain's Toll-Gate," 1903. "Kate Bonnet," 1903, was also written there. Margaret Prescott Montague, of White Sulphur Springs, is the author of several novels of exceptional note, depicting the life of the hill folk. "The Sowing of Alderson Cree," 1907, is the story of a mountain feud; "In Calvert's Valley," 1908, portrays a serious drama in a highland country town; "Linda," 1912, is a character drawing of a charming heroine of the hills; "The Poet, Miss Kate and I," 1906, her first book, is an idylic story of an unusual type. Her latest novel, "Deep Channel," 1923, is an intensive study of character. "Closed Doors," 1915, consists of stories of special interest concerning deaf and blind children. Besides these she has written a number of short-stories dealing with

patriotic subjects which have given her assured recognition. Fanny Kemble Johnson (Mrs. Vincent Costello), of Charleston, is the author of "The Beloved Son," 1916, a novel of exceptionally penetrative character and delicate feeling. She is probably best known as a short-story writer, "The Strange Looking Man," 1917, receiving special distinction. Henry Sydnor Harrison, author of "Queed," 1911, the novel that made him famous, was at this time a resident of Charleston, West Virginia. "V. V.'s Eyes," 1913, upheld the promise of his former success. Mr. Harrison is the author of other popular novels including "Angela's Business' 1915. "When I Come Back," 1919, is a touching tribute in memory of his brother, Edmond Caskie Harrison, who fell at the front in France a few days before the Armistice. "The Tragedy of the Deserted Isle," 1909, by Warren Wood, of Ravenswood, is a recital of the Burr and Blennerhassett conspiracy; his "When Virginia was Rent In Twain," 1913, is a story woven about the formation of the war-born state. Herbert Quick, a resident of Berkeley Springs, whose specialty is rural social and economic problems, is the author of a number of books along these lines; among them, "The Broken Lance," 1907; "The Brown Mouse," 1915, and "The Fairview Idea," 1919. His recent novels, "Vandemark's Folly," 1922, and "The Hawkeye," 1923, dealing with the settlement and development of the prairie country, have gained him nation-wide recognition. Albert B. Cunningham is one of the latest authors to portray in fictional form the life of his native state; picturing the quaint old times in the backwoods and among the hills in "The

Manse at Barren Rocks," 1918, and "The Singing Mountains," 1919. He also wrote the delightful "Chronicle of an Old Town," 1919, a story of the "Western Reserve," Ohio, and the unique romance of a fish, "Old Black Bass," 1922.

Verse

With an environment lending inspiration and no lack of heroic themes, the advance of West Virginia verse has kept fair pace with her prose. The picturesque life of mountain, hill and valley with their haunting legends and lingering traditions have inspired many a local bard, and a few who have won recognition beyond their own borders.

The poetical work of Judge Lucas was continued in this period. "The Maid of Northumberland," a play based upon the Civil War, was published 1879, and "Ballads and Madrigals," 1884. Many occasional pieces were written after this date. His collected poems and plays were issued in two volumes under the titles, "The Land Where We Were Dreaming," and "Dramatic Works of Daniel Bedinger Lucas," 1913. At the very beginning of this period there appeared a poetic piece by William Leighton, "The Sons of Godwin: A Tragedy," 1876. Mr. Leighton affords a typical example of many who have cultivated the gift of imagination though engaged in the practical affairs of life. He was long known as the poet-manufacturer of Wheeling. He published "At the Court of King Edwin," 1878; "Change: The Whisper of the Sphinx," 1879; "Shakespeare's Dream and Other Poems," 1881; "The Price

of the Present Paid by the Past," 1883, read at the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument in Wheeling, and other titles including his Sonnets on Florence," 1904, "Roman Sonnets," 1906, and "A Scrap-Book of Pictures and Fancies," 1906.

Chief among those of a later generation are such real poets as Danske Dandridge, of Shepherdstown, and Waitman Barbe, of Morgantown. Her work includes "Joy and Other Poems," 1888, and "Rose Brake," 1890. Dr. Barbe is the talented author of "Ashes and Incense," 1891. Both have won general recognition. Emma Withers, of Glenville, West Virginia's nature poet and author of "Wildwood Chimes," 1891, has also received well-deserved praise. Edward B. Kenna, whose lines have a strength of feeling and flowing rhythm that gave great promise, died in his early manhood. He is the author of "Lyrics of the Hills," 1902, and a collection of poems published after his death, "Songs of the Air and Other Poems," 1913. Among those upon whom West Virginia may lay claim by reason of birth within her domain, but for the most part have resided elsewhere

Anna Pierpont Siviter

are: Anna Pierpont Siviter, of Pittsburg, daughter of Governor Francis H. Pierpont and author of "The Sculptor and Other Poems," 1903; "Songs of Hope," 1906, and "Songs Sung Along Life's Way," 1921; Georgiana Goddard King, Professor of History of Art at Bryn Mawr, author of "The Way of Perfect Love," 1908, an allegorical poem of rare charm; Philander Chase Johnson, of Washington, D. C., author of "Now-a-Day Poems," 1900; Everard Jack Appleton, of Cincinnati, author of "The Quiet Courage and Other Songs of the Unafraid," 1912, and "With the Colors," 1919, and St. John Byer, of New York, author of "Stories in Rhyme, Elegies and Lyrics," 1915.

Others who have contributed to the poetical literature of the state are: Charles Russell Christian, of Logan county, author of "The Mountain Bard," 1881, enlarged edition, 1885; Marshall S. Cornwell, of Hampshire county, "Wheat and Chaff," 1889; Dudley Hughes Davis, of Harrison county, "Songs of the Age," 1891, and "The Kingdom Gained," 1896; Noah Coleman, of Charleston, "The Visions of a Seer," 1894; Virginia Lucas, of Charles Town, "Wild Flowers," 1898; Howard L. Swisher, of Monongalia county, "Brier Blossoms," 1899; Alice Piersol Cain, of Parkersburg, "A City's Chaplet," 1899; Frances Moore Bland, of Weston, "Twilight Reveries," 1900; Anna R. Henderson of Williamstown, "Life and Song," 1900; John G. Gittings, of Clarksburg, "West Virginia Lyrics," 1902; Patrick Kenny, of Richwood, "Wayside Thoughts," 1903; Robert L. Pemberton, of St. Marys, "Random Rhymes," 1904, and "Songs in a Merry

Mood," 1907; Winfield Scott Garner, of Tunnelton "Rustic Rhymes," 1904; Edward Earle Purinton, of Morgantown, "The Soul in Silhouette," 1904; David R. Hill, "Song, Poetry and Prose," 1905; John S. Hall, of St. Marys, "Musings of a Quiet Hour," 1907; George W. Atkinson, of Charleston, "Chips and Whetstones," 1908; Herbert McGinnis, of Jackson county, "Lyrics of the Hills," 1909; Ignatius Brennan, of Wheeling, "Mountain State Gleanings," 1911; Ella Maxwell Haddox, of Charleston, "Poems of Sentiment," 1912; Clyde Beecher Johnson, of Charleston, "Rhyme and Reason," 1914; John Jacob Cornwell, of Romney, "Knock About Notes," 1918; Warren Wood, of Ravenswood, "Voices from the Valley," 1918; Marvin L. Rankin, of Ravenswood, "Studies in Prose and Verse," 1919; Anna Louise Price, of Marlinton, "The Old Church and Other Poems," 1921; Joseph Herbert Bean, of Hinton, "A Pilgrim's Harp," 1923; Joseph Margrave Meador, of Hinton, "Memories and Other Poems," 1923.

EDWARD B. KENNA

This list would not be complete without the names of some occasional contributors of newspaper and magazine

verse, much deserving more enduring form; such gifted writers as Frank Preston Smart and Virginia Biddle, of Parkersburg; Nina Blundon Wills and Garnett Laidlaw Eskew, of Charleston; Lillian Mayfield Roberts of Wheeling; Clarence Everett Hayworth, of Huntington; Guy H. Crook, of Williamstown; Karl Myers of Hendricks and others, who it is hoped may carry on the traditions of the past to still greater achievements in the Future.

West Virginians are not wanting in state pride and they have reason to be gratified with their beginning in the field of literature. While there has been no sporadic outbreak of artistic genius, or segregated coterie of literary talent that has startled the world, it is interesting to note that practically all parts of the state are represented in the foregoing bibliography. True, we may not claim the distinction enjoyed by a neighboring state down the Ohio, where, it is said, that not to be an author is to be distinguished; but it is a matter for encouragement that there is such a general diffusion of the forces that make for a more liberal culture and the intellectual life of all the people.

However, it must be admitted that while we have written many books, we have not seriously considered the making of literature. There has been wanting that popular encouragement, that community of interest, that vital atmosphere, which favors the cultivation of a higher standard and more significant work; there has been lacking the ardent enthusiasm, the zealous devotion manifested in the material affairs of life. As William Lyon Phelps remarks of the country at large: "We are

handy with our fists, but you cannot imagine us using them in behalf of literature as we do for real or personal property." We have not taken time to consider whether there are not other things as important as oil and coal, corn and cattle, office-seeking and money-making. Mainly absorbed in the economic development of a young and prosperous state, our literary activities, although unselfish, have been chiefly concerned with our own locality. Employing a phrase from Henry James, our effort so far has " failed to dissipate a well-settled provincialism of the spirit."

Our greatest need, perhaps, is the visioning of a more extended horizon. We need to take a larger hold, a firmer grasp on the great world about us. We need grounding in the essential fundamentals of the great masters. We need a deeper conviction of the reality and worth of American literature. If it be true that, " The intellectual life of a nation is the sum of the lives of all intellectual people belonging to it," we need to realize that whatever contribution our state may make, is in the nature of a national achievement.

Chapter III

IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY

A spot of local history is like an inn upon a highway: it is a stage upon a far journey: it is a place the national history has passed through. There mankind has stopped and lodged by the way. Local history is thus less than national history only as the part is less than the whole. Local history is subordinate to national only in the sense in which a leaf of a book is subordinate to the volume itself.

WOODROW WILSON

ALONG with the modern scientific conception of history there has been adopted, since the time of that distinguished trio, Prescott, Motley and Parkman, either a judicial simplicity of statement, or a studious disregard of literary art in the treatment of facts, till those who are arbitrarily inclined may question the admission of the historian's contribution to a work intended to be devoted mainly to imaginative literature.

History and literature as originally conceived were very nearly related. Herodotus transferred his passing world, its dim legends and poetic dreams into measured historical narrative. In recognition, no doubt, of its epic merit the ancients divided his work into nine parts or books, inscribed severally with the names of the nine Muses. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is conceded to be the first history in the English language to be written on scientific principles. Although imposing

and picturesque in style, and instinct with the life and spirit which give to history its real interest and value, its discriminating insight and historical fidelity has withstood the test of modern research and scholarship.

Macaulay, who is held more or less responsible for the modern vogue of popular historians, reversed the critical canon that the first requirement of the historian is to be accurate, and the second to be interesting. Ballad writer and essayist as well as historian, his work falls within the domain of both history and literature. He contended that " history begins in novel and ends in essay," and that " history is a compound of poetry and philosophy." With this latter dictum Emerson appears to be in accord when he says: " It holds good through all literature that our best history is still poetry. It is so in Hebrew, in Sanskrit, and in Greek. English history is best known through Shakespeare; how much through Merlin, Robin Hood, and the Scottish ballads! — the German through the Nibelungenlied; — the Spanish, through the Cid."

Woodrow Wilson, who is known as a historian as well as a statesman and man of letters, says: " There is more of a nation's politics to be got out of its poetry than out of all its systematic writers upon public affairs and constitutions. Epics are better mirrors of manners than chronicles; dramas oftentimes let you into the secrets of statutes; orations stirred by a deep energy of emotion or resolution, passionate pamphlets that survive their mission because of the direct action of their style along permanent lines of thought, contain more history than parliamentary pamphlets."

The earlier American historians, Irving, Prescott, Motley and Parkman, were not poetically inclined, but because of their masterly prose their work must be classed as literature in the strictest sense. Edward A. Freeman, of Oxford, wrote: " The intellectual growth of any people is in the first instance mainly determined by the outward events of its history." If, as it has been said, " The true life of a people is revealed to us partly through what it does and partly by what it writes," it follows that notwithstanding modern critical estimates there still exists a vital connection between our national history and literature.

In the march of civilization westward there was little time to devote to art or literature. It has often been said that the pioneers were too much concerned with acting their *Iliad* to care about chanting its glories or recording its events. In this new world between the Alleghenies and the Ohio, there was again waged the old struggle of man with his environment: his battling with the wilderness; his conflict with a savage race; his wrestling from untamed nature the bare means of existence. The times were crude; life was hard and its aspirations unrecorded, but names and deeds still survive that should furnish inspiration for the future historian's page and the poet's epic strain.

This section, unlike colonial Virginia and Massachusetts, had not the advantage of the community life of Jamestown and Plymouth, whose early populations were augmented by the ship-load. Occupied by sparse settlements and isolated families dispersed over vast primitive areas, its inhabitants were compelled to rely mainly on

individual initiative and resource. All their energy was absorbed by the material needs of life. Their daily program was made up of building and clearing, hunting and planting, scouting and fighting. Danger and death lurked in their pathway. In time of Indian raids those who could be warned were gathered into the nearest forts and blockhouses. If their rude fortresses withstood the onslaught they returned, when their assailants had retired, to their outlying cabins and their labor in the field and forest till again driven to sanctuary, or overtaken by a more tragic fate. Thus it will be noted that the life and experience of the frontiersmen, while adventurous were much alike, but there were outstanding events — things which at this distance appear of rare interest and picturesqueness, yet on the part of most there seems to have been lacking not only the scholarly training, but that prophetic significance of their time and achievement which should have led the participants to preserve the account for future generations.

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Memoirs of Colonel John Stuart, 1749–1823. — A notable exception exists in the *Memoirs* of Colonel John Stuart. This valiant pioneer and annalist, son of David and Margaret Stuart, was born March 27, 1749 (old style). When but twenty years old he and young Robert McClanahan, with the avowed intention of securing lands in the wilds of West Augusta, came over the mountains in 1769 in company with some of the returning settlers, who had been driven out by the Indians six years before. He selected a site in the Greenbrier country

near the present town of Frankford, where he built a cabin the following year. He took an active part against the Indians in the outbreaks which followed, commanding a company in Colonel Fleming's regiment at the battle of Point Pleasant in the fall of 1774, where his friend Captain McClanahan was slain. Four years later he led the relief which saved Donnally's Fort, the account of which is best told in his own words:

Independence being declared by America the 4th of July, 1776, and the people assuming the reins of government, a county was granted to the people of Greenbrier, under the Commonwealth, in May 1778, and a court was first held at my house on the third Tuesday in said month. Not long after which we were again invaded by the Indians, who had taken part with the British, and the 28th day of the same month, Colonel Andrew Donnally's house was attacked, about eight miles from Lewisburg, by two hundred Indians; these Indians were pursued from the mouth of the Kanawha by two scouts from the garrison, to wit; Phil Hammond and John Prior, and passing the Indians at the meadows, gave intelligence to Colonel Donnally of their approach, who instantly collected about twenty men and the next morning sustained the attack of the enemy until he was relieved, about two o'clock, by sixty men from Lewisburg. I was one of the number, and we got into the house unhurt, being favored by a field of rye which grew close to the house, the Indians being all on the opposite side of the house. Four men were killed before we got in, and about sixteen Indians lay dead in the yard before the door; some of these were taken off in the night, but we scalped nine the next morning. This was the last time the Indians invaded Greenbrier in any large party.

In 1778 Colonel Stuart was a representative from Greenbrier County in the Virginia House of Delegates.

He was appointed Clerk of the Court of Greenbrier county in 1780, holding the office till 1807. The above excerpt is taken from his *Memorandum*, entered in "Deed Book No. 1," in the Clerk's Office at Lewisburg, July, 1798, which gives an account of the origin of the settlements in that region, with the explanation that he was "the only person at this time alive acquainted with the circumstances of its discovery and manner of settlement." His reminiscences under the title *Memoirs of Indian Wars and Other Occurrences*, written nearly forty years before were published at Richmond in 1832.

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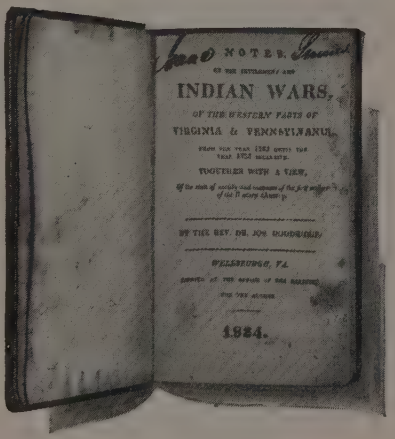
Joseph Doddridge's Notes, 1769–1826. — In the meantime there were issued from the pioneer press of the "Northwest," two volumes of chronicles which serve as the historical background of West Virginia.

Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania from 1763 to 1783, Inclusive, by Rev. Joseph Doddridge (Wellsburg, 1824), and Chronicles of Border Warfare, or a History of the Settlement, by the Whites, of North-Western Virginia, and of the Indian Wars and Massacres in that Section of the State, by Alexander Scott Withers (Clarksburg, 1831).

The first commonly known as "Doddridge's Notes," not only deals with the border wars and settlements, but as indicated by the sub-title also affords "a view of the state of society and manners of the first settlers of the Western country." The author, Dr. Joseph Doddridge, was born near Bedford, Pennsylvania, October 14, 1769. When but four years old his parents, John and Mary

(Wills) Doddridge, moved to Washington county, of that state, settling on the Ohio near the West Virginia line. As a youth he was handicapped by his limited educational facilities, but while still a young man he found himself with sufficient means to qualify himself more thoroughly for the sacred calling he had chosen. With his younger brother, Philip, who later became one of Western Virginia's most noted congressmen, he entered Jefferson Academy at Cannonsburg, where he spent some time between 1791 and 1794. In the summer of 1792 he organized a congregation at West Liberty, then the county seat of Ohio county, and later removed from Pennsylvania to Wellsburg, West Virginia. From here he ministered to a group of churches, including West Liberty and St. Johns, St. Paul's and Trinity in Brooke county. Occasionally he visited distant places, sometimes holding services out in the open under the forest trees. And here in this vast outlying region for nearly twenty-five years, Dr. Doddridge occupied the cheerless position of an advance guard in the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His life was one of toil and sacrifice, and in order to provide for his family



"Doddridge's Notes"

and educate his children he completed a medical course under Dr. Benjamin Rush in the Medical Institute of Philadelphia, thus combining a more lucrative profession with his clerical ministrations.

As a young itinerant preacher, he traversed the old east section of West Virginia, and in building up his parishes in the wilderness he had a rare opportunity for gleaning from the old settlers the thrilling adventures and hostile encounters on the frontier; and, from his own experience, of observing the manners, customs and picturesque life of its early inhabitants. His friend, Thomas Scott, who was among the early settlers of the "Northwest Territory," and Secretary of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the state of Ohio, and who wrote a sketch of his life, in speaking of his pioneer history says: "The work was undertaken by its author not only for the purpose of preserving the facts therein recorded, but also with a view of enabling those who come after him properly to estimate the advantages of position in a civilized and refined state of society, by contrasting them with those possessed by their forefathers in the Western regions."

Even at the time he wrote, the rude manners, customs and severer hardships were fast vanishing, and he contemplates them retrospectively in the quotation following:

> The settlement of a new country, in the immediate neighborhood of an old one, is not attended with much difficulty, because supplies can be readily obtained from the latter; but the settlement of a country very remote from any civilized region is quite a different thing, because at the outset food, raiment, and the implements of husbandry are only obtained in small supplies, and with great difficulty. The task of mak-

ing new establishments in a remote wilderness in time of profound peace, is sufficiently difficult; but when, in addition to all the unavoidable hardships attendant on this business, those resulting from an extensive and furious warfare with savages are superadded; toil, privations and sufferings are then carried to the full extent of the capacity to endure them.

Such was the wretched condition of our forefathers in making their settlements here. To all their difficulties and privations the Indian war was a weighty addition. This destructive warfare they were compelled to sustain almost single-handed, because the Revolutionary contest gave full employment for the military strength and resources on the east side of the mountains.

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Withers' Border Warfare, 1792–1865. — Alexander Scott Withers, author of *Chronicles of Border Warfare*, was born October 12, 1792 near Warrenton, Fauquier county, Virginia. He was the son of Enoch K. and Jannet (Chinn) Withers, who was the daughter of Jannet Scott, first cousin of Sir Walter Scott. He first attended private schools, and from boyhood was a lover of books, reading Virgil at ten, so it is said, and the Greek classics in the original to his last days. After pursuing a course at Washington College, he entered the law department of William and Mary and upon graduation was licensed to practice. He was married in 1815 to Malinda Fisher, and in 1827 he emigrated to the northwestern part of the state, first locating at Bridgeport in Harrison county, but later established an office in Clarksburg. Still later he moved to Missouri, but returning to West Virginia settled near Weston, where he engaged in agriculture and served as magistrate. His wife dying in 1853, he thereafter

made his home with his eldest daughter and her husband, Thomas Tavener, who located near Parkersburg, where he died in 1865.

While at Clarksburg, Mr. Withers met Joseph Israel, a printer, with whom he arranged to publish a work on the early settlement of Western Virginia. Until late years it was generally understood that he traversed this region, collecting his material for *Border Warfare* from the old settlers, although the work contains no such implication. The claim has recently been urged that others were interested in making the collection, the descendants of William Powers and William Hacker alleging that their ancestors, who were pioneers in this embattled region, brought together these old annals of the Northwest border, that they long lay dormant in their hands, and that Hacker dying, Powers purchased his interest and later sold the collection to Joseph Israel, who employed Mr. Withers to prepare the work for publication. This version of the matter is given in *Border Settlers* (1915) by Lucullus McWhorter, and a number of letters from the Lyman C.

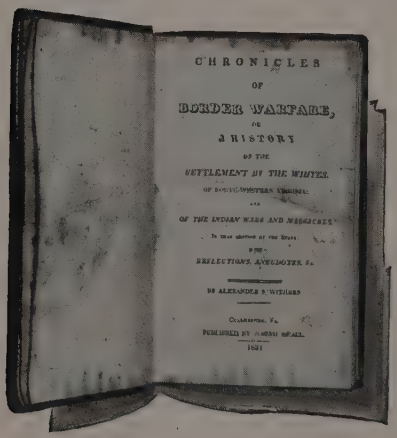
ALEXANDER SCOTT WITHERS
From pencil sketch by J. H. Dis DeBar, 1824.

Draper *Manuscripts of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin* are inserted to establish the contention.

The " Draper Manuscript Collection " consists of four hundred and sixty-nine volumes. Of the thirty-three relating to frontier wars, two are devoted to material for a new edition of " Withers' Chronicles of Border Warfare," which was begun in 1890 by Dr. Draper. He was stricken by death while engaged in this work in August, 1891. The work was completed by Reuben Gold Thwaites and published in 1895. Dr. Draper in his " Memoir " of Mr. Withers included in the volume states that Hugh Paul Taylor, a local antiquarian of Covington, Virginia, in 1829, gathered from the aged pioneers the story of the primitive settlement and border wars of the Virginia Valley, comprising the period from about 1740 to the close of the Revolutionary War, which was published in the *Fincastle Mirror* shortly before Mr. Taylor's death, and that " these articles formed at least the chief authority for several of the early chapters of Mr. Withers' work."

He further states that " soon after Mr. Taylor's publication, Judge Edwin S. Duncan, of Peel Tree, then in Harrison, now Barbour county, West Virginia, a gentleman of education and well fitted for such a task, residing in the heart of a region rife with the story of Indian wars and hairbreadth escapes, made a collection of materials, probably including Mr. Taylor's sketches, with a view to a similar work; but his professional pursuits and judicial services interposed to preclude the faithful prosecution of the work, so he turned over to Mr. Withers his historical gatherings with such suggestions, especially

upon the Indian race, as by his studies and reflections he was enabled to offer. Other local gleaners in the field of Western history, particularly Noah Zane of Wheeling, John Hacker, of the Hacker Creek settlement, and others, freely furnished their notes and statements for the work. Mr. Withers, under these favorable circumstances became quite well equipped with materials regarding especially the first settlement and Indian wars of the region now comprising West Virginia; and, to a considerable extent, the region of Staunton and farther southwest of the French and Indian War period, together with Dunmore's War and the campaigns from the western borders of Virginia and Pennsylvania into the Ohio region during the Revolutionary War."


CHRONICLES
OF
BORDER WARFARE,
OR
A HISTORY
OF THE
SETTLEMENT BY THE WHITES,
OF
AND
OF THE INDIAN WARS AND MASSACRES
IN THAT QUARTER OF THE STATE
AND
REFLECTIONS, ANECDOTES, &c.
BY ALEXANDER S. WITHERS
CHARLESTON, VA.
PUBLISHED BY ALCOCK & SALE.
1831

Border Warfare

The truth of the matter appears to be that while Mr. Withers had access to but few contemporary documents, he, like other authors, made use of such material as was available at the time, and thus succeeded in rescuing it from oblivion. It is stated that the only reward he received for his labor was two or three copies of the work itself, but as Dr. Draper has said: "For his good services in the field of Western history, Alexander Scott

Withers well deserves to have have his name perpetuated as a public benefactor — the author took much pains to be authentic, and his Chronicles are considered by Western antiquarians, to form the best collection of frontier life and Indian warfare that has been printed.".

His care and scholarship is evident in the introductory approach by which he endeavors to give historical form to the subject going back to the discovery of America; considering the origin of its native inhabitants and describing their character and traditions. Following a brief description of the section of country under consideration, the main body of the work is taken up with the Indian wars and massacres, personal encounters and hairbreadth escapes. Occasionally the author pauses to " point a moral or adorn a tale," and his more formal style may be judged by the following reflection when considering the humble virtues of the pioneers:

> It is usual in the decline of life, to contrast the scenes which are then being exhibited with those through which they passed in the days of youth; and not infrequently to moralize on the decay of those virtues, which enhance the enjoyment of life and give pleasure to its highest relish. The mind then is apt to revert to earlier times, and to dwell with satisfaction on the manners and customs which prevailed in the hey-day of youth. Every change which may have been wrought in them is deemed a deteriorating innovation and the sentence of their condemnation unhesitatingly pronounced. This is not always the result of impartial and indiscriminating judgment. It is perhaps more frequently founded in prepossession, and based on the prejudices of education and habit.
>
> On the other hand, those who are just entering in the vestibule of life, are prone to give preference to the habits of

the present generation; viewing too often with contemptuous derision those of the past. Mankind certainly advances in intelligence and refinement; but virtue and happiness do not at all times keep pace with this progress. "To inform the understanding," is not always "to correct and enlarge the heart". nor do the blanishments of life invariably add to the sum of moral excellence; they are often "as dead sea fruit that tempts the eye, but turns to ashes on the lips" — while a rough exterior as frequently covers a temper of utmost benignity, happy in itself and giving happiness to all around.

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Historical Writings of Virgil A. Lewis, 1848–1912. — To Virgil A. Lewis belongs the honor of giving to the people of West Virginia the first formal history of their state. Scion of a hardy race, frontiersmen and participants in the Revolutionary wars, it was fitting that he should record the valiant deeds of the stock from which he sprung. His great-grandfather, Benjamin Lewis, was wounded in the battle of Point Pleasant, and after the wars, 1792, settled in what is now Mason county, West Virginia. It was in this county, near West Columbia that Virgil Anson Lewis was born, July 6, 1848. He died at Mason City, December 5, 1912. He was a son of George W. and Lucy (Edwards) Lewis. Orphaned when ten years of age by the death of his father, he worked on the farm in aid of the family and in winter attended the "old field schools" of antebellum days. Upon the introduction of the public school system he decided to prepare himself for teaching and later on made the necessary preparation in the high schools of his county. While following that profession he studied law in the interim between terms

and was admitted to the bar in 1879, but his literary inclinations led him into other fields.

While attending school he worked in a printing office during his vacation, and at one time owned a one-half interest in the *West Virginia Monitor* published at West Columbia. In 1892 he founded the *Southern Historical Magazine* at Charleston, and from 1893–1897 was editor and proprietor of the *West Virginia School Journal.* During this period he served as State Superintendent of Schools, to which office he was elected in 1892. In 1893 West Virginia University conferred upon him the degree of A. M. His literary tastes were shared by his wife, Elizabeth (Stone) Lewis, to whom he was married in 1886. He was a member of a number of educational and historical societies and was honored by his State as a member of various state boards and delegations and as her first State Historian and Archivist, to which office he was appointed in May, 1905, and which he occupied at the time of his death.

Virgil A. Lewis

Prior to Mr. Lewis' history there had been issued various county histories and more or less comprehensive

accounts of the formation of the state, including John Marshall Hagan's *Sketch of the Formation of West Virginia* (1866) and Granville Parker's *The Formation of the State of West Virginia* (1875). But no attempt had hitherto been made to cover the entire history of the commonwealth, and it was a matter of no inconsiderable interest when in 1889 his *History of West Virginia*, a volume of 750 octavo pages, was issued from a Philadelphia press.

His work is divided into two sections: the general history and the county department. While this plan may have its disadvantages, it enabled him to preserve much valuble local history which otherwise might have been lost. Beginning with the history of Jamestown, he rapidly sketches the early history of Virginia, following it with the movement westward. Much space is given to the border wars in which this section was involved, including the French and Indian War and the aftermath of the Revolution. Consideration is given to the events leading up to the Wheeling Conventions, the formation of the new State and its admission into the Union. The military operations within the state during the Civil War are described, and its history under the First and Second Constitutions are given in detail. While from a critical standpoint the work may be somewhat lacking in coherence, and the space assigned the legal status of the State's boundary lines disproportionate, it is invaluable as a sourcebook of West Virginia history. An antiquarian by nature, Mr. Lewis was never happier than when on the trail of pioneer history. Evidence of his interest is found throughout his work. The following quotation is taken from the preface:

In thus presenting to the public the present volume the author disclaims any merit for it except that of accuracy. All he dares assert is that he has brought to the task of its preparation an enthusiastic admiration for the men who first dared the perils of the western wilds, and crossing the Rocky barrier, reared their cabin homes amid the hills and vales of the solitudes of what is now West Virginia — an admiration for those same men who, during the American Revolution, warred alike against the savage from the wilderness and the Briton from the sea — an admiration for their descendants who in later years laid a firm foundation and reared thereon the perfect and enduring commonwealth. Throughout the work will be found hundreds of the names and many biographical notices of these men from whom have descended a large proportion of the population of the State, now numbering nearly three-quarters of a million.

The first inhabitants of West Virginia were as hardy a race as ever braved the dangers of the wilderness. What the Heroic Age was to Greece, the Pioneer Age was to Virginia. Of the men who played their part in the conquest of the wilderness all have fallen by the hand of death, and many of them, whose merits deserve a temple, scarce found a tomb. Time has waged a merciless war upon the memorials of the pioneer age, and if the author has been able to rescue from oblivion a few of the names of the men who first planted the standard of civilization on the hills and in the valleys of West Virginia, then he is satisfied.

His *Life of Anne Bailey, the Pioneer Heroine of the Great Kanawha Valley* was published in 1891. This remarkable woman was born in Liverpool, England, and emigrated to Virginia in 1761, when nineteen years of age. She married Richard Trotter, who was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant. Obsessed by a wild dream she donned male attire and ranged the wilderness as a scout

and messenger till the close of the Indian war. She was married a second time to John Bailey at Lewisburg in 1785.

Impressed with the idea that pupils should familiarize themselves with the history of their own state and people, Mr. Lewis prepared a shorter history for the public schools entitled *History and Government of West Virginia* (1891). Along with other interesting features, incidental mention is made of the more important books and authors of the state.

CAPITOL ANNEX
First Home Department of Archives and History

His *Story of the Louisiana Purchase* was issued on the occasion of the World's Fair at St. Louis, 1893, receiving indorsement by the officials of the Exposition. The report by Samuel Williams, the best informed man in the organization, states: "It is a succinct and unpretentious but a very full and clear statement of the material and interesting facts of colonial history and of the Purchase Treaty, with accounts also of the Territorial History of Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri after 1803, the Burr Conspiracy and the New Madrid Earthquake, all gleaned from fountain head and undisputed sources."

Mr. Lewis also prepared for the West Virginia Com-

mission of this Exposition a *Hand Book of West Virginia* of nearly 400 octavo pages. From a literary standpoint it is, perhaps, the ablest written of his books, quite fully illustrated, and the most important work of the kind that has been issued by the state. The educational section contains an extended bibliography of West Virginia books and authors.

He edited with a comprehensive introduction, under the title *How West Virginia Was Made* (1909), the proceedings of the First and Second Wheeling Conventions of 1861 for the organization of the Restored Government of Virginia. The manuscript material of these conventions appears to have been lost or unavailable at the time, and these records were reprinted from the columns of the *Wheeling Daily Intelligencer.*

Besides the writings mentioned he also contributed a number of articles to various historical publications. He also wrote a complete account of the *Battle of Point Pleasant* (1910), covering in fact the entire history of the Dunmore War. He considered this the most important battle of all colonial history. With this Roosevelt agrees: "Its results were most important. It kept the Northwestern tribes quiet for the first two years of the Revolutionary struggle; and above all it rendered possible the settling of Kentucky and the winning of the West."

As the State's first official historian and archivist he prepared three *Biennial Reports*, the first being issued in 1906. They contain an account of State papers, public documents, books, historical and antiquarian relics, together making a rare and invaluable foundation for the department to which he gave such unstinted labor and

unwearied devotion. This crowning work remains as an enduring monument to his memory.

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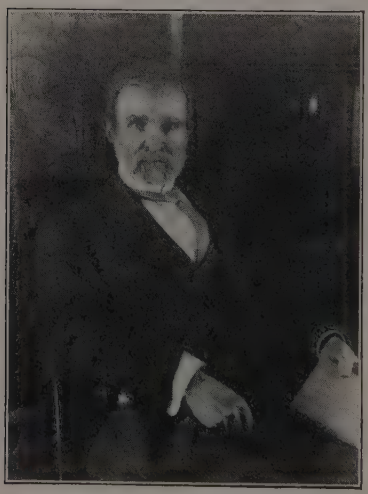
Granville Davisson Hall's Rending of Virginia, 1837 — The work of Granville Davisson Hall occupies a unique place in the historical literature of West Virginia. As the author of *The Rending of Virginia* (1902) he was peculiarly fitted for the task he essayed not only as an actual observer of the men and events he describes, but because of his official connection with the formation of the war-born state.



GRANVILLE DAVISSON HALL

Born near Salem, in Harrison county, now in West Virginia, September 17, 1837, he received such education as the subscription schools of the time and place afforded, and early manifested an interest in literature. He taught a term of school in the winter of 1857; witnessed the inauguration of James Buchanan, and served as a reporter in the Senate for that and the following terms. In 1859 he entered the employ of the *Wheeling Intelligencer*. The following year he was one of the Virginia State Electors on the Lincoln and Hamlin ticket. His

position as stenographic reporter of the First and Second Wheeling Conventions, 1861; Clerk of the West Virginia House of Delegates, 1863; Secretary of State for two years, elected 1864, and chief Editor of the *Wheeling Intelligencer* for the five years succeeding, gave him free access to all authentic sources of information, as well as acquaintanceship with every man prominent in the erection of the new State. He chronicles the occurrences "all of which he saw, and part of which he was."

The creation of West Virginia from that section of the Old Dominion between the Alleghenies and the Ohio forms a dramatic chapter in the most crucial period of our nation's history. From the ground of his personal knowledge and ample literary equipment, Mr. Hall has been enabled to produce the most thorough and comprehensive account of this transitional struggle that so far has been attempted. With a masterly introduction, in which he considers the various economic differences and political issues contributing to the growing antagonism between the two sections he leads up to the Richmond Convention, which as the real starting point he considers in detail. The five conventional assemblies resulting in the creation of the new state; its varying fortunes while running the gantlet of the two houses of Congress, down to its admission and installment as an independent commonwealth, together with the course of events in Northwestern Virginia are all graphically portrayed. Biographical sketches of some of the prominent actors in the drama are appended, while some are allowed to tell their own story.

Throughout the work there is a fearless and discriminat-

ing estimate of the men and measures involved. The author writes from a Federal standpoint, and in defense of the processes by which the separation was effected. His style is vigorous, straightforward and occasionally picturesque. Some may hold that there is undue warmth, and that caustic comment is not in keeping with the judicial temper of the philosophical historian, but his experiences during the troubled times recorded and as a journalist during the reconstruction period may serve to make amends.

The following excerpt is from an early chapter in which the shadow of division gathers in the constitutional Convention of 1829–1830:

> The question of dividing Virginia was not brought tangibly before this convention. It was not advocated or threatened by anybody. But it was in the thought of members, who saw whither all this conflict of interest and opinion tended; and it was spoken of with bated breath by gentlemen of such conservatism and dignity as Monroe and Marshall. It was execrated by Randolph. By all, such a contingency was deplored. The talk of the Western men was without doubt, suggestive of revolt and was denounced as such by Randolph and others. Revolutions often result from such discussions as went on in that convention — and such conditions as provoked them. The revolution some of these fathers of the Commonwealth seem to have foreseen came and did its work midway between that day and this. The truth they spoke was the seed of the event, and the fruit remains with us. They uttered prophecies which time has interpreted. They were wise in their day; they were faithful to the gospel of equal rights, and the event has vindicated them.

In addition to the work mentioned, Mr. Hall has written a number of historical essays, issued in pamphlet

form, relating to the same subject, the most important of which is *The Two Virginias*. He is also the author of *Lee's Invasion of North-West Virginia* (1911), in which he recounts General Lee's Cheat Mountain Campaign in 1861, its failure and final abandonment. It is an able treatment of an interesting and somewhat baffling phase in the early history of the Civil War. The author's other books: *The Daughter of the Elm* and *Old Gold* are mentioned elsewhere. His *Stenographic Notes of the Debates of the Wheeling Constitutional Convention*, 1862, are still in manuscript form.

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Charles Henry Ambler's Sectionalism in Virginia, 1876 — Conforming to the canons of modern scientific treatment, Charles Henry Ambler's *Sectionalism in Virginia* (1910) marks a departure in the historical portrayal of the State. Dr. Ambler's original plan, as stated in his preface, was to deal with the " Formation of West Virginia," but this was abandoned, as he says, " for a more difficult undertaking, the study of sectionalism in Virginia during the ante-bellum period." The result is a scholarly and discriminating treatment of the political history of the " Old Dominion " from 1776 to 1860.

Charles Henry Ambler, son of Lutellus and Ella Rebecca (Wells) Ambler, was born at New Matamoras, Ohio, August 12, 1876. His parents were native Virginians and he was reared and educated in West Virginia; graduated West Liberty Normal, 1900; A.B., West Virginia University, 1904; A.M., 1905; Ph.D. University of Wisconsin, 1908. He was Professor of History

and Political Science in Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Virginia 1908–1917, and since that time has served as Professor of History in West Virginia University. He married Helen Mary Carle, September 4, 1920.

In his *Sectionalism in Virginia* the author shows how a diversity of natural features and the different elements in population and economic interests contributed to sectional strife, and how the resulting political antagonisms rendered the final conflict inevitable. By way of initiative he sketches the earlier developments in the different sections of Virginia: the Tidewater, the Virginia Piedmont, the Valley, and the trans-Allegheny regions and thus approaches the Revolution and Confederation, the rising and history of political parties, the various sectional strifes and political conflicts that mark the turbulent history of the Old Dominion.

Only occasional glimpses of the development and affairs in Western Virginia are caught till this section comes prominently to the front in the Constitutional Convention of 1829–1830, and again in the Reform Convention of 1850–1851, one chapter of the entire ten being devoted to each. The main issues considered in the first convention were the reapportionment of representation, an extension of suffrage and a correction of the abuses in State and local government. In the Reform Convention the fight was again renewed for a greater share in the government, the bone of contention being the basis of representation. Allied with the political issues were the economic aspects, the question of internal improvements, the burden of unjust taxation, better banking and educational facilities, and behind and entering into all

was the stalking menace of slavery. One chapter is given to " Sectionalism in Education and the Church," but the final separation of the State and the adherence of the Western section to the Union do not come within the purview.

Some idea of his clear and impressive style may be gained from the following quotation taken from the chapter " History of Political Parties," 1851–1861:

> That the east and the west differed in their respective theories as to where the ultimate sovereignty resides has been repeatedly shown in this study. Doubtless the east believed the states sovereign and "in duty bound" to protect the rights and defend their territory. But the diversity of opinion as to the nature of the federal government was so great even there and the devotion to the Union so strong that the inhabitants of this section had never been able to agree upon a means for protecting their rights. Some refused to recognize that rights had been infringed upon in a given case, others insisting on fighting in the Union, others on the right of a state to nullify federal laws, and still others on the constitutional right of peaceful secession. But, when it came to the question of defending the state's territory, these differences of opinion immediately crystallized and the east presented a united front to defend the sovereignty of the state. On the other hand, the inhabitants of the west had never doubted the ultimate sovereignty of the federal Union. Thus when it came to a choice of allying themselves with the Union or the state in a contest to determine the ultimate sovereign, they too did not hesitate as to their course.

The work as a whole is distinguished by the judicial attitude of the modern historian; tolerant in temper and impartial in the presentment of both sides in the controversy. Throughout there is evidence of painstaking

research, but the author has mainly relied upon the legislative documents of Virginia and West Virginia and the public prints. Though lacking the embellishment and colorful appeal of popular history, his work affords the more accurate perspective of a momentous epoch and is entitled to the merit of a difficult task well done.

Besides the work mentioned, Dr. Ambler is the biographer of the famous editor of the "Richmond Enquirer," *Thomas Ritchie: A Study in Virginia Politics* (1914) and *Life and Diary of John Floyd* (1918). He also edited the *John P. Branch History Papers* and the *Letters and Papers of R. M. T. Hunter*, and has to his credit several articles and political pamphlets, the most important of which are: *Cleavage between Eastern and Western Virginia* (1910) and *Disfranchisement in Virginia* (1905), which won him a scholarship in Wisconsin University.

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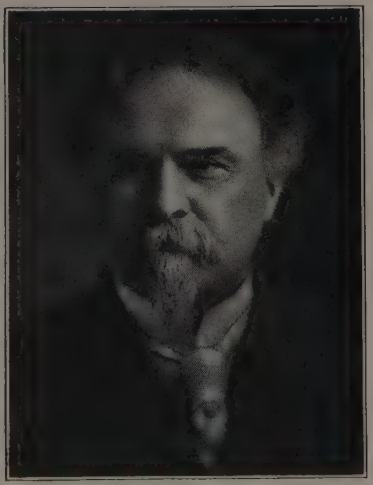
William A. MacCorkle's The Personal Genesis of The Monroe Doctrine, 1857 — Hon. William A. MacCorkle, former Governor of the state, is another of our writers who has confined his attention to special historical subjects, although his interesting monograph on the famous White Sulphur Springs is to date the only volume he has devoted to a West Virginia theme.

The son of William Alexander and Mary (Morrison) MacCorkle, he was born at Lexington, Va., May 7, 1857. Educated in his native state he received the degree of B.L. from Washington and Lee University in 1879 and LL. D., 1907; LL. D. from West Virginia University in

1893 and D.C.L., 1918. He was admitted to the bar in 1878 and aside from his executive duties has practiced law in Charleston since that time. He served the public as Prosecuting Attorney, 1880–1889; Governor of West Virginia, 1892–1897; Member of State Senate, 1910–1914. During the World War he supervised the Liberty Campaign Loan, 1917–1918. In these various official capacities he has served his constituency and state faithfully and with distinction to himself. He married Isabelle Goshorn, of Charleston, Oct. 19, 1881.



William A. MacCorkle

His *Personal Genesis of the Monroe Doctrine* (1923), although a far less pretentious work than *Hispanic-American Relations with the United States* by William Spence Robertson, Professor of History in the University of Illinois, issued about the same time by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, has the advantage of concentrating on the Monroe Doctrine alone, or more specifically its authorship.

Since 1902, when Worthington C. Ford, of Cambridge, Mass., announced that he had found some unpublished papers in the home of John Quincy Adams bearing upon the history of the Monroe Doctrine, there has been an

effort on the part of some Eastern scholars to take from James Monroe the credit of the authorship of the famous doctrine that bears his name. It is with the theory formulated by Mr. Ford that the Monroe Doctrine originated with John Quincy Adams, Monroe's Secretary of State instead of the President himself, that Mr. MacCorkle takes sharp issue.

His argument proceeds along the line corresponding to the method of attack: "(1) That President Monroe was timid, lethargic, and incapable of grasping the great question at issue. (2) That the views previously held by Monroe were not in accord with the Monroe Doctrine. (3) That he actually did not conceive or write the Doctrine."

Mr. MacCorkle begins his case with a defense of the character and ability of Monroe. That he was not of a timid nature is shown by the facts that during the Revolution, when but a mere youth, he was wounded at Harlem Heights; that he was promoted for gallantry in the field at Trenton; that he was actively engaged in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth; and that he was entrusted with important military commissions by Washington and Jefferson. It is also shown that he filled more great places than any one else in the history of the American Government. He was Minister respectively to Great Britain, France and Spain, twice Secretary of State and once Secretary of War, as well as twice President. He was a Representative in Congress and a Senator, and twice Governor of Virginia, besides filling other official positions of trust and distinction.

As to the second method of attack, he shows that

Monroe consistently stood throughout his career for the principle that "America is for Americans"; that his consideration for the South American colonies is evident in letters written in 1818 to General Jackson, Thomas Jefferson and Mr. Adams, and to Albert Gallatin in 1820; that in his message of Dec. 3, 1822, the principle was set forth that "the destiny of every independent nation of right belongs to itself, and of right ought to be left exclusively to itself," a year before the Cabinet meeting in which Mr. Adams expressed the same doctrine; that in May of that year Monroe brought the matter of complete independence of the Spanish-American colonies before his Cabinet, and whether measures should be taken to ascertain the attitude of the British Government as to this policy.

As to the boast of George Canning, England's foreign minister, that "I called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the Old," referring to his proposal Aug. 20, 1823, that the United States coöperate with England to prevent the suppression of the Spanish-American colonies, the author shows that these principles had been in the minds of American statesmen for years; that the doctrine was touched upon in "Washington's Farewell Address," and more fully considered by Jefferson in letters still extant; that Monroe consulted both Jefferson and Madison before the Cabinet conference in November, 1823, as to the course to be taken and the method of communication; that the matter from start to finish was under his absolute control and direction, and that according to Schouler, the historian, "the masterstroke at this juncture of warning off European aggres-

siveness in an opening message to Congress, rather than a joint protest with England was Monroe's own idea."

Mr. MacCorkle reprints much of the correspondence including Mr. Canning's letter, the draft of Mr. Adams, Secretary of State, in reply, together with Monroe's amendments, the Adams substitute, and the statement of the Monroe Doctrine from the President's Seventh Annual Message, Dec. 3, 1823, making in all a very able and convincing presentation of the case. It has been well said that "no one who is interested in reaching a stable conclusion on the controversy can afford to ignore this book."

Some idea of the author's clear and vigorous style may be gained from his closing paragraph:

> However, there is for us a greater thing than to strive among ourselves for the honor as to who enunciated the great principles of the Monroe Doctrine. It is for us to keep pure and strong the ideals of that great doctrine which has sent liberty to the darkest places, which has destroyed despotism, which has brought the hope of an equal chance for social and political justice to the millions yet to be born, which has blessed the people of a great continent with the thought (whether speaking from Massachusetts or old Virginia) that the labors of their hands or the energies of their minds shall fructify under equal laws, without thought of wrong by king, prince or potentate. These should be the ideals for us to keep steady and clear, that our people and those people to the South of us, — people just beginning to be touched with the gleams of progress, — shall have liberty and not despotism, justice and not the whim of a ruler, for an inheritance unto their children forever and forever. And if we are but true to the ideals of this great doctrine, there is sufficient in the work laid to our hands amply to satisfy both old Virginia and Massachusetts.

Governor MacCorkle's historical researches have been in evidence in other publications, including *Some Southern Questions; Some Phases of the Race Question; The Monroe Doctrine in Relation to the Republic of Haiti; The Nicaragua Canal;* 1896; *The Book of the White Sulphur Springs,* and *The Personal Genesis of the Monroe Doctrine,* 1923.

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James Morton Callahan's Semi-Centennial History and Other Historical Writings, 1864–. — *The History of West Virginia* by James Morton Callahan (1913) had its inception in the desire of the Semi-Centennial Commission to perpetuate in some enduring form the celebration of the fiftieth aniversary of West Virginia's admission into the Union. In carrying out this design, Dr. Callahan, who at the time was Professor of History and Political Science in West Virginia University, was prevailed upon to furnish a historical manuscript which had been growing under his hand, largely from researches conducted during his vacations, and to edit a series of special articles to be contributed by others. With ample scholastic equipment and historical training, he also brought to his task authorial experience and mature judgment.

James Morton Callahan, son of Martin I. and Sophia Oregon (Tannehill) Callahan, was born at Bedford, Indiana, November 4, 1864. He attended the schools of his native state, receiving his A.B. degree from Indiana University in 1894 and A.M., 1895. He taught in the Normal Schools at Hope and Mitchell, 1888–1892; was a student in Chicago University in 1894, and Assistant

and Fellow in History and Politics in Johns Hopkins University, 1895–1897, receiving his Ph.D. degree from this institution the latter year. He served as Acting Professor in American History and Constitutional Law in Hamilton College, 1897–1898; conducted Historical Research at Washington, D. C., and lectured at Johns Hopkins, 1898–1902; was Director of Bureau of History Research, 1900–1902. He was elected Professor and Head of Departments of History and Political Science in West Virginia University in 1902, and has served as Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences since 1916. He married Maud Louise Fulcher at Vinita, Oklahoma, September 4, 1907.

James Morton Callahan

In further elaborating and completing his narrative for the *Semi-Centennial History*, Dr. Callahan extended his investigations from the Library of West Virginia University to the Department of Archives and History, Charleston, W. Va., the Carnegie Library, Pittsburg, Pa., and the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C. He also visited many places in the state, consulting old manuscript records and public documents, and as a result

of his labors the Semi-Centennial Commission was enabled to publish an authoritative volume, covering every phase of the state's history in accordance with modern scientific methods, and which has been pronounced by competent critics one of the most valuable books ever issued by the State.

Rapidly sketching the settlement and development of the trans-Allegheny region by way of introduction, he employs the geographic conditions as the groundwork for the evolution of the struggling settlements, and as largely determining the succeeding history. The early institutional and social expansion is given ample attention, which is followed by a consideration of the influence exerted by the historic highways in the development of the territory through which they passed, and of the industrial progress resulting from the construction of railroads through the state, especially of the material and political significance of the " first railroad," the Baltimore and Ohio. An account of the sectional differences leads up to the critical period, including the formation of the state, its part in the Civil War, and the problem of reconstruction. The industrial awakening succeeding the adoption of the Constitution of 1872 is treated quite fully, and a chapter each is devoted to the social and institutional history, the political history, and interstate relations.

Even a cursory examination discloses a marked differentiation in the author's aim and that of the older historians. There is a clearer perspective; less space is given to wars, while the industrial growth and the social and institutional development receive a greater share of

attention. Dr. Callahan's part of the work, with the maps and illustrations occupies three hundred octavo pages; the remainder of the volume is taken up with some thirty articles on the resources and development of the state by persons specially qualified to deal with the subjects assigned, but which do not come within the scope of this review. The following extract from the closing "Retrospect and Prospect" illustrates the author's more formal style:

> We owe also a duty to the present and to the future. If we have the spirit of the fathers we shall not allow blind veneration of the crystallized results of old issues, nor adherence to mere forms and meaningless shibboleths, nor the invidious and menacing ways of invisible lobbies of predatory interests, to block our progress in meeting the vital issues of a new age.
>
> A deep realization of the struggle by which we obtained our liberties and our institutions is the firmest basis for a true patriotism and good citizenship, which finds its expression not in glittering generalities, but in an earnest effort to aid in the proper adjustment of wrong conditions and the solution of pressing problems. Revering the fathers, who in the face of dangers paved the way for our liberties and our prosperity, we must also be alert to understand present duties. The experience of the past has shown that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and that a constant and intelligent interest and participation in public affairs is the surest safeguard to the preservation of self-government.

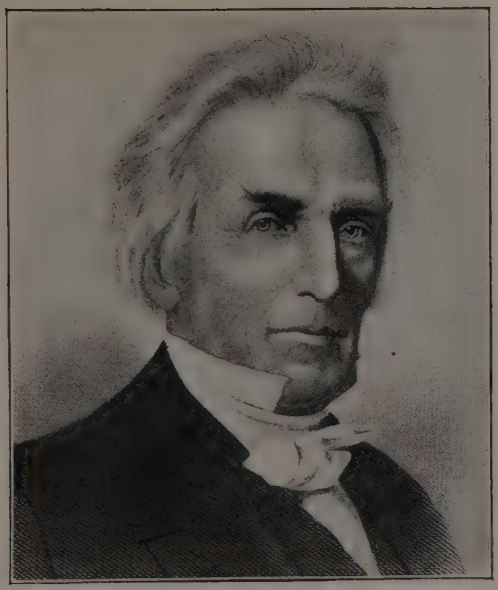
Dr. Callahan is an untiring investigator in his chosen field, and is especially noted for his studies in international politics and diplomacy. He was lecturer for the American Association for International Conciliation, 1915–1918. He is author of: *Neutrality of the American Lakes* (1898);

Cuba and International Relations (1899); *American Relations in the Pacific and the Far East* (1901); *Confederate Diplomacy* (1901); *The American Expansion Policy* (1903); *Introduction to American Foreign Policy*, Vol. I — *The Monroe Doctrine and International Relations; The United States and Canada: A Study in International History; Evolution of Seward's Mexican Policy;* Editor of *West Virginia University Studies in American History.* Besides his *Semi-Centennial History of West Virginia* he has contributed the following to our State history: *University Studies in West Virginia History* (1909); (with B. L. Butcher) *Upper Monongahela Valley*, 3 vols. (1912); *West Virginia*, 1863–1909, in "The Making of the Nation" (1909); *The Government of West Virginia*, in "Cyclopedia of American Government," (1913); and *West Virginia Old and New*, 3 vols. (1923).

In his historical contribution to the commonwealth, Dr. Callahan has rendered a notable service, not the least of which has been his constant effort to stimulate an interest in the study of local history in his adopted state.

"And if indeed
In some old garden thou and I have wrought,
And made fresh flowers spring up from hoarded seed,
And fragrance of old days and deeds have brought
Back to folk weary; all was not for nought."

— WILLIAM MORRIS.



A. Campbell

Chapter IV

THE SAGE OF BETHANY

NATURE in her exuberance sometimes endows an individual with such an apparent diversity of gifts that he continues to excite the wonder and admiration of mankind; who like Michael Angelo, John Ruskin, or Benjamin Franklin, preëminent in their respective fields, have demonstrated their ability to acquire equal distinction in others. They have been termed many-sided men. Are not such presumptive gifts rather the result of an original mind expressing itself in divergent ways?

Such appears to have been the case with Alexander Campbell, who has long been recognized as a man of parts. He founded a college and as president directed its interests for a quarter of a century. He was proprietor of a large business, which he conducted most successfully. He served his adopted state as a member of the convention that remodeled its constitution. He was an eloquent preacher, a prolific author, a born teacher, and as a controversialist he stood without a peer in his day. It was his extraordinary intellectual equipment, his profundity of thought and faculty for abstract reasoning that gave him ascendancy in this particular sphere.

George D. Prentice, a brilliant editor and a poet of no inconsiderable merit, in referring to his character and achievements said that " Ultimate facts stand forth as boldly in his consciousness as sensations do in that of most other men. He grasps and handles the highest, subtlest, most comprehensive principles as if they were the livest impression of the senses. No poet's soul is more crowded with imagery than he is with the ripest forms of thought. Surely the life of a man thus excellent and gifted is a part of the common treasure of society. In his essential character he belongs to no sect or party, but to the world."

Alexander Campbell was well born. His father, Thomas Campbell, an educator and minister, was of sturdy Scotch ancestry running back to the famous Campbells of Argyle, who won renown in their country's struggle for political and religious freedom. His mother, Jane Carneigle, was a comely and accomplished woman

of French Huguenot descent, whose progenitors on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes fled from their native land to find refuge in Scotland. Love of liberty was inbred in her son, who was born September 12, 1788, at Ballymena, some fourteen miles from Shane Castle in County Antrim, Ireland. His boyhood was spent on a farm near Armagh, renowned as one of the most picturesque regions of the Emerald Isle.

Like many another boy who has made his mark in the world, he occasionally manifested a greater interest in field sports and outdoor life than in textbooks. His father who had undertaken his education was naturally much concerned. It is related that one day when the weather was warm he sought the friendly shade of a tree to prepare his French lesson on *The Adventures of Telemachus*, and falling asleep the book slipped from his hand and was devoured by a hungry cow that happened to be passing that way. On reporting his mishap, he was rather severely reprimanded by his father, who told him that the cow had more French in her stomach than he had in his head, a fact he could not well deny.

His passion for the open way and the sparkling lake country was not without its compensation, and in time he developed the poise and physique of an athlete. When he was sixteen he again took up the neglected books with the avowed intention of becoming one of the best scholars in the kingdom. This resolution his father gladly encouraged, and the son on his part assisted him in conducting a growing academy he had established at Rich Hill, not far from the farm.

On account of declining health Thomas Campbell was

advised to take a sea voyage, sailing for America in 1807, with the expectation of making it his home if pleased with the country. In the autumn of the following year his family in charge of Alexander essayed to join him, but the vessel in which they embarked was wrecked and for a time it seemed that all would be lost. It has been said that what the lightning stroke which felled his companion by his side was to Luther, this shipwreck was to Campbell. Having provided as best he could for the other members of his family, he sat on the stump of the broken mast lost in reflection. With death staring him in the face, life took on new meaning, and he there and then made the resolution he followed faithfully to the end. As it happened help reached them in time, but considering it too dangerous at this season to again attempt the voyage, they concluded to remain in Scotland for a time that he might have the coveted opportunity of completing his studies in the old University of Glasgow, his father's *alma mater*, who had for a classmate his relative Thomas Campbell, the British poet and critic.

There were about fifteen hundred in attendance at the time Alexander entered and he worked early and late, maintaining front rank in his classes and tutoring to assist in defraying his expenses. It was not until August 3, 1809 that they finally shipped for America, where the family was again united in the little town of Washington, Pennsylvania.

From this time on his lot was cast with what was then considered the great West. The land was young, and in this formative period he played no inconsiderable part in

its making. He always held it to be the duty of every citizen to seek the good of that community with which he was associated, and he expressed his liking for the western people because they believed in giving every man a fair chance and the liberty of speech. It was a time of political and religious unrest. Party spirit ran high in church and state, especially in religion, and the clash of creeds gave rise to much heated controversy and theological discussion. Skepticism ran riot and materialistic and utopian cults clamored for recognition. Into this militant camp, Campbell with all his youthful ardor entered the lists as a speaker, writer and reformer.

He early became convinced of the power of the printing press, and in 1823 he began the issue of a religious journal devoted to the restoration of primitive Christianity. In 1830 this was merged into the *Millennial Harbinger*, which he continued thirty-four years longer. He was also the author of many books, including *The Christian System*, *Life of Thomas Campbell*, a translation of *The New Testament*, six volumes of *Debates*, and others. During his first seven years as author and publisher, he issued of his own works from his country printing office at Bethany no less than 46,000 volumes.

His *Lectures and Addresses* on literary, educational, moral and philosophic subjects, delivered in different parts of the United States and extending over a period of nearly forty years were collected from his periodicals and published in 1864. Leaving out of the review his religious tenets, which may be found elsewhere, it is these discourses with their literary flavor which more properly come under consideration here. They include such sub-

jects as *Amelioration of the Social State, Responsibilities of Men of Genius, Literature, Science and Art, The Destiny of Our Country, Woman and her Mission, The Importance of Uniting Moral with Intellectual Culture,* twenty-seven in all, counting a few relating to religion.

Taking into account the fact that some of them were written and delivered three-quarters of a century ago, their modernism in theme and content is truly remarkable. It must be said, however, that in dealing with the most recondite and apparently irrelevant topics, that he could not get away from the great facts of life and death, of man's origin, character and destiny, of his responsibility to his Creator and his duty to humanity. There are two subjects of which he was the especial champion, the Bible and education, and to him they were inseparably related. He maintained that "The Bible and the schoolmaster are God's two great instrumentalities to enlighten, civilize and aggrandize man." He argued that education was not only necessary and meritorious because of its individual development, direction and enjoyment, but from an economic, social and political standpoint:

> No man on earth, by any divine or human warrant, lives solely for himself. Others providentially have lived, and do live for him; and both religiously and morally he is obliged to live for others, or to make his life profitable to them. No man in any society lives for himself, or dies for himself. This is an oracle both of reason and of revelation. And this fact alone is superlatively suggestive of the premises from which we should reason on the whole subject of education, physical, intellectual and moral. The world is so constituted that its fortunes or its misfortunes may be materially, if not essentially, changed for the better or for the worse by the education

of one individual actor in the drama of one generation. This actor, this agent for good or evil to contemporaries and to posterity, on some scale, large or small, often has been and may hereafter be, the creature of a propitious or an unpropitious education. Histories and biographies of all sorts — literary, moral, philosophical, political and religious — abound with examples and illustrations of the influence, direct and indirect, of the incalculable good or evil commenced, conducted and consummated, by individuals, clubs, associations, councils and conventions, in each or in all of which, one, two, or three master spirits, prompting, inspiring, guiding and controlling, have originated, matured and consummated crises of good and evil, in Church and State, in public and in private life, in science and in arts, useful and ornamental, the tendencies and bearings of which have continued for generations past and will continue for generations to come. Old Testament and New Testament history, Chaldean, Persian, Medo-Persian, Grecian, Roman, German, French, English and American histories and biographies furnish materials for a hundred volumes in proof of the position, that sometimes one, two or three distinguished men have stamped their image, not merely on the coinage of their respective countries, but on the masses that have handled it, and transmitted it, with their manners and customs, during hundreds, if not thousands of years.

This basic declaration predicated on past history partakes of the nature of prophecy when applied to the instigators of the world war. He affirmed that a different teacher than Lysimachus might have turned the ambition of Alexander the Great in another direction, and a proper education changed the patriotism of Cassius, who conspired against Cæsar into the love of human kind. Does not his argument hold good with regard to Kaiser Wilhelm? Had the youth with his fair face and medita-

tive eyes, who at the age of eighteen left the public school at Cassel for the University of Bonn, been surrounded by such men as his old tutor, Dr. Hinzpeter, instead of his military *aide* and the aristocratic sycophants who effaced his work that in its place they might rear a superstructure filled with dreams of battlefields and world-domination, what blood and treasure might have been saved and waste of war avoided?

He insisted that any rational and adequate system of education must comprehend man's spiritual nature as well as his intellectual powers, and as the Bible is the basis of the highest culture and civilization it should form an integral part of every systematic course of instruction. He asserted that "To educate the head and not the heart is only giving teeth to the lion, claws to the tiger and talons to the eagle to seize and destroy their prey." . . .

One of the most obvious and impressive arguments of the intellectual and moral dignity of man, is the fact that nothing short of the infinite, the eternal and the immutable, can meet and satisfy the cravings of his spiritual nature. There is more of philosophical fact than of fable in the tradition that the son of Philip and Olympias — Alexander of Macedon — having conquered the world that then was, hung his sword and trumpet in the hall, weeping that his arm was hampered, and had not room enough to do its work, in a world so small as ours. Ambition reddens at this tale, and hangs its head in solemn contemplation. But the truth, the glorious truth, the soul-subduing truth is, that nothing but the infinite and the eternal can satisfy the cravings of an enlightened human soul. This thought — *fact* may I call it? — is enough to show to any one of grave reflection, that whatever may be said of the physical or the intellectual nature of man, the moral and the spiritual are his transcendent glory and felicity. And

Oglebay Gates, Bethany College

hence we argue, that any and every system of education that does not contemplate this at a proper standpoint is perfectly at sea, in a boisterous ocean, without sail, compass, or pilot aboard, and, therefore, can never anchor in the haven of safe and happy repose.

Hence our position, our capital position, is, that the Holy Bible must be in every school worthy of a Christian public patronage, and not be in the library only, but daily in the hand of teacher and pupil, professor and student. A dwelling-house without a table, a chair or a couch would not, in our esteem, be more unfit for guests, than a primary school, an academy or a college, without a Bible.

Because of this ingrained belief and the courage of his convictions, when Bethany College was founded on the first Monday in November, 1841, the Bible was given an honored place in its course of study. For many years it was the only college in this country or any other, so far as known, in which the Bible was used as a textbook. It was not because of its ethical teaching alone, however, that he advocated its adoption:

There are other reasons why the Holy Scriptures should be read, daily and publicly read, in every school, from the nursery up to the university. The literature of the Bible is the most sublime literature in all the libraries of earth. Its history, too, is the only authentic history in the world of almost half its existence. The Jewish people and institutions antedate all the literature of Greece and Rome, those two great fountains of European and American literature. More than half the years of the world had passed into eternity before Hesiod or Homer sung, or Plato, Socrates or Aristotle reasoned on the works and ways of God or man. The Jewish scriptures were finished before Aristotle, Socrates or Plato was born; and David sung in Hebrew verse before Hesiod or Homer saw the light of day.

He was the ardent advocate of common schools, of an education adapted to the needs of the whole community, and that would contribute to the upbuilding and prosperity of the State. He laid down this fundamental principle: " If mind be any part of a nation's wealth or resources, or if education be one of the exigencies of the state, or if ignorance and vice are evils from which the people are to be protected, then does it not follow with the light of demonstration that the intellectual and moral improvement of all the mind belonging to the state is the first concern of every intelligent, just and patriotic government in the world? "

He asserted that the freedom of a people was coextensive with their advancement in education:

> Intelligence and freedom are but two names for the same thing. An intelligent community will always be free; an ignorant one, never. As we advance in education, as we promote universal intelligence, we promote universal freedom. If free government, if liberty of thought, of speech and of action, are privileges, then it behooves all who think so to combine their efforts to extend the blessings of education to all, and to make provision for such a system of mental and moral culture as will insure all that we include in the idea of a great nation — an intelligent, virtuous and prosperous community.

With Alexander Campbell, to advocate was to act; and eighty-two years ago he rode on horseback from his home at Bethany to Clarksburg, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles to attend a convention held there in the interest of common schools. Virgil A. Lewis, State Historian, who may be accepted as authority, avers that " It

was the most important educational meeting ever held on the soil of West Virginia before or since." Notwithstanding there were no railroads in that section it was attended by delegates from nineteen counties, sixteen of which are now in West Virginia.

Mr. Campbell's address was the leading feature of the convention, which lasted three days. It is said to have awakened more interest in the cause of common schools than had ever before been manifested in the state. He not only discussed the existing conditions, the kind of education best suited to the public need, how it could be made accessible to all, but outlined a course of study, showed the method of organization, the manner of districting the counties — in fact formulated a free school system, substantially such as was later adopted and that has developed into what is now the pride of West Virginia.

His restraint in the discussion of this question, that was destined to become one of the contributing causes in the final rending of the Old Dominion, was characteristic:

> Our brethren in the East have difficulties — great difficulties that lie not in our way. They have two sorts of population, of great political disparity. We are not so unfortunate. Common schools and aristocracy are not homogeneous. A patrician will not have a plebeian system of education. It would humiliate his son to learn out of the same grammar, under the same teacher and in the same school-room with the son of a plebeian! We of the West are generally too poor — that is too democratical — for such notions. Poverty and humility have some little homogeneity between them, though we find them occasionally divorced. Were we richer, we might perhaps be a little more aristocratical than we are; for, after all, there is no political aristocracy but that which,

first, middle or last stands upon gold. This is the real sovereign of America; and the nobility are those who have most of it. Hence the easy transition from democracy to aristocracy.

He was always ready to make allowance for human frailty and the result of natural environment. The growing spirit of sectionalism in Virginia was largely due to geographic conditions — the flow of rivers, the trend of the Alleghenies;

> "Lands intersected by a narrow frith
> Abhor each other;
> Mountains interposed make enemies of nations
> Who had else, like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

In the Constitutional Convention of 1829–1830, Mr. Campbell introduced a resolution for the encouragement of common schools and seminaries, but his endeavors were negatived — " nailed to the table," as he phrased it, " by a mere parliamentary maneuver by those who had not courage to vote against it or formally oppose it." Divergency of interests, disparity in population, difference in political ideals, rendered futile the efforts for constructive legislation by such men as Philip Doddridge, Lewis Summers and Alexander Campbell, and with the tide of years the narrow rift widened into a perilous chasm.

With Doddridge he fearlessly and forcibly plead the cause of Western Virginia in this historic Convention, in *personnel* of national reputation. Among the delegates were two ex-presidents, Madison and Monroe; the United States Chief Justice, John Marshall; the governor of Virginia, W. B. Giles; two United States senators,

John Tyler and L. W. Tazewell; eleven representatives in congress, headed by John Randolph. As Granville D. Hall in *The Rending of Virginia* has said:

> It was the only occasion in his long public career when he took part in what might be called politics; and more for this reason than any other, perhaps, his conspicuous part in this convention has in the long interval since been in a great measure lost sight of. Mr. Campbell was a man of very unusual energy and power; not only a thinker but a man of action; not only a master of theological knowledge and polemics — but a man of affairs also, who could build a great college, farm in a large and successful way, edit religious journals, and discuss religious dogma with the ablest theologians of his time. If he had chosen to give his energies to political life, he must have been heard from in other bodies in Virginia than the one whose chronicle we are dealing with. As a man of affairs in that body, Mr. Campbell knew the interests of his section and people and could adequately represent them among the lawmakers at Richmond. As a thinker and student of political and economic questions, he thoroughly comprehended the issue between the East and West; and on the declaration of the bill of rights, and on the question of suffrage, he took high and firm ground. His oratory, like his personal appearance, was commanding and impressive and his utterance marked by earnestness and fearlessness. It was not the oratory of the politician or man of expediency. It was of the kind that remains on record as the truth which is forever true; the truth which was in its day far-seeing, prophetic, and which has since that day come to pass.

His fairness in the discussion of controversial and religious subjects was proverbial, as instanced in his debates with Robert Owen, the skeptic and Bishop Purcell, the Catholic. His critical estimate of such infidels as Voltaire and Hume is notably just and pene-

trating. On the other hand he did not overlook the faults of those whom the world admires, and who have won an enduring place in its literature. His power of discrimination, distinctive style and trenchant treatment may be judged by the following excerpt from *Responsibilities of Men of Genius*. It will be noted that his subject stresses the moral rather than the artistic standpoint:

But why, it may be asked, mention in the same chapter such men as Byron, Burns and Scott? This, indeed, demands an explanation. They are not, then, at all to be classed with such men as Voltaire, Volney or Mirabeau, except as men of genius and favorites of public fame. Still the influence of a Byron, a Burns, a Scott, may be as greatly mischievous as their genius was transcendently great and admirable. That they have all said many beautiful things — that they have expressed the purest and the noblest sentiments and views in the finest style, in language the most chaste, the most classic and the most exuberantly rich and fascinating, is admitted, with the greatest pride of English literature and of Englishmen. That much of their poetry and fiction is deeply imbued with sentiments of piety and humanity, is also most cheerfully conceded; and that most men may improve their language, their taste and their style by the perusal and the study of their admirable productions, we also admit. And if any one please to add, that three such men almost contemporaneous have not adorned any nation, ancient or modern, with richer specimens of rare genius of the finest texture and the most exuberant growth, I will not at all dissent from him; and yet I must say, that in view of the tendency of the products of their genius, and of my estimate of human responsibility, I would not, for "all that wealth or fame e'er gave," be the author of their works. I cannot but view them as decidedly tending to impiety, and consequently to immorality. They may not, indeed, Bulwer-like, have made the libertine a successful adventurer, or the licentious rake a

man of honor and of good fortune. They may not have decorated vice with the charms of innocence, or thrown around the sensualist the robes of virtue. They may not have commended to juvenile fancy a plausible prodigal, or introduced to the favorable regard of unsuspecting youth some amorous knight of easy virtue: still they have so mingled up virtue and vice, piety and impiety, wisdom and folly, moral beauty and moral deformity, as to confound the understanding and blunt the pure sensibilities of our nature. They have created false virtues, and if they have not called good *evil* and evil *good*, they have made certain vices of much less frightful mien, under the names of gallantry, patriotism, chivalry, heroism. Human nature is exaggerated, discolored, misrepresented, in many points. A wrong direction is given to the mind, false motives are inspired, unworthy principles instilled in the minds of less discriminative readers of their works, and wrong conceptions of honor, greatness and goodness inculcated upon all.

In some respects the author of Waverly is to be excepted from this sweeping censure. Of a better temperament, of a more moral constitution and of a more religious education, more historic too and descriptive than merely fanciful or imaginative, he is more conversant with fact and reality and generally more nearly approaches nature and truth, than most of his contemporaries and predecessors. Still he occasionally outrages the moral sense and good taste, by making his outlaws heroic, noble and honorable men; thus creating false virtues and dishonoring the true. That as life was eking out he condemned his course, the prostitution of his admirable genius and unparalleled powers of description, is to my mind a gratification, though no extenuation of the aberrations of his otherwise splendid and unparalleled career.

Mr. Campbell's work throughout is distinguished by philosophical depth and evident sincerity — clear, vigorous and convincing, but entirely lacking in pathos or

humor; often touched by the high light of imagination but rarely rising to impassioned utterance. He was always the alert thinker, the logical reasoner, invincible in argument and admirable in his manner of its presentation.

He was a searcher after truth and never led astray by glittering externals. It was his method before fully entering upon a subject to clear the way by developing the meaning of the terms involved, not merely verbal definition but the underlying significance of the thing under consideration. An example may be cited in his address on *The Anglo-Saxon Language*. After dealing with the usual definitions of *language*, he asks:

"What is the thing itself?"

"As applied to man, language is pictured or embodied thought, feeling and emotion. It is an embodiment of ideas, volitions and feelings, in audible sounds, or in visible forms, addressed to others. It is indeed, the aërial and sensible impersonation of human spirits in communion with one another. It is not the mere giving of a name, or a local habitation to an idea, emotion or volition; but it is the imparting of that idea, emotion or volition, the power of reproducing itself in the mind of another. It is that etherial instrument, that spiritual symbol, by which one spirit operates upon another, in simultaneously producing views, feelings and emotions corresponding with its own."

He calls the Anglo-Saxon

A rich, a broad and lofty tongue; a splendid composite; a greatly diversified, curiously inwrought, and highly polished Mosaic composition, which can embody and present every form, color and gradation of thought, sentiment and emotion . . . For strength of frame it has the bone and

muscle of the Romans, the Goths and the Saxons. It has the patience and endurance of the German and Dutch, both High and Low. It partakes of the vivacity of the French, of the genius of the Italian, the wit and sprightliness of the Greek and the Celt. For comprehension, if for nothing else, our language is chief amongst all the dialects of earth. There is nothing written — poetry, philosophy, history, or in the form of literature, ancient or modern — that cannot be translated, body, soul and spirit, into our language. Who of the ancients or moderns, in any one department of science or art, has given to the world an idea that cannot be perspicuously and fully set forth in Anglo-Saxon? But could all our learning now be expressed in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, or any language heretofore spoken by man? Nay could it all be transferred to any purely Asiatic, African or American tongue now extant? We have been obliged to fabricate a myriad of new words from dead languages, and to form thousands of new combinations of the words of dead and living tongues to express all our Anglo-Saxon sciences, arts and literature. As some one has said of Pope's Homer: "If all records were obliterated, and the chronology of nations lost, a time might come when the wonder would be, whether Pope translated Homer, or Homer Pope;" so might it be said of the most polished works of the most polished nations of antiquity, when set forth in a good suit of Anglo-Saxon words."

Sometimes he pursued a roundabout way of approach, by the preliminary consideration of some philosophical or historical theme apparently unrelated to the subject in hand, but he never failed to make the connection.

While his style was characteristic it followed in general the classical type of the period, flowing, wordy, and to our abbreviated taste occasionally a little ponderous and overburdened. Yet it has been said that " The Latin and Greek derivatives were so familiar to him and so

wrought into the very fiber of his thought and mind that, coming from him, they seemed not strange or foreign, but near and homelike."

His sentences were marshalled with the force and precision of one accustomed to command; sometimes marching stately and periodic like Macaulay, again with the fervid rush and panoramic sweep of Carlyle, but their meaning is never involved nor their logic uncertain. At times, in force and form they approach the axiomatic:

One age burns heretics, the next makes them saints and martyrs, and erects monuments to their memory.

. . . . .

He is a tyrant in principle, and would be in practice, who asks for exclusive privileges. None but tyrants or knaves have ever sought preëminence by law or force.

. . . . .

The voice of nature will never contradict the voice of revelation. Nature and the Bible are both witnesses for God — they are consistent witnesses and mutually corroborate each other. But they must be understood.

. . . . .

To know the force of character of any individual he must be placed in a position, on a theater, where he has room to act his part fully. Few persons ever know themselves or their most intimate friends and relatives because of the want of opportunity of developing themselves.

. . . . .

Absolutism pervading the state, it will pervade the church, the synagogue, the school and the family. Democracy pervading the state, it will pervade every human, and sometimes every divine institution in it. Hence a political despotism terminates in paganism or popery.

. . . . .

Kings cannot grow in America, but under our free and liberal institutions we can import more than kingly power under a less opprobrious name.

. . . . .

The Greeks were the greatest literary thieves and robbers that ever lived; and they had the most consummate art of concealing the theft.

. . . . .

I believe there never was a man both good and great, that adorned with brilliant virtues our fallen race, that did not owe it to his mother.

. . . . .

It is a law of God and it is a law of society, paramount and insuperable, that educated mind shall govern the world.

. . . . .

Philanthropy, like honesty, is the best national as it is the best individual policy. It acts and reacts; it blesses and is blessed; it glorifies and is glorified.

. . . . .

The light which shines from our political institutions will penetrate even the dungeon of European despots, for the genius of our government is the genius of universal emancipation.

. . . . .

Truth must ever be spoken in its own spirit, which is the spirit of love and a sound mind.

. . . . .

As a conversationalist he has been compared with Johnson and Coleridge. His oratory, indeed, was of a conversational type, yet accompanied by that persuasiveness that Aristotle has declared to be eloquence. One has said that he talked to assembled thousands as an

advocate talks to the Supreme Court of the United States. Jeremiah Sullivan Black, one of the leading lawyers of the nation, and later Attorney General of the United States, who heard Mr. Campbell at different times, has left on record a very just estimate of his discourse:

"The arts of the orator seemed to be inconsistent with the simplicity of his character. It was logic, explanation and argument so clear that everybody followed without an effort, and all felt that it was raising them to the level of a superior mind. Persuasion sat upon his lips. Prejudice melted away under the easy flow of his elocution. The clinching fact was always in its proper place and the fine poetic illustration was ever at hand to shed its light over the theme. But all this does not account for the impressiveness of his speeches, and no analysis of them can give any idea of their power."

He was of commanding presence and pleasing personality — a statuesque figure, worthy of the large place he will sometime be given in the history of his time and generation. Beyond all his character was above reproach. In the fierce light that beat upon him in an age of religious and political controversy, there was never an imputation of unworthiness, or a stain that sullied his reputation.

Had his remarkable talent and energy been directed in a single channel, his various relations to society been narrowed to the formal routine of the ministry, literature, law, or political endeavor, he might have gone far in either. But who can say that his labors would have yielded returns so rich, or that his life would have been crowned with such rare worth to the world. He built upon a broad and substantial basis, touching humanity at many points, and carrying forward its varying interests

with an impetus reaching oncoming generations. He heralded the supremacy of truth and rejoiced in its ultimate triumph; holding that "However for a time it may be hid among the rubbish of human tradition, or buried in the wreck of revolutions and counter-revolutions of human affairs, it will gain the ascendant and command not only the admiration but the homage of mankind." His plea was not only for a united church, but a united nation, and his message was animated by the assurance of hope and the bringing in of a better day.

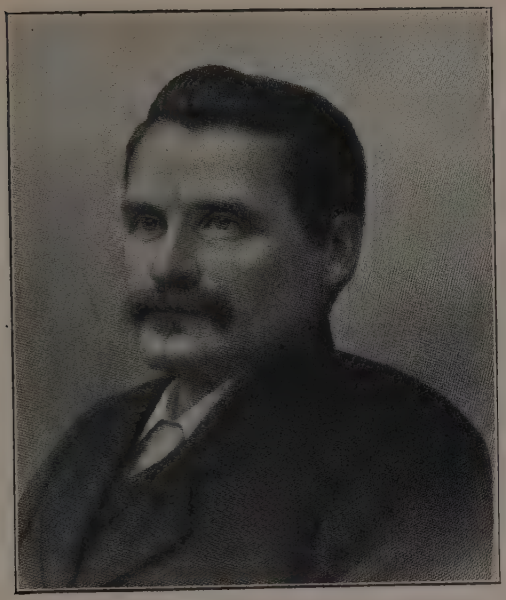
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Alexander Campbell, son of Thomas and Jane (Carneigle) Campbell, was born at Ballymena, County Antrim, Ireland, September 12, 1788. His father, who was a university man, spared no pains to make him a classical scholar. Several of his boyhood's years were spent in a school taught by his uncles, and before coming to America in 1809 his studies were continued in the University of Glasgow, Scotland. On arriving in this country he took up his residence in Washington county, Pa., about thirty miles from Bethany, W.Va., which afterward became his home. He was ordained a minister in 1812. In 1818 he opened a school for both sexes at Bethany, known as Buffalo Academy. His country printing press was set up in 1823, and Bethany was made a post office on account of the quantity of mail received and dispatched. It was in this year he established the "Christian Baptist," which in 1830 was merged into his magazine "The Millennial Harbinger," which he continued till 1865. From this time up to 1870 it was edited by Pres. W. K. Pendleton. In 1829–1830 he and Philip Doddridge represented Brooke county in the Virginia Constitutional Convention, and ten years later he founded Bethany College, of which he continued to be President till the close of his life.

As Virgil A. Lewis has said: "His life was filled with arduous and varied labors. He taught, traveled and preached at home and abroad, and wrote early and late." He was happily married and father of a large family. In 1811 he married Margaret Brown. She died in 1827. His second wife was Selina Bakewell, who lived to be ninety-five years old. His death occurred at Bethany, March 4, 1866.

His books include:

Popular Lectures and Addresses, 1864; *Memoirs of Thomas Campbell; The Christian System*, 1835; *The Living Oracles — New Testament with Notes and Introduction; Preacher's Companion; or Infidelity Refuted by Infidels; Christian Baptism, Its Antecedents and Consequents; Lectures on the Pentateuch*, delivered at Bethany College 1859–1860; Six volumes of debates: with the Rev. John Walker, 1820; with Rev. William McCalla, 1823; with Robert Owen, 1828; with Archbishop Purcell, 1837; with Rev. L. N. Rice, 1843; Also seven volumes *The Christian Baptist*, 1823–1830; and 34 volumes *The Millennial Harbinger*, 1831–1864.



Dan'l B. Lucas

Chapter V

THE CONSORTING OF LAW AND LITERATURE

NOTWITHSTANDING the wonderful material and intellectual development of West Virginia since her admission into the Union, there is sometimes an inclination amid the turmoil and distraction of the present to look back to the old times and scenes and

things that passed away with the noise and conflict of the war between the states. There is a lingering interest in the receding horizon with its baronial plantations, its hospitable houses, its lost gardens of romance.

The pageant of the vanished past again lives and moves on opening the pages of *The Land Where We Were Dreaming* by Daniel Bedinger Lucas (1913). In this volume, which takes its name from his most famous poem, he sings of the South and its struggle, its fair women and brave men:

> Proud were our men as pride of birth could render,
> As violets our women pure and tender;
> And when they spoke, their voices thrill
> At evening hushed the whip-poor-will,
> At morn the mocking bird was mute and still,
> In the land where we were dreaming!

It was the peculiar fortune of Judge Lucas that while his youthful environment gave him all the advantages of educational and social culture, it also brought him with the internecine strife an Iliad of adventure and woe. A life-long resident of that portion of Virginia which was literally rent asunder, he promptly cast his lot with the Old Dominion, but found his home on returning from the war on the West Virginia side of the line. Though always consistently loyal to his convictions, he wasted no time in hopeless repining, accepting with equanimity the changed conditions entailed by the struggle. Despite his bodily weakness and that for a time he was hindered by the political restrictions incident to the reconstruction period, his native ability and indomitable courage won

him merited distinction under the new régime as a lawyer and stateman as well as an orator and poet.

With his other gifts may be mentioned his conversational power, which was reflected in the ready ease and brilliant glow of his speeches and lectures, conjoined with the studied care and discriminating judgment evident in all his work. He was a man of generous impulses, and his heart grew warm in defense of those who gave their lives for a cause they conceived to be right, which may in part account for the outstanding merit of his address on Daniel O'Connell, the Irish liberator and the memoirs of John Yates Beall. Captain Beall was taken and tried as a spy, and Mr. Lucas in his endeavor to assist his old college mate made his way with much difficulty to New York and thence to Canada. Notwithstanding all the efforts of his friends, Beall was executed on Governor's Island, February 24, 1865.

It was while Mr. Lucas was in Canada, June, 1865, that his poem, *The Land Where We Were Dreaming* was given publication in the Montreal Gazette. It immediately attracted attention and was reproduced in many papers both in England and the United States. Breathing the Southern spirit, but with no bitterness in its martial strain, it pictures the South in its complacency, its pride of race, its lofty visions, its heroic struggle and the wreck of all its vaulting ambitions. Touching tribute is paid to its noble dead with such a depth of sentiment and command of poetic imagery that it has been pronounced the author's most finished production.

With the exception of his dramatic plays, there is gathered in this volume all of Judge Lucas' poetical

work. Beginning with poems from the *Wreath of Eglantine*, his first book of verse, published in association with his talented sister in 1869, there follows *Ballads* and *Madrigals*, first issued in 1884, together with early poems from *Boudoir Melodies* (hitherto unpublished), 1865, and *Early Narrative Poems*. Part Second represents much of his more mature work, including *Patriotic and Occasional Poems*, 1865–1888; *Biographical and Serious Poems*, 1869–1909, and closing with *Love Lyrics*, 1865–1896.

Of his Early Narrative Poems, *St. Agnes of Guienne* deserves more than passing mention, not alone for its ambitious conception, but the quaint mysticism and colorful treatment so well in keeping with its mediæval setting. The story, of a thousand lines or more, is of a legendary character and concerns the fortunes of fair Hermine and young Claude of Guienne, who dreamed his love was a crime. It tells of their romantic adventure, their stranded paradise and the crucial test in the Cloister of St. Agnes, in which truth triumphs and love is exonerated.

His treatment here and of other early feminine types is somewhat after the manner of Tennyson, though suffused with more of the sensuousness of Keats; in *Nivian*, *Calladia* and some of his later efforts the influence of Poe is evident. While lacking the technical subtilities of these great masters, there is an unconscious freedom and spontaneity which in some measure is wanting in much of his mature work. One wonders what might have been the outcome had he settled down into this form of poetical narrative.

Some of his shorter productions of this period might be

cited as worthy of consideration; such stories as *Rosalie* and his ballad of the *Solitary Horseman*, first appearing in 1869, of which the West Virginia School Journal says: " In its sweet simplicity it reminds us of a little Spanish ballad of the sixteenth century called the ' Wandering Knight's Song,' or in a different way of Heine's ' The Palm and the Pine.' John Easten Cook pronounced it worthy of Keats."

No doubt something was lost with the passing of youthful dreams and the cherished illusions swept away by the tide of war, but there were compensations in the strength that comes from struggle, the economy of resources in time of trial and the love that crowns the joy and peace of home. This is shown in his more contemplative work, his later lyrics and especially in his series of *Occasional Poems*, in which he accomplishes the difficult task of voicing the issues of the moment in lines of persistent vitality. His name graced many significant festal and patriotic programs on various occasions. He was selected laureate when the University of Virginia celebrated its semi-Centennial in 1875. This honor was no doubt accorded him because of the merit of *The Love of Letters*, read before the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity the year before. He again appeared before his fraternity at the time of a national convention at Chicago in 1887. In the part of the University poetical address relating to science, there is a chastened reminiscence of Whitman, a stanza of which is here subjoined:

Let her teach to our youth the way
Of the Great First Thought on the deep;
Of the calm-belts, and courses of storms, and the play
Of the upper and under flows, and the sweep
Of the Stream of the Gulf, in its current
And march from the Carribees,
By shell-bank and coral, and torrent;
Till they read His eternal decrees
In the arms of the Ocean of waters,
And the wings of Aërial Seas!

In his Berkeley Centennial Ode, read at Martinsburg, W. Va., 1872, in commemoration of the erection of Berkeley County from Frederick in 1772, he shows his ability of reconstructing the past:

As if in dream One Hundred years ago,
I see the smoke rise on the summer air,
In single spires, the smoke in all the vale below,
Lonesome and distant, tells of the pioneer —
I see the antlered deer move slowly on,
I hear the woodman's stroke before the dawn.

He closed with the following exalted sentiment:

We need no Doric Column, and no Tuscan pride
To point the path of glory; for our soldiers trod
O'er burning plowshares, red with heat intensified,
And true to them, we must be to ourselves and God.

Among his poems written for patriotic occasions may be mentioned those at the dedication of the Confederate Cemetery at Winchester, 1865, and the Charles Town Confederate Monument, 1871. It was before the New York Southern Society, 1888, that he read *At the Gates of Liberty*, his last long poem, and one of his best. Abiding by the arbitrament of arms, his attitude concerning the

past and which he consistently maintained to the end is expressed in the beginning stanza of the Dedication Hymn at Charles Town:

> Let perish every throb of hate,
> Let only love commemorate;
> Let pride, and strife, and lust,
> And all things perish but the true,
> While here, unveiled, we raise to view
> This shaft, and shed our tears anew
> O'er consecrated dust!

Judge Lucas was not a nature poet in the sense that he could say with Wordsworth: "For nature . . . To me was all in all —." Yet there is evidence that he admired her pleasing externals and was moved by her more striking manifestations. He loved the flowers and groves, the skies and sunsets, and above all his native mountains:

> There's something blank in the landscape here
> And tame in the water's flow —
> I pine for a mountain atmosphere,
> And a crag in the sunset's glow!
> King of the Hills! Blue Ridge that I love!
> Feed still the Vale with fountains,
> From rock and dale, and mountain-cove —
> My heart, my heart is in the mountains!

Like most talented Southerners of that period, he was a hero-worshiper; and as it was said of Lord Byron, to whom he rendered tribute, "Nature spoke to him chiefly through men. Out of the dust of empires and the ashes of heroes he fashioned his most stirring verse." To Lee and Jackson and other chivalric figures of those heroic days he consecrated his most earnest and eloquent strains.

Swept away from his youthful bearings in the maelstrom of war, its hostile encounters and sacrificial renunciations naturally appealed to him as worthy of consideration. Hindered by his physical handicap from steadily following his command, he was left free to observe and sometimes to participate in auxiliary enterprises, which while lacking the historic import of great battles and far-reaching campaigns were fraught with romantic incident and personal adventure. It was out of the hazard and intrigue, the heroism and pathos of this backwash of war, the strife of law and order with anarchy and crime, he found material for his plays. Comparatively remote from the beaten track of armies, but harried by raid and plunder, he projects the troubled lives and tragic fortunes of the lonely border against the ensanguined background of the struggle. The incidents of the plot and the gravity of the situations are relieved by a capricious humor and the enlivening banter of pun and repartee.

There are three plays included in his *Dramatic Works* (1913). Two of which, *Hildebrand* and *Kate McDonald*, were here given publication for the first time, the *Maid of Northumberland* having appeared in 1884. The scene in the latter is laid on the coast of Virginia opposite Tangier Island, the plot being woven around the supposed murder of Fairfax Lamoir, partner of Clarence Fauntleroy, the blockade runner. The ruins of an old mansion with mysterious trap-doors, buried treasure, trial by court-martial and hairbreadth escape, go to make up the more exciting features of the story.

Hildebrand is shorter and from a dramatic standpoint

Rion Hall, Home of Daniel Bedinger Lucas

of superior construction, in simplicity of plot and logic of of events, moving surely forward to an inevitable end. Hildebrand himself is, perhaps, the most notable figure of all the plays. Maintaining his loyalty and the right of armed neutrality, he is outlawed by both the Confederate and Union forces. With his family divided, his sons slain, his home broken, he levies reprisals from his fastnesses in the Ozarks, irrespective of whether they wore the Blue or Gray.

The author's ability to state an argument with which he manifestly does not agree appears in one of Hildebrand's speeches:

> We dwelt here mountaineers,
> Far from the caldron party-spirit boils —
> Free as our crystal springs or atmosphere,
> We loved the Union and our State no less,
> We saw no cause for war, and made no outcry;
> We had few slaves, nor cared to fight for them,
> Yet knew no right to challenge those who owned,
> We were for peace and all that made for it.

The first three acts of *Kate McDonald* are laid in Toronto, Canada, from where the scene is shifted to New York. The story with its tragic ending is based on certain historical facts connected with the capture and execution of John Yates Beall in 1865. The author's descriptive power may be judged by his picture of the momentous night on which Beale's attempt on the Johnson Island prison miscarried:

The eve rose beautifully bright;
The Northern twilight bound the day to night
With bridge of gold, reflecting either shore;
Later, the evening star arose, and soon
A shower of arrows, silver-tipped fell down
From out the horned quiver of the moon;
The Aurora flung great streams of milky light
Athwart the glory of the Northern sky;
Proud Sirius blazed, Orion answered him;
While sinking in the South, the Warrior waved
His sword of fire, and girt his golden belt!
Then Beale, the lion-hearted, neared the Isle,
And waited for the signals to ascend —
But none disturbed the temper of the night.

If it be objected that the fine phrasing and the conventional blank verse is more in keeping with the Elizabethan age than the era of strife between the States, an answer may be found in the critical introduction prepared by Dr. C. F. Tucker Brooke, of Yale University:

" The use of blank verse," remarks Brooke, " is never with him, as it has so often been with closet dramatists, a mere presumptuous affection or a garish cloak to cover the writer's incapacity for realistic dialogue. In few of his metrical scenes does he descend even temporarily to the emotional level of prose. In many passages the reader will be struck by his high power and eloquence in describing natural beauty or voicing exalted sentiment." While maintaining the poetical distinction of his plays, Doctor Brooke admits that Judge Lucas' most permanent contribution as a poet will doubtless be found in his lyrics of patriotism and sentiment.

Charles W. Kent, of the University of Virginia, who wrote an appreciative Introduction to *The Land Where*

We Were Dreaming, in his estimate of these poems says: "In all of his poems metrical skill in the readiness with which he passes from one verse form to another, and his sure grasp of each, command recognition. His essential capability, marred rarely by the inattention due to haste, is attested by poem after poem with its variety of measure and responsiveness of rhyme."

He terms the art of writing "The dearest Gift of God," but his felicity of expression was to some extent due to his constant endeavor to excel. It is said that like Poe he corrected and re-corrected an infinite number of times in search of perfect expression. This was characteristic. Endowed with varied native gifts, but heavily burdened, it was through unwavering preserverance and determined effort he rose to eminence and attained distinction in many fields. That he found time to indulge his talent for literature was a source of wonder to those who knew the press of his engagements. Perhaps it was by fulfilling the duty lying nearest, that out of the narrow margins of life he wrought to such good purpose. To the demand of duty, as he conceived it, he was always faithful, in war in peace, in all the relations of life. His high resolve is expressed in one of the poems of his early manhood:

> Duty alone can give to life a plan,
> And it is not more than this, nor less can be:
> Obedient to God, and just to man,
> True to thyself and thy high destiny.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Daniel Bedinger Lucas, son of William and Virginia A. (Bedinger) Lucas, was born at Charles Town, now West Virginia, March 16, 1836. His early education was pursued

in private academies and continued in the University of Virginia, where he completed the four years' course with marked success. He read law under Judge John W. Brockenbrough at Lexington, Va., and entered upon his profession at Charles Town in the spring of 1859, but the following year moved to Richmond. On the opening of the Civil War he joined the staff of Gen. Henry D. Wise and served in the Great Kanawha Valley during the summer of 1861. Throughout the contest he took as active a part on the side of the South as his physical handicap permitted; just at the close of the war he ran the blockade in an endeavor to save his college friend, John Yates Beall, who had been tried as a spy, and for whom the efforts of his friends were unavailing. For some time Mr. Lucas was hindered from returning to Rion Hall, his ancestral estate, and it was not until 1870 that he was enabled to again take up his profession. His comprehensive grasp of intricate legal questions and his brilliant oratory, for which he was noted in his student days, won him immediate recognition in his chosen field. From the bar, he rose to the bench, and was President of the Supreme Court of Appeals at the time of his death. He served as Presidential Elector, Member of the House of Delegates, and by appointment as United States Senator. In all these public positions he acquitted himself with honor and distinction. In 1869 he married Lena T. Brooke, a grand-niece of John Randolph of Roanoke and of Governor Robert Brooke, of Virginia. His wife and daughter Virginia survived the husband and father, who died in 1909.

His books are:

The Wreath of Eglantine (with his sister Virginia Lucas), 1869; *The Maid of North Umberland*, 1879; *Ballads and Madrigals*, 1884; *The Land Where We Were Dreaming*, 1913; *Dramatic Works*, 1913; *Memoir of John Yates Beall*, 1865; *Nicaragua; War of the Filibusters*, 1896.

William Leighton

Chapter VI

THE TRIUMPH OF AN IDEAL

WE HAVE seen how the law may consort with literature. The teaching profession may likewise prove a stepping-stone to the author's sanctum, or a newspaper office a station on the road to the writer's goal. But rarely have the glare of furnace fires and the roar of machinery fostered the making of epics or the weaving of

romances. "Poet-Manufacturer" may seem a contradiction of terms, yet this title appears to have been justly earned by William Leighton, who for nearly a quarter of a century was a resident of Wheeling. An English father, a Puritan mother and a scientific education at Harvard contributed to the union of a thrifty business capacity with a liberal mental endowment. That he found time for the cultivation of his literary gift while employed in the management of an extensive manufacturing establishment is not a more difficult problem than how he was enabled to divorce his mind from business affairs while engaged in the composition of historical epics and Elizabethan dramas.

He was fortunate in his ancestry. From his paternal grandfather, Thomas Leighton of Edinburgh, Scotland, a man of great dignity and charming personality, of superior mental ability and a gift of golden eloquence he seems to have inherited his literary inclinations; while to parental sources may be traced rare qualities of mind and heart. During his most impressionable years his summers were spent on a farm near Concord, the home of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and the Alcott family; and the literary and historic atmosphere of that beautiful old town contributed its share in shaping his cardinal interests and ideals of life.

He had written for the Boston papers before coming to West Virginia, but he was of mature age before entering the accredited ranks of authorship. His first dramatic poem, *The Sons of Godwin* (1877) gave him wide recognition as a writer of expressive and beautiful English. American critics were of the opinion that it compared

very favorably with Tennyson's "Harold," identical in theme and bearing the same date, though actually published the year previous. Some went so far as to say that it was more spirited in execution and at least equal in poetical expression. Mr. Leighton's work was copyrighted in 1876, being offered some six weeks before Tennyson's, dealing with the same historical characters and turbulent period of that old world:

"Where might made right eight hundred years ago."

At the Court of King Edwin (1878), an historical drama of a less tragic character, succeeded his initial offering, which sustained the author's reputation as a writer of energetic and graceful verse. Reviewers held that it entitled him to a prominent place among the authors of the time. This was followed by *Change: The Whisper of the Sphinx* (1879), an epic poem tracing the phenomena of nature, history and man through the various stages of development, growth and decay; its vast scope affording an ample field for his talents both as poet and philosopher.

An ardent student of Shakespeare, his dramas conformed to the manner of the great enchanter. A more intimate approach was essayed in *A Sketch of Shakespeare* (1879). This was made up from three addresses read to the Wheeling Shakespeare Club upon the anniversaries of the poet's birth, paying eloquent tribute to his life, his works and his genius. Two other volumes were offered along this line: *Shakespeare's Dream* (1881), a masque in the Elizabethan spirit in which as a vision the immortal children of his brain return and play again their passionate parts. In *The Subjection of Hamlet* (1882) an attempt

was made to solve the mystery of the Prince of Denmark, with such insight as to merit the attention of the most profound scholarship, and with an artistic touch that cannot fail to please the lover of dramatic literature. It is one of the most worthy of the author's productions.

His inclination, influenced, no doubt, by early training tended toward classic themes and distant climes rather than the more familiar aspects and traditions of his adopted state. *The Price of the Present Paid by the Past* read in 1881 at the dedication of the Soldier's Monument at Wheeling is his only poem of a local character. In this he recalls the days when the land was rent by civil strife. He pictures the martial array of the divided state and nation and the clash of resounding arms:

> And they went forth —
> Alas, full dearly did we pay
> For the prosperity that smiles to-day! —
> And North and South,
> With the best blood in all the land, made red
> The battlefields where their brave soldiers bled,
> And heaped the earth with dead.
> Hark to each heavy peal
> As cannon shots resound.
> Even the strong hills reel
> And tremble with the sound! —
> Now through the rifts of smoke clouds see
> The gleaming lines go by,
> And battle-flags that o'er them fly,
> Torn by sharp rifle-shots and the death-winged artillery.
> Disordered by that dreadful rain
> Are all the glittering lines;
> But o'er them sweeps the smoke again,
> On which the sunlight shines,

Painting the veil that hides the dead
With beauty to the eye;
But, ah! beneath, the earth is red
With tint of deeper dye.

. . . . . .

He describes the hardships of the soldier's lot; the fevered days and nights in lonely hospitals and famished prisons: the tortured waiting and the pain:

So suffered they
Whose monument we dedicate to-day.
War's iron rain,
Fever and pain,
The weary waiting and the galling chain
Of dull imprisonment,
With sundered ties of home, and banishment —
All these did they endure that we
More fortunate might be;
And broad o'er the land,
From east to western strand,
Our country might be blest with glad prosperity.

In his latest volume, *A Scrap-Book of Pictures and Fancies* (1906), harvested in many lands and dedicated to his wife, daughter and sister, "who," as he says, "have made for me the poetry of my life," he approaches nearest in content and treatment to popular appeal. It moreover contains some of his ablest work. Throughout, it is marked by elevated sentiment and felicitous expression. These are sustained by a philosophical insight of nature and a sympathetic understanding of the human heart. Every life has its story:

How many hearts have felt, but never told,
Their dearest longings! hid beneath the show
Of false serenity and aspect cold
The fondest wishes that the soul can know,
The warmest impulses that ever flow
In human breasts! And can we dare to ask,
What thought, love, wish, or passion's burning glow
Was hidden thus, a life enduring task?
Nay; who hath ever lived that never wore a mask?

They say not that they do not love who seem
Forever passionless: the heart hath deeps
Of which the shallow thinkers never dream —
Deeps so profound that passion ever keeps
Within their shadows. Think not that he sleeps
Who doth not chatter every passing thought,
Or tell of each emotion that upleaps:
The poorest heart is by some passion wrought;
And lowly lives full oft with heavenly impulse fraught.

The author's mind was cast in a metaphysical mould; and in the familiar things of life as well as in the destinies of thrones and nations he finds unanswered problems. This is illustrated in "Youth and Age," a psalm of life reminiscent of "My Comrade Tree," by Danske Dandridge, another West Virginia writer, in which he contrasts the life of an ancient moss-grown tree with that of a golden-haired child playing beneath the spreading branches. Both have their mysteries, and he questions why Nature nourishes the oak for centuries, and not the child. The riddle baffles solution unless the child's life persists elsewhere beyond the skies.

Mr Leighton appears not only to have been endowed with that philosophy which seeks to know the meaning and relation of the real and the ideal, but to have possessed that practical wisdom so often wanting in those of this modern world whose lives are spent in the pursuit and amassing of riches. With a sufficient competence he retired from business and with his family went abroad, where his latter years were occupied with travel and literary work. Wandering through lands of romance, many of these poems testify his admiration of distant scenes and his interest in old places. He was a lover of mountains, and here he records the legend of " The King of the Highlands " and the dream-like beauty of the Bavarian Tyrol:

A lovely land of uplands high!
A cloudland oft in summer sky;
But when the sun shines out, its light
Makes these great mountains richly bright.
Those lofty peaks, on which the rack
Of angry storm was late so black,
Seem now a palace builded high
For summer gods in fairy sky,
A bright Valhalla gleaming there
Sun-tinted, most divinely fair;
Whose mystic dwellers must belong
To fable-world of tale and song
The glorious ones of storied Eld
When Time was young that Earth once held —
Celestial maids, heroic men,
That Earth can never breed again;
Seen only now in pictured show
With high imagination's glow
Or printed page or canvas bright

Bring back the myths of Eld to sight —
But this is Art's enchantment; now
'Tis Nature paints the mountain brow
With beauty so divinely grand
We see the touch of God's great hand.

He pictures the old gray tower of Sonnenberg with its moss-grown walls and mediæval romance; its errant knights and love-lorn maids — the glamour of its chivalry:

From the rude art of that old day
When feudal lord here held his sway,
Careless alike of right or wrong
While thy old walls were new and strong.
Thy wars are over many a year,
And thou art sunk in slumber here;
From century to century
Sleeping while Time broods over thee,
What dreams must haunt thy memory,
Thou medieval mystery,
Gray tower of Sonnenberg!

His creative imagination enabled him in portraying old scenes and peopling ancient places to identify himself with the dwellers of the past; to enter into their feelings and desires; their loves and hates. There is a lingering refrain from "A Norse Love Song" that reminds us of Browning's "Love Among the Ruins." While lacking the double parallel and historical setting of that masterpiece, it stresses the same eternal love motive:

I lay at night neath the pine-tree's shade,
And heard their sighs as the wind swept past;
I loved the sounds that their branches made,
The song they sang in the wind's wild blast —

I heard the yelp of the straining pack
When first to view came the hunted game;
Gaily I echoed the glad sounds back,
And my hunter heart was all aflame —

I stood by the sacred Druid stone,
And heard the chant with its grand refrain
While I felt a power beyond my own
Sweep over my soul in its mystic strain —

When warriors sat round the galley's rim
Our long oars dipped in the flashing sea
While we sang of Freya, her battle hymn,
Our souls inspired by its melody.

Last night we wandered from all apart
On the great, gray ocean's marge of sand,
Where I asked the gift of her maiden heart,
And clasped in my own her trembling hand;

The sweetest sound that was ever heard
Was the whispered word she spoke to me;
And my own rough heart was madly stirred
By that soft word as man's heart can be.

O tell me not of the songs they sing
In Odin's palace above the skies!
Valhalla, thy halls may loudly ring
With the songs of the Vikings that round me rise;

They never can drown the low, sweet tone
Of her voice last night, on the ocean shore;
Her word will live in my heart alone
When Odin's palace shall be no more.

In a sonnet on " Carthage," we catch a vision of the city of Hannibal, in its glory and decay. With a few

swift strokes he paints an unforgetable picture of the proud rival of Rome:

And this was Carthage! Bare the hillsides lie
As though no mighty past were buried here.
I close my eyes: lo, suddenly appear
The olden shapes of Punic history!
Towers, palaces, and temples pierce the sky;
I see great fleets of ships: afar and near
The bay is white with sails. And whither steer
These ships? — To conquer Rome. — The phantoms fly:
Gone are the hosts that sailed with Hannibal;
Gone the majestic city — all are gone.
My vision was a dream, a memory
Of Carthage in her ancient glory. All
That I now see is meager, sad, forlorn,
Save lovely tints in azure sky and sea.

Mr. Leighton surpassed as a writer of sonnets. Besides many appearing in this volume and elsewhere he is the author of *Sonnets on Florence and Florentine History* (1906) and *Roman Sonnets* (1906). This exacting form appears to have been his favorite method in paying tribute to persons and places. In "The Sonnet is a Jewel," he lauds its beauty in the fine lines following:

A sonnet is a jewel that should shine
With luster like a diamond; its light,
Reflected by each facet, gleaming bright
From a clear central fire; its every line
Wrought by the poet's art in fashion fine;
But if he shape its brilliance not aright,
Although the gem be precious, ruined quite
In all its beauty and fair design.

Whether it hath the diamond's purity,
The ruby's depth of passion, or express
Hope like the emerald, it yet must glow
With poet inspiration, and must be
A thing of beauty, truth, or daintiness,
Fashioned by art, its preciousness to show.

The Whispering of the Sphinx (1879–1906) is the author's most ambitious work. It is a philosophical poem of nearly three thousand lines, upon which he was engaged during a large part of his life. When in its earlier form, he was invited to read it to Ralph Waldo Emerson and a distinguished literary circle at Mr. Emerson's home at Concord. It is a monumental undertaking, in which he conceives of Change as an entity and reasons of its alterative effects on the world; the mutations of time; the problem of life, and the meaning of things as they are. He sees:

The works of man sink crumbling back to dust
From which, with painful toil, his hand had raised them;
— The works of Nature, stronger built and vast,
Share the same fate, resolve and fall and change:
The highest Alp that lifts its giant mass
Above the clouds, stability's vain type,
Is beat by storms, and gnawed by countless years,
Till piece by piece, wild torrents drag it down,
Or wilder winds its fragments launch in air.
Man sees the myriad-agéd mountain sink,
But scarce can stay to moralize thereon;
For, while he thinks, he groweth old himself,
Feels his own atoms fail; writes hastily
"Life's lessons Change!" — drops wearily his pen,
And points the sentence with the stop of death.

He sees the rise of nations, the fall of empires, the

march of countless centuries, the shaping of unnumbered destinies. He views the pageantry of the past, and amid its bewildering maze discovers:

Eternal progress through the universe,
The constant march of life-thrilled atomies,
Unnumbered forms endued with vital force
That drives them ever onward — on to death?
But death stays not the restless rush of life;
Death is but change of form while life survives —
Life! always life! When life casts off one dress,
It puts another on: the spirit of life
Is universal — is it not immortal?
No atom of the earth is lost in death;
How can I then be lost? Are human souls
So valueless that Nature casts them out
From the vast kingdom of immortal things,
And falsifying all her promises
Plunges them only into nothingness?
So we were less than all the world of matter,
The only food for death, while meaner things —
Things that have been subserviant to our uses —
Go on immortal in unending progress.

In Time's transmutations he moreover conceives a constant purpose; a divine plan; the building of a rainbow bridge beyond:

Change is the movement of the Master's hand,
And constant purpose is divinely whispered
Beneath its touch: so are we ever drawn,
By what is best in us, to what is best
And wisest over all. If all too slow
We seem to come to good, the scheme extends
So far beyond our narrow symbol, Time,
That in eternity the fast and slow

Are merged and one; and Change at length may be
No longer cruel, but beneficent,
Making our journey through unending years
Full of delight and constant happiness.

Nature unavoidably plays an important part in a production of this character, but his feeling is that of friendly regard rather than passionate adoration. He is her artist, not her worshiper. Here is one of his less ambitious delineations, but beautiful as a Corot landscape:

Along the river bank the clouds throw down
Quick shadows on the fields. So slow the stream
It doth not stir the water-lilies' gleam,
White on the river's blue. Quaint shades of brown
Lurk under the bridge. The drowsy town
Behind makes no sound to break my dream;
But all rests sleepily.

While he revels in the beauty of Nature's handiwork, he seeks to interpret her designs. He consistently remains the poet-philosopher, "intent," employing his own expression, "to grasp the soul of things." He broods over creation's mysteries, life's cosmic meanings; yet he is no pessimist, no mystic dreamer. His work as a whole is characterized by thoughtfulness rather than spontaneity. There is no dearth of imagination, but its strongest appeal is to reason. While lacking the ecstacy and rapture of the highest poetical utterance, it is marked by uniform dignity and grace of expression.

He had a fine appreciation of the poet's art and took great pleasure in composition. To the end he was a conscientious and skilled workman, writing almost

constantly until within a few days of his death, which occurred at Wiesbaden, Germany, March 10, 1911. Only two months before, he and his wife had celebrated their golden wedding in honor of which he wrote two beautiful sonnets. His ashes rest in the peaceful Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord, along with Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau, to whom he paid gracious tribute while living.

Well toward the closing of *Whisperings of the Sphinx*, in musing of that far country to which he made his last, long pilgrimage, he wrote:

Is it a pleasant land to which at last
We go when this earth-pilgrimage is o'er,
A fairer country on that other shore
Where all our future fortunes shall be cast?
So will I trust — so hold reliance fast:
Death is but change, and we need fear no more
The unknown world beyond its fatal door;
For love and reason say, that threshold passed,
"Progressive life will bless humanity:
If not the wondrous city, we are told
Hath shining streets adorned and paved with gold,
Yet a bright land, where loving friends will be;
And where our souls may grow more clear to see
The beautiful in God's high ministry."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

William Leighton, the eldest son of William and Mary Leighton, was born in Cambridge, Mass., June 22, 1833. From his father's side of the house he appears to have inherited his vigorous mentality and literary gift, and from his mother rare qualities of character and nobility of soul. When five years old his father bought a large farm near Concord,

Mass., where the family spent the sixteen succeeding summers, returning in autumn of each year to their home in Cambridge. After taking a degree at the Scientific Department of Harvard he joined his father in the manufacture of glassware. William Leighton, Sr. was the first manufacturer to produce ruby glass in this country, and this was used with other colors, whose compound he had evolved, in the production of artistic and cut glass, a vase of which took the medal at a world exposition in London, England. In 1868 William Leighton, Jr. moved to Wheeling, and having succeeded his father in business he continued the chemical experiments, producing still other colors which he employed in the manufacture of handsome tableware with such success as to enable him and his partners to retire from business. The remaining twenty-three years of his life was spent in travel, study and literary pursuits in his own and foreign countries. He was married in 1861 to Mary Jane Reed, daughter of Joel and Lucinda Reed, both Canadian by birth. The marriage was an especially happy one, and his family constantly accompanied him in his travels. While residing in Wheeling he gathered a fine library of rare and choice editions, and all his leisure from business cares was spent with his beloved volumes and in systematic literary work. He was an authority on Shakesperean matters, wrote in the Baconian controversy, and for twenty years he was president of a Shakespeare Club in the city mentioned. In connection with his longer works he also contributed essays on Greek tragedy and other subjects to the magazines. Some of his finest poetical productions were written while residing in Europe and published there. His death occurred at Weisbaden, Germany, March 10, 1911.

His books are:

The Sons of Godwin: A Tragedy, 1877; *At the Court of King Edwin: A Drama*, 1878-1879; *Change: The Whisper of the Sphinx*, 1879–1906; *A Sketch of Shakespeare*, 1879; *Shakespeare's Dream and Other Poems*, 1881; *The Subjection*

of Hamlet, 1882; *The Price of the Present Paid by the Past*, 1883; *The History of Oliver and Arthur* (Translation), 1903, *Fourteen Sonnets on Florence*, 1906; *Sonnets on Florence and Florentine History*, 1906; *Roman Sonnets*, 1906; *A Scrap Book of Pictures and Fancies*, 1906; *Merry Tales and Three Shrovetide Plays*, by Hans Sachs (Translation), 1910.

Danske Dandridge

Chapter VII

MAGIC CASEMENTS IN FAERY LANDS FORLORN

WHETHER the tutelary genius of the two dainty little volumes by Danske Dandridge, *Joy* (1888) and *Rose Brake* (1890), may now repose among the tangled undergrowth of brier and bramble and clinging vine, or the more sequestered haunts of shadowy hemlock and mountain laurel, may not be known. There is internal evidence that her *Muse* was not always a habit-

ant of these hills. A breeze drifts through her pages recalling a long-forgotten past, a breath born of the mantling mists of some far Norseland or sea-girt Celtic Isle. Born in Copenhagen while her father was United States Minister to Denmark, some of the deep-seated primitive beliefs of old Scandinavia seemed to have entered her nature. She had a child's imaginative fancy, a child's avidity for perilous adventure in enchanted lands. She reveled in a dream-world, and many of her poems are of illuminating freshness and ethereal beauty.

Mrs. Dandridge was a member of a distinguished Jefferson county family, and was named Danske — a little Dane — in the language of her birthplace. She was brought to America when three years old and reared by her grandfather, Hon. John W. Lawrence, of Flushing, Long Island, a distant relative of the poet Longfellow. She was educated privately, graduating from a seminary in Staunton, Virginia. On the event of her marriage in 1877, she came to live at " Rose Brake," her charming suburban home overlooking Shepherdstown. Here she wrote and dreamed and won renown. She was one of the first of West Virginia's poets to gain general recognition. Her work was commended by Lowell, Holmes and Whittier, and Edmund Clarence Steadman included " The Spirit of the Fall " and " The Dead Moon " in his " American Anthology."

Glancing through *Joy*, the little book first mentioned, one gets the impression that here is another Nature-lover. There is, in fact, sincere admiration and understanding of Nature's outward forms and varied moods; the capacity for enjoyment and the ability to portray the

things that are seen and felt and heard. She has eyes and voice for the fleeting months and changing seasons with their movement and color, their joy and song. She loves the open; the flowers and fields, the babbling brooks and wind-swept sky, but the wild-wood and winging birds she loves best of all. The following lines, *To a Bluebird in February*, are vividly reminiscent of Keats:

I hear the bluebird's quaint soliloquy;
A hesitating note upon the breeze,
Blown faintly from the tops of distant trees,
As though he were not sure that spring is nigh,
But fed his hopes with hints of melody.
I would I had a spirit-harp to seize
The bold tenor of his rhapsodies
When apple-blossoms swing against the sky.
On every dark or blustering day
That airy harp the bluebird's lilt should play;
And as I held my sighs and paused to hear,
The wandering message with its full-fed cheer,
And ripe contentment to my life should bring
The essence and fruition of the spring.

She chose great teachers. So far as may be judged, Shelley appears to have been her favorite. His influence is especially evident in *Exaltation*, selected as the " Invocation " of her collected poems, beginning with the line,

"Play on my soul, thou Spirit from the skies!"

and ending with the stanza

Into thy music put the budding spring
With all her birds and every pleasant thing;
With words like flowers thy singing pastures set
To teach me to forget
The fury and the fret;

The flexed chords that the world had keyed too low;
The strident wail; the shrilling discontent,
And all the dissonance that marred me so
Before I had become thy instrument.

Next to the birds she loves the trees, the ancient oak, the white-armed sycamore and all the worthy monarchs of the wood. Under the title *To My Comrade Tree*, is presented a rare combination of sympathetic insight, depth of feeling and grace of expression. It is said "The tree is grown that shall yield to each 'his last narrow house and dark.'" With this thought too deep for tears, she penned the lines from which the following cutting is taken, and which next to *The Struggle* she regarded as her strongest poem:

O waiting heart, where'er thou art,
At last thy dust with mine shall blend;
For though we spend our days apart
We come together at the end;
And thou with me, and I with thee,
Must lie in perfect unity.

. . . . .

Perchance in some lone wandering
On thy old roots I may have lain
And heard, above, the woodbirds sing,
While God looked down upon us twain;
And did I feel no thrill with thee,
Of fellowship and sympathy?

. . . . .

And when thy circling cloak is doffed
Thou standest on the storm-swept sod,
And liftest thy long arms aloft
In mute appealing to thy God:
Appeal for me, appeal for me,
That I may stand as steadfastly.

There is a haunting sadness here that characterizes much of her work, but no morbidness; neither fear of death, no bitterness, no sting, but rather exhaltation, and all on a high plane eminently worthy of such contemplation. A nearer intimacy reveals that she is not Nature's devotee, solitary and apart, absorbed in the sublimity of her sanctuary. True, she employs nature as as interpreter of her mood; occasionally there are the "aching joys" and "dizzy raptures," of which Wordsworth sang, but she is not led captive at will. The nearest approach is in *An Autumn Anniversary*, which witnesses the real test. Autumn's beauty is compelling, yet it oppresses with its very opulence; it awakens but does not satisfy. There is a spiritual longing amounting to protest:

O Beauty, Beauty, thou wilt drive me mad!
Where shall I turn, or whither shall I flee?
Thou dost oppress the very soul of me
With hauntings of the dear delights I had.

In all the red and orange pomp I see,
In all the glory of the gold and green,
Naught but what is not, and what once hath been,
And all the pain that is and should not be.

Other things are worthy of consideration. Humanity has its claims. The heart has its secrets, its cravings, its aspirations. There are lines to "Memory," "Conflict," and "Desire." A woman thinks, and a woman speaks in "Let Down the Bars." Lovers wander in the moonlight. They are the realities. "The Dead Moon" is only a ghost, noiseless and white, albeit an awful mystery,

fleeing ever onward through space — here portrayed with a reach of imagination worthy the weird genius of Poe.

Near the end of the book we come upon a distinct surprise — a poetic description of the fearful encounter and final victory of a hermit in the hills, who by years of fasting and prayer overcomes the fiend that dwelt in a dismal glen nearby. It might have been looked for in the baleful legends of mediæval days, but here the grim recital of *The Hermit Knight* strikes a discordant note, unexpected if not intrusive.

On retracing our steps we find occasional intimations, vague foreshadowings of an atmosphere of "aery shapes" pervading its companion volume, *Rose Brake*. Not the ominous gloom that blows through the ghoul-haunted wood, but the scented breezes wafted from the delectable land of "Oberon." No brooding solitude is this, but a world peopled with naiads, sprites and fairies — all the artful creatures of elfland. They flit and frolic, dance and banquet in *The Fairy Camp*, *Fairy Fare*, *The Fairies' Masquerade* and many another blithe and well-turned rhyme.

Like Blake, England's mystic poet, who had his visions in the sunshine, she can see them any time and everywhere; in the guise of radiant humming birds, shining insects, or trooping butterflies, but it is in the moonlight meadow and dim forest glade they like best to hold their fantastic revelry. As in every other Eden that has graced this world, there are hindrances, temptations and handicaps that thwart and debar from the real or imaginary pleasures that seem so near and are yet so far.

Here a lonely dryad no longer satisfied with his sylvan retreat longs for human intercourse, and a meddling satyr with strange power lures frail mortals into forbidden ways.

In *The Wood Demon* is essayed her most ambitious effort of this character, though comprising not more than a dozen pages. A woman fair of face and form, happily wedded and with children at her knee is charmed by the rapturous music of a woodland faun. Day in, day out, waking or sleeping, she hears his airy call. She becomes like one possessed, blindly following where it leads. Her vital forces fail; she knows he is stealing her soul away, and yet she cannot withstand his "eerie power." On the eve of a certain holy-day came the supreme trial. It was a conflict between the forces of light and darkness; a struggle in which the prayers of her maiden daughter, who had followed her into the forbidden forest, strove with the music of the demon presiding in his charmed circle within the ring of trees, the moonlight shimmering down and the white clouds scudding overhead. Throughout the weary night the battle raged. As the blessed Easter morn was breaking, the fair damsel's prayer prevailed; the demon was vanquished and the mother's spirit freed from the spell, but not from its memory, and sometimes she still hears the spirit's summon from afar.

It is a weird recital, with a kinship to the old English ballads, and told in a convincing way. While not attempting "to point a moral or adorn a tale," herein lies the danger — she would say — of converting into the realities of life the vague fantasies of dreams. These unsubstantial phantoms evoked from that shadowy world

may refuse to return from whence they came, and lie in wait to tempt and then torment the possessor of the fearful gift, the penalty inflicted by an outraged imagination. Beware of

> "Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

It should not be inferred from the foregoing that *Rose Brake* is made up of fairy lore, less than half the contents really partaking of this character. Yet the tendency intimated, no doubt without design, lends tone and color to the entire volume, and moreover gives it unique distinction in West Virginia verse.

Doctor Waitman Barbe says of Mrs. Dandridge: "To be the laureate of elf-land and of rose-land requires a delicate touch, and hers is both delicate and sure. She is master of her art as well as of her elves, and her verses are, metrically considered, almost faultless. Such exquisite workmanship is a delight. If a rose is her theme, the poem embodying it is as perfect as a rose. Her song sparrows and her thrushes never sing out of rhyme."

The felicitous quality of Mrs. Dandridge's work has won her wide recognition. Her art hath wings, light as the up-blown thistledown, a lilting strain like the sprightly aria of birds consorting high among the swaying branches. She has besides, that penetrative intuition developed in some women that Hawthorne defined as "sagacity and a nameless something more." She understands the homesick longing of Eve for Paradise; where the temptation of fancy leads; the struggle that goes on between the body and the spirit; the meaning of the

Rose Brake, Home of Danske Dandridge

soul's exaltation, but what counts for more than all, she has made friends with the rainbowed figure of *Hope* — a comradeship that knows no bounds, expressed in lines that take on the alluring mysticism of Rossetti:

I know that lyre of seven strings;
The seven colors of her wings;
The seven blossoms of her crown: —
    There violets twine for amethyst;
Small lilies white as silk-weed down;
    There myrtle sprays her locks have kissed;
And pansies that are beryl blue;
And varied roses rich in hue;
With iridescent loving eyes
Of buds that bloom in Paradise.

. . . . .

Beyond the walls she bids me peer
To see a future, dim and dear;
Sweet faces shining through the mist
Like children waiting to be kissed;
A lovely land that knows not pain;
Atlantis land beyond Life's main,
Where we who love may love again —
Ah me! is this beyond the plan
Of God's beneficence to man?

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Danske (Bedinger) Dandridge, daughter of Henry and Caroline (Lawrence) Bedinger, was born at Copenhagen, November 19, 1854, while her father was United States Minister to Denmark. When three years old her parents returned to America, and dying soon after, their little daughter was left to the care of her grandfather, John W. Lawrence, of Flushing, Long Island. Her early education was of a private character, and she was later graduated with highest

honors from a well-known seminary in Staunton, Virginia. She was married May 3, 1877, to Hon. A. S. Dandridge and came to live at "Rose Brake," on the hill above Shepherdstown. During the early eighties she published a number of her poetical productions in some of the leading magazines, including *The Independent*, *Harpers* and *The Century*, which were well received by authoritative critics. Her first volume, *Joy and Other Poems*, was issued in 1888, and *Rose Brake* two years later. Most of the contents of these two books were issued in a single volume, *Joy and Other Poems*, in 1900. Her interests were of a varied character. She was known internationally as an authority on horticulture. More than five hundred different kinds of trees and shrubs were planted by her in the grove and garden at "Rose Brake." From 1904–1909 she wrote almost exclusively for garden and country-life magazines published in both America and England. With her maturer years she was led to consider the heroic deeds of her pioneer and Revolutionary ancestors and the historical associations to which her immediate environment had fallen heir; which resulted in an historical and biographical series that exhibit no inconsiderable research, and which alone would have assured her more than a local reputation as an author. But it is by her poetical contribution that she will, no doubt, be longest and most widely remembered. In the midst of her historical investigations she passed away, June 3, 1914, from the scenes she loved so well, and which were the inspiration of some of her most worthy achievments.

Her books are:

Joy and Other Poems, 1888; *Rose Brake*, 1890; *Joy and Other Poems* (Collected poems), 1900; *George Michael Bedinger; A Kentucky Pioneer*, 1909; *Historic Shepherdstown*, 1910; *American Prisoners of the Revolution*, 1911.

Emma Withers

Chapter VIII

A FAITHFUL NATURE-LOVER

"Who looked upon the hills with tenderness,
And made dear friendships with the streams and groves."

BECAUSE of their admiration for scenery many persons imagine themselves to be nature-lovers, while they really have never come under her spell, never shared her secrets, nor have been taken to her heart. Likewise there are many landscape poets; those who employ nature's forms and phases for backgrounds or

embellishments of their verse, yet they are far from being her true interpreters. They have contented themselves by worshiping in her outer courts, but have never qualified to enter her inner sanctuary. It is not merely the beautiful or even the sublime — the glorious sunsets, the towering mountains, the tumbling waterfalls that attract the real lover of nature. "It is something far more deeply interfused." "It is something native and kindred," as John Burroughs has pointed out, "that calls him." A kinship that begets affection rather than a passing admiration.

"The lover of nature," as described by Emerson, "is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood." Judged by this criterion may not Emma Withers claim such distinction? She loves best to picture:

> The air of childhood's fair enchanted realm,
> Long lost to view, to memory still most dear.
> Thou art, for aye, eternal, land divine!
> Thy verdure grows beside unfailing streams
> Whose sources lie upon the happy hills
> Sun-bathed forever more.

Through the pages of *Wildwood Chimes* (1891) flits a vision of a fearless, fair-haired child, roaming over the Kanawha hills, along their winding coves and down their dipping hollows; waist deep in feathery ferns and tangled vines, searching for some prized mountain flower, or with the clinging breath of fragrant pine, spicy shrub and wintergreen, trailing after the cows on their homeward way through the twilight.

She was one with Wordsworth's wanderer, "a poet sown by nature." Her face was ever toward the field and forest. Her love was that of kinship. Voices called her from afar. In her heart was echoed " the brook's wild longing and the wind's unrest: "

Thou art a child of earth; and deep within
Thy nature live the mysteries of all
Her sheen and shadows. Rock and wind and wave
Thy brethren are; and when to other sight
And sound, thine eyes are closed and lips are dumb,
These kindred voices of the universe
Shall find an echo still within thy soul.

Miss Withers has a child's questioning eyes and heart, a child's primitive yearning and delight; that susceptibility to unobtrusive sights and sounds and impressions that come from afar, or which are but faintly discerned, like the precious things of the spirit. With Burns she catches the fleeting of the frailest flower; like Lowell she feels the warm throbbing of Nature's heart. Wandering back through the years all would fain recall, we find her in some canopied retreat, reveling in the bewildering life of the hills:

On the lowest curving root
Of the old "Daddy-tree," just where the voice
Of the loved brook its softest whispers poured
The dole of its sad longing at my feet,
I heard the chiming throbs of Nature's heart,
And learned her cradle song.

Thoreau boasted that he could see and study the whole world in Concord. In her narrower sphere she found a miniature world with its besetting problems and teeming

life. " The toiling caravans of busy ants "; " the resting bees that murmured drowsingly "; " the deft field-spider spinning her nets beneath a filmy tent "; " the dragon-fly — a royal courier in green and gold." She sees everything: the graceful aviators sailing overhead, the venturesome voyagers breasting the tide at her feet, the patient toilers in earth's unmarked fields, even " the tireless midges dancing a dizzy jig." Though steeped in nature-lore she regards them with the penetrating insight of the poet rather than the critical appraisal of the scientist.

Plato says that poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history, and he might have added science also. Science is interested in phenomena; poetry has to do with life itself. She loves all things alive. To her the tiniest creature is a thing of wonder and delight. She has, moreover, that ancient wisdom that comprehends the significance of little things, and that they have their part to play in the stupendous scheme of the universe:

> Are they not all the King's own messengers
> Who fill the world with beauty, and delight
> The heart of man?

She not only knows their names and their life histories, but she loves " the shy, soft-footed creatures of the wood," " the brooding birds within their nests," with an understanding and sympathy that thrill with their joys and sorrows, that are moved with the mysteries and tragedies of their humble lives. And with this maternal instinct is associated the gift of expression to envisage and humanize the scenes enacted in their dark forest haunts, until the reader himself looks on with comprehending eyes and sympathetic heart. Witness the following:

Across the rushing tide the swift gray fox,
In the lone night has borne his gasping prey;
And there oftimes was heard the plaintive cry
Of downy infants strangled in their nests,
The wail of love bereft and comfortless.

She pictures the old-fashioned farm-life in the busy field and around the ample hearth, when the day grows old and the blazing fire roars up the wide-throated chimney. But unlike Whittier she does not linger here. One can feel her eagerness to be out in the open; off to the woods and away on the hills. Set to guard the gaping fence from the inroads of frisky colts and calves while the creaking wagons make the round with their weight of new-mown hay, she slips away to the friendly shade by the brookside to watch the train of busy toilers on its shore; to listen to its longing for the sea and to dream of the fairy lands beyond.

Such is the slender thread that binds together the idyllic passages of *When Memory Tells It O'er*. Unmindful of conventional bounds, it ripples on like her friendly brook, eddying here, loitering there, sometimes wandering afield, as she recalls the drifted days of youth; the scenes whose charms have vanished with the years, and the loved faces that come not again.

Uncomforted her heart cries out for those who have journeyed thitherward. And as the loosened petals are borne down to some far Camelot, there rises the shining vision of a city not made with hands:

— Ah dear dream city of the heart, beyond
Our searching gaze thy shining temples rise.
Our reaching hands, our calling voices vain;
But some day, in the dim, uncertain light,

All cold and dumb we shall go floating down
To thy white gates. There royal fame, perchance,
And pitying love will come, and gazing long
The record of some tender grace may find,
And give us kindly greeting, at the last.

Camden Wood, although not so long by some two hundred and thirty lines, is of superior construction and workmanship. Not only does it give a highly imaginative portrayal of how the wood was fashioned by Nature's artistry, but how, in all its primal freshness and beauty, it fell a prey to the spoiler. It would be hard to find a more impassioned protest against the unwarrantable and short-sighted devastation of our native forests than is here set forth, the more convincing because no practical purpose is obtruded.

Deftly interwoven with the theme is the old Arthurian legend of Merlin, the wonder-worker, his fateful meeting with the enchantress Vivien, being set with the wilder charm of this Western world instead of the royal forest of Brittany. To attempt the variant, however slight, of a theme employed by such a master as Tennyson is manifestly a risky undertaking. But as the old romance is associated with many lands its adaptation is entirely legitimate, and in the present instance effective. Considered as a whole, it may be accepted as her most praiseworthy achievement. Unfortunately it does not yield to the plucking process, a fair representation demanding whole pages. Elsewhere are described the *Indian Pipes* that grew in that sylvan setting:

Beyond the fields of lowing kine,
Within a solitude divine,
Where drowsy summer deftly weaves
Her fancies into beechen leaves,
These spirit flowers softly shine
Like waxen tapers on a shrine;
Or vases filled with seeded wine
That some Circean revel grieves, —
In Camden Wood.

I drift across the shadow line
That lies between thy home and mine,
And wrapped in Fancy's silken sleeves,
I find within her charmed sheaves,
O, Fairyland, these elves of thine
In Camden Wood.

After all, the subject rather than the medium may account for its preëminence. Half of the book is in conventional rhyme. If balanced with the blank verse, such a classification would show the happier phrasing, the deeper insight, the evenly sustained interest in favor of the more difficult form of expression. As a rule it is blank verse she employs for her nature subjects. Nature with her is an obsession. It is at her shrine she kneels, her treasury she draws upon for things both new and old, her life she strives to interpret. Every bird and bee and blossom has its message. The wild flowers are to her sentient things:

Here in this cleft, her blue eyes full of tears,
The iris waves; and in her trembling hand
The columbine holds out her rosy bells
Like lamps before a shrine.

. . . . .

There all day long the jump-up-johnnies held
Their quaint blue aprons full of sparkling gems.

. . . . .

Save in yon hedge where thrice the brier-rose
Her pink cheek laid against the long, long days.

That her powers of characterization are apt to seize upon the individuality of persons as well as things is shown in so wide a range as the delineation of the enchantress Vivian and the School Trustees presiding *At Swithen's Run*. The play of humor in this scene shows her capable of supplying the lack noticeable elsewhere. The seriousness of her work is relieved by bits of practical wisdom scattered here and there, in form and content almost proverbial:

'Tis little things that make or break our rest;
And darkest hours reveal our strength or weakness.

. . . . .

For woman in all ages is the same,
She does but answer to the stronger voice.

. . . . .

Ah nobler far than he who wins a world
Is one, in conscious right impregnable,
Who hears, yet answers not, a slanderous tongue.

She has the true poetic insight, the vision divine. Blake saw the world in a grain of sand. Although circumscribed by a local environment she visions a world outlook. The broken murmur of her beloved brook is burdened with the striving of the human heart, the travail of an imprisoned soul, and in its shining bubbles is reflected the image of a vast eternity. She may have been denied some of the golden gifts and cunning art of

the more favored ones the world has crowned and continues to applaud, but Nature's law of compensation persists inviolate. And to this child of the foothills was committed the precious secret withheld from some esteemed the wise and prudent, that comprehension of the life of things which differentiates her true children from those of the adoption.

Neither is her art that of the nature painters, however worthy, the limning of what the author of *Thanatopsis* has characterized "her visible forms." There is little said of storms or stars, of seas or sunsets. The magnificence of externals, the broad canvas, the grand way is left to others. She minded not the things of high estate. It is the common day, the common lot, the commonplace things that make up the burden of her song.

She is a pioneer; and it is the charm of her rugged hills and the heroism of their humble dwellers that wake her strain. She sings of those who redeemed the wilderness; who cleared the way for civilization, for church and school, for billowing harvest and templed city; those whose very names are forgotten, but whose heroic deeds live in the deathless record of the Nation's heart and history. None have paid a nobler tribute to the commonwealth that gave her birth.

> Oh West Virginia! On thy oak-clad hills
> How fair the summer sunlight falls, how swift
> And clear the many streams whose music dwells
> Within thy narrow vales, where calm content
> Sits brooding o'er the humble joys of home!
> Thy boast is not thy gracious heritage
> Of Old Dominion pride and chivalry —

Though these are much; but in the hardy hands
And lion hearts that won with blood and toil
The freedom of this mountain land beloved,
And to their children gave strong frames, strong minds,
Strong hearts, strong faith, and reverential souls.
He well may pause who from thy peaceful shores
His footsteps turn. Where shall the wanderer seek
Skies in their changeful beauty fair as thine?
Where shall he find more tender hearts or true,
More helpful hands, or rest his weary form
Beside such hospitable warmth as lights
Thy humblest hearth? O, heavily will rest
The mold of other clime upon his grave!

It has well been said that " the office of poetry in the modern world is still its ancient office of deliverance." There is need these days of spiritual ministration and guidance. Man's pathway is hedged in, his burden heavy, his heart unsatisfied. Is it not the poet's task to point the way; to cheer the toilsome journey?

How does she meet this critical test? There are questionings of life, its meaning and mystery; discordant notes and signs of discontent; traces of poetical pantheism, but above all she rises valiantly to the concepts of the old Hebrew prophets, to a realization of an immortal hope and simple faith in Christ, the resurrection and the life:

The winds are dead;
And in the hush I seem to hear the voice
Of birds that shake their downy wings and call
Within the crab-trees' boughs of fragrant pink.
And deep within this frozen solitude
I know the veiled life lies as if in sleep,

Her pale hands clasping close her silken vest,
Her lips all cold and motionless; but soft
And warm her gentle heart is beating yet;
And through the closed lids the dreaming eyes
Look upward for the dawn. And shalt not thou,
O, doubting man, look upward, too?

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Emma Withers, daughter of Henry H. and Dorcas D. (Lorents) Withers, was born in Weston, W. Va. in the early fifties. Her father was the second son of Alexander Scott Withers, well known as the author of *Chronicles of Border Warfare*, and whose mother, as it will be remembered, was related to Sir Walter Scott, the novelist. Although her work for many years called her elsewhere, Miss Withers has always remained a true daughter of West Virginia. To use her own words: "I love every bit of red brush that grows on her beautiful hills." She has had a varied experience and her life has been filled with good works, yet she modestly refers to her lot as "commonplace": "Pioneer school teacher in the loved wilderness of my native state; home-maker for my widowed mother; missionary and settlement worker in mountains and cities, and later, somewhat of an idler in Webster Springs, my place of residence during the past ten years." After a course in Bible study in Cincinnati, she taught for several years following the publication of *Wildwood Chimes* (1891) in the slum mission schools in that city. She was later engaged in the Florence Crittenden rescue work in Wheeling, W. Va., leaving that for the Inland Mission established by Dr. Guerrant in the mountains of Kentucky. Her work here was in the region celebrated by John Fox in his novels, chiefly in Breathitt county during and subsequent to the Hargiss feud, and in the interest of the mountaineers, whom she regards as an excellent and long-neglected people. While Miss Withers's writing has been most kindly received, she is as unassuming

regarding it as her other interests; never thinking of public applause, but only concerned with her interpretation of nature and her own personality. It is to be regretted that more of her work has not been given book form; her only volume published up to the present is: *Wildwood Chimes*, 1891.

Chapter IX

A TWENTIETH CENTURY CRUSADER

THE CRUSADES with their tale of centuries; their Knights Templars and Knights Hospitaliers, their heartburnings, their conquests and romance, have long been obscured by the mists of time. But the day has come when historians are groping their way back through lands that have been marked by blood, by hunger and thirst, by cross-strewn graves and the comradeship of the

ages. To-day the eyes of the world are again turned toward the Holy City, once the quest of all those mail-clad hosts. Their faith has been justified; their dream is coming true. While they failed to achieve permanent dominion in Palestine, their heroism was not without result; their sacrifice not in vain. Mohammedanism was stayed, the temporal power of religious autocrats was checked, feudalism was dealt a mortal blow, the majesty of the law was reasserted. Nor was this all: "By the mere fact of throwing East and West together, they led gradually to that interchange of thought and that awakening of the intellect to which we owe all that distinguishes our modern civilization from the religious and political systems of the Middle Ages."

The torch they lighted passed through many hands before it reached this far Western land, but the embers of the old fire still smoulders on; the strife for higher ideals has been reborn. Even in our own *Mountain State*, "that awakening of the intellect" still goes forward. This statement has to do with an individual exemplification. Our laureate, Waitman Barbe, has not only written of *The Crusader's Return*, but in him the spirit of knighthood still survives — the spirit of service, even of sacrfiice. He has gone over the hills and down the valleys, on mountain trails and along rough highways, preaching the gospel of the good, the beautiful, the true. Literature has been his constant theme, literature and life — this while waging a continual campaign for higher education. His was not the crusade of armed men through a hostile land, but "the bringing in of a better hope." He has championed the cause of youth, of "the

young man and young woman; fighting his way or her way up from the pit of ignorance to the sunlit heights; fighting in the teeth of what seems to be fate; fighting against poverty and heredity and environment; fighting destiny itself, beating it down inch by inch."

He has built upon enduring foundations; the optimism, the adventure, the conquest of youth. To him, youth is a thing of wonder and admiration. Here is another quotation from his *Going to College* (1899), a valuable piece of educational propaganda which has had a wide circulation, chapters of it having been translated into two or three foreign languages:

> Youth is the period when we own the world and the fullness thereof. Youth, like Napoleon, sees the world and proceeds to conquer it. Youth, that stands like John on the Isle of Patmos, and sees apocalypse after apocalypse. Youth, that sees mountains and dares to climb them, stone walls and dares to beat them down, chasms and dares to bridge them, fair ladies and dares to win them. Youth, that builds castles in the air and soars up to them on radiant wings. Youth, that here at the beginning of the twentieth century has all history and all lands for its demesne, though it may live in a cottage or a cabin. It has for its birthday every discovery, every invention, every conquest, and every sacrifice since the world began. Youth, for whom the cave-dwellers made their rude implements of stone, as they groped their way in the dawn of human evolution. Youth, for whom Shakespeare wrote, for whom Newton and Kepler and Edison solved the mysteries of the world, and for whom the twentieth century is getting ready to open its golden gates of promise. The dynamic force that is wrapped up in a young life is immeasurable. The days are strings of pearls, the warm blood that flows through the veins is a stream of gold, and every opportunity that crowns the young life is a coronet of diamonds.

No longer are the educational pilgrimages demanded. The establishment of high schools throughout the state has given such an impetus to intellectual training that the provision of room in the higher institutions of learning for the ever-increasing numbers pressing upon their gates has become the main issue. In West Virginia University Doctor Barbe's work for the youth of his commonwealth is still carried forward; nor have his efforts been confined to the limits of his own state. By means of his original method of interpreting the great writers of America and England, he has instituted a movement for liberalizing the work of primary and secondary schools — not indeed an organized effort but the more effective stimulus of "winged words," the leavening influence of the printed page. Incidentally he has rendered an invaluable service to many who are out of school and first aid to those in higher institutions of learning.

While true to university standards and traditions, he has refused to be hampered by pedagogical theories that are not borne out by natural laws and practical results. Educational fads have no attraction for him; on the contrary he reverts to a principle tested in the time of the old prophets: "To Read with the Understanding," and in employing this as a sub-title, he modestly refers to his contribution as "Helps" to that end. Yet if one agrees with Carlyle, it is no small matter he has essayed: "If we think of it, all that a university, or final highest school can do for us, is still what the first school began doing, — teach us to *read*. We learn to *read*, in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of Books. But the place where we

are to get knowledge, is from the Books themselves! It depends upon what we read, after all manner of professors have done their best for us. The true university of these days is a collection of Books."

It is the age-old task that Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford set for himself, " Twenty bokes, clad in black or reed ' — ' Gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche." And it is with something of the " delyte " of the worthy master of Canterbury fame that Doctor Barbe with his faithful Pierians enter upon their pleasant journey through Bookland in his *Famous Poems Explained* (1909). Starting with Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade* and ending with *Crossing the Bar*, his selections range all the way from *Faithless Nelly Gray*, Hood's facetious bit of fooling with a serious subject, to *Prospice*, that brave trumpet blast by Browning. *The Birds of Killingworth* by Longfellow is by far the longest in the collection; *Fate* by Bret Harte, the shortest, and aside from the *Star Spangled Banner*, Kipling's *Recessional* is perhaps the most popular. Most of the series are of noble origin and all of literary merit.

Their selection not only shows critical insight and good taste, but here an earnest effort has been made to impart a clear understanding of some of the great short poems of our language, and also to lead the way to a more intelligent appreciation of literature and higher ideals of life. There is an interesting discussion of each number, together with a graphic sketch of its historical background and storied setting. Its hidden wealth and beauty is revealed and its imagery and interpretation made plain. Realistic touches here and there lend color to the scene

or aid the imagination in reproducing the picture presented. For instance, Joaquin Miller's *Columbus* is accompanied by four extracts from the Admiral's Journal in which he begins every day with the statement that that day he sailed "Westward." Woolsey's *Farewell to Cromwell* by Shakespeare is prefaced by a historical sketch from Cavendish, who acted as the Cardinal's servant and wrote his life. *The Night Before Waterloo* by Byron is illumined by a vivid description from Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, and *Armageddon* by Edwin Arnold is given added interest by quotations from the Bible.

Doctor Barbe's own comments are simple but scholarly, touched with sentiment but abounding with common sense. The Introductory note to *The Sands o'Dee* by Charles Kingsley is brief and may serve to illustrate his mode of presentation:

> The three qualities of Charles Kingsley's little poem *The Sands o' Dee* are imagination, melody and mystery. A young girl goes to call the cattle home from the marshes of the River Dee where it flows into the Irish Sea; in the blinding mist and the wet western wind she loses her way, the tide comes creeping up and carries her out among the fishermen's nets. By her golden hair she is recognized, for no salmon ever shone so fair. The tragedy so appeals to the fishermen that their natural superstition leads them to imagine that they still sometimes hear her voice across the sands o' Dee going as of old to call the cattle home. Thus a legend, such as is the basis of the story in the poem, arises.
>
> These things are treated with so much imagination and melody and the mysterious element is so closely and artistically woven in with the rest of the poem, that the total effect

is wholly different from that which any mere prose statement could create. Imagination, melody, mystery — by use of these three elements Kingsley has taken a familiar tragedy of the sea and converted it into a haunting poem which one can never forget. But in reading a poem like this, one either feels its meaning or he doesn't; and no interpreter can be of any great assistance to him.

To assemble such a collection is not an easy undertaking. On the whole the editor's choice is admirable. But it could hardly be expected that there would be absolute agreement among anthologists or their readers as to the respective merits of sixty selections taken from some two score writers. For instance, Longfellow is represented by seven selections; Bryant, by one, *To a Waterfowl*. Admitting that the former is the abler and by far the more popular poet, yet in view of the minor authors included should not the "Father of American Poetry" have fared somewhat better?

Perhaps the most outstanding example is Poe's *Ulalume*, a poem admitting as many different interpretations as Browning's *Childe Rolland to the Dark Tower Came*. Doctor Barbe gives his own and that of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Jr. The former states that Poe's theme is grief for his young wife, and the latter that he was mourning for his lost ideal of classic beauty. Browning, it is true, rarely ventures into "ghoul-haunted woodlands" and "misty mid-regions," but Poe ever wanders amid the ghastly horrors and ghostly phantoms of "No man's land." From a layman's standpoint the attempt to translate this fantastic production into measured terms of reality is a hopeless task indeed. It is the

stuff of which dreams are made, eluding the grasp like the mocking mirage of the desert.

Dr. William J. Long in his *American Literature* relates that a cultured woman was recently found reading Poe's *Ulalume* and a few other lyrics which she thought very beautiful. "And what do they mean to you?" she was asked. "Nothing, absolutely nothing," she said. "I read them just for the mood or the melody."

Such a criticism may need slight qualification, but it undoubtably would have contented Poe. He was a worshiper of beauty. He calls his art "the poetry of words," and defines it as "the rhythmical creation of beauty." He declares that poetry, "unless incidentally has no concern whatever with truth or duty," and that with the heart it has naught to do. He exalts moods over ideas and asserts that "melancholy is the most legitimate of poetical tones." Hence he deals with sorrow, with death and the tomb, and by the somber music of words he strives to evoke what he conceives to be the "elevating excitement of the soul," but which in many of his readers produces abnormal depression and unutterable gloom. In *Ulalume* his theory of *The Poetic Principle* reaches its limit, but here he is not so fortunate in establishing a climax as in *The Raven*, the construction of which he has taken the trouble to explain. Since the latter has been given representation, does not *Annabel Lee* with its perfect rhythm and haunting melody, rather than *Ulalume* with its admitted vagueness and evident limitations, more clearly entitle him to remembrance. In it the morbid strain is less pronounced, its beauty beyond cavil and etherial pyrotechnics are entirely wanting.

Literature, if true to life, is not altogether absolved from grief or free from pain, but after all it is a rather fair world that is glimpsed through these *Famous Poems*, a land of glinting sunshine, of flowery fields, of singing birds, of running brooks and delightful pleasances. And Doctor Barbe will not soon be forgotten by those who have journeyed hither, or by those who may come after, for all of whom he has so graciously pointed the way.

The favorable reception accorded *Famous Poems Explained* gave its author encouragement to offer another volume along similar lines. Although the same general plan has been followed in *Great Poems Interpreted* (1914), a distinct advance has been made in many ways. Not only are the selections of a higher order including many masterpieces, but the studies indicate a wider range of scholarly discrimination and literary research. Most of the studies were made while Doctor Barbe was in Oxford University, and for which he had the advantage of the renowned Bodleian Library and the courteous assistance of the officers of that institution.

The assemblage covers a period from Herrick to Rossetti, opening with the joyous strain *Corinna's Going a-Maying* by the former and closing with a high finale *The Blessed Damozel* by the latter. There are thirty poems in all — not counting the sonnets appended — by half that number of authors, varying from such popular contributions as Gray's *Elegy*, Burns's *Highland Mary* and Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott* to the more difficult and artistic creations to be found in *Lycidas* by Milton, *The Bard* by Gray and *Tintern Abbey* by Wordsworth. It is in the treatment of such productions as the one last

mentioned, Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale* and Browning's *Andrea Del Sarto* that Doctor Barbe is especially enlightening.

The American group composed of Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson and Holmes are represented by seven selections. These names appear formidable enough, but to some it may seem that their showing in this connection is not all that could have been desired. Perhaps the inroad made upon their store for the former volume, in which half or more of the selections were from American authors, may in some measure account for it. And then it must be remembered that there is a wide difference, not only in time but a few other things, between Old England and Young America.

For some reason Poe is left out entirely, although to do him justice there is work of far less merit than his best included. The tribute he pays to some of his fair friends certainly exhibits more classic grace and poetic eloquence than Cowper's lines *To Mary*, and they could not be more depressing. Again there can be no comparison between *The Raven* and Longfellow's eulogy on the feathered audience attending the *Sermon of St. Francis;* or of *Israfel; To One in Paradise*, or even *Ulalume* with Holmes's *The Deacon's Masterpiece.* Whatever Poe's delinquencies, his imaginative genius and artistic wizardry would have been more fittingly associated, it seems, with such names as Keats and Shelley and Byron. Dialect, too, appears out of place. Still, the *ensemble* however imposing apparently needed some enlivening touches, and *The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay* with its sharp satire and racy humor may have served the purpose as well as any.

Doctor Barbe here assumes the two-fold task of literary historian and interpreter. The historical sketches and incidents, personal glimpses and impressions, serve as the framework of the formal treatment, including the explanation of obscure passages, the unravelling of involved meanings, the bringing to light the hidden gem and the precious ore. An admirer of the Editor has said that his English is itself literature. While it would be difficult to give a fair representation of his analytical method within the present limit, some idea of his style may be had from an excerpt. The following estimate of Shelley is taken from the Introduction to his *Ode to the West Wind:*

Shelley was reformer and prophet as well as poet. It is now a hundred years since he was expelled from University College, Oxford, for writing a boyish tract with an evil title; to-day the room he occupied is the "Shelley Lecture Room," and under a great glass dome near by in the same college rests the exquisite white marble effigy of his slight figure in naked purity — the most beautiful memorial in Oxford. A little distance away from the priceless treasures of the Bodleian Library are a curl of his fair hair, his watch, his bunch of seals, the little volume of Sophocles which he held in his hand when he was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia, and other little personal belongings. When his ashes were laid by the Aurelian wall in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, one of the saddest and one of the most beautiful spots in all the world, there were few or none who dreamed that Oxford would take his memory into its bosom and that the world would recognize him as the greatest of all lyric poets and as a reformer whose voice was the voice of a coming dawn. Slavery of every sort he hated with a fiery hatred; freedom of service, freedom of worship, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, — freedom

of man in the widest sense — and universal charity, he loved with a flaming love. As Oxford has changed its attitude toward him personally from one of persecution to one of reverence, so the world has come to adopt most of his principles as the shibboleth of the twentieth-century regeneration for mankind; from his obscure grave by the Roman wall his voice is heard around the world.

He wrote "as the prophet of liberty, equality, fraternity, and a golden age;" but he also wrote as the poet of his own heart, his own soul. These two elements are combined in perfect fusion in the *Ode to the West Wind.*

While there may not be entire agreement with this appraisal of the man, there can be no question as to the supremacy of his poetic endowment. As a rule personal opinions are not obtruded. Doctor Barbe's attitude is that of the sympathetic interpreter. He makes us to see with the poet's eyes, to hear with the poet's ears, to feel and understand with the poet's heart and soul. No time is wasted in critical speculation. Occasionally one wishes he had paused to question if not contradict — to offer a specific critical evaluation. For example the conventional fashion has been followed in allotting Tennyson more than twice as many pages as Browning. It would be interesting to have the Editor's views as to their respective merits, their teaching and message as it relates to the world to-day. However, it must be said that he has accomplished what he set out to do: to fully and fairly interpret some of the great poems of the English tongue, and that he has performed a rather difficult undertaking in an original and distinctive way.

The major portion of the work included in the foregoing volumes had previously appeared in *The West*

Virginia School Journal, which has served as a kind of clearing house for the current educational and literary wealth of the state, and with which Doctor Barbe was connected for many years as associate and managing editor. He also conducted a department known as " The Literature Class," employing this medium — to borrow his own expression in another connection — in pouring down upon his readers a veritable " shower of the genuine gold of great literature."

This has been supplemented by much original matter, which so far has not been given book form. Among other things deserving a wider circulation may be mentioned a series of sketches appearing several years ago under the title *Little Tales of the Hills*. They deal with the teacher's far-reaching influence, with the pupils' personal enterprise, with books and bugs, with shining altars and starry skies. They are revelations of life as lived in the hills, stories of aspiration and achievement and some, alas, touched with tragedy and tears. While neither preaching nor moralizing there are certain essential lessons inculcated, of inestimable value to the young and of no inconsiderable worth to many who are older. Unique in conception and partaking of that fine literary flavor which distinguishes all of the author's work, they are well worthy of more enduring form.

This was not his first venture as a teller of tales. More than a decade before he had entered the field of the short-story with *In the Virginias* (1896), a series more nearly conforming to the modern requirements of the art. This series takes its name from the initial number, concerning Henry Fairfax, an Old Virginia gentleman, his

granddaughter Virginia, and a certain civil engineer from Pennsylvania, Perry Blair by name. When the Old Dominion was rent in twain, Fairfax Hall with its fertile domain fell on the Western side, a circumstance to which its proud and uncompromising master never became reconciled. When he visited the National Capital his name always appeared on the hotel register as "Henry Fairfax, of Virginia," and he made his fair granddaughter promise she would never marry anybody but a Virginian. How she kept her promise, and the significance of an old Bible record is brought out in the denouement.

This is one of the three longer stories and is fairly typical of what follows. Some are mere sketches and are so labeled on the title page. "*Uncle Billy*," who is memorialized in *His Last Campaign*, is one of the most faithful character delineations, and *The Preacher of the Three Churches* is the best descriptive story. Reverend Balak Mather, a young New England minister, who had accepted a call from three mountain churches, arrives upon the scene with his trunk containing his personal belongings including his Bible and a coveted violin. It is his fiddling with which the story has to do. It did not square with his Calvanistic creed. His conscience no more approved it than did his parishioners. He prayed to be delivered:

> But every night when the twilight came on and a great loneliness came over him, such as only the choice spirits of the world are permitted to suffer, he would forget the vow of the morning, take the old violin out of its old green case, close the windows and doors, get down in the darkest corner of the room, and, gently touching the strings call forth the

souls of all the old loved ones now dead and gone. All the sweet voices, all the childhood tears, and tales, and fancies, every kiss of his mother's lips, every form of speech that love had learned, seemed to him to come out of that old violin.

And when the night was stormy and the wind howled and moaned, he would close his Bible, take up the old violin, and, with trembling hand and guilty conscience, strike the strings until all the sins that he had ever committed came up out of the past, and he could hear the wails and sobs of all those who had gone down, down into the place of ever lasting torment; and the soul of the violin seemed to mingle with his own soul in an agony of unutterable misery and woe, for he felt that he loved the instrument with an unholy passion, as a man may love and be led to the death of hell by a wicked and beautiful woman.

Yet of the fifteen stories, it is one of the three or four with which no woman is concerned, but for all that it's a fine tale and well told. The collection as a whole is marked by simplicity, directness and candor — by the promise of what might have been, had this man chosen to follow the road of the romancer. These stories written, as stated, years ago, deal with life under new and trying conditions; with the ardours of youth, its solitariness, its misgivings. The hills have their hardships, but there are compensations, and happiness is not always found in the glamour of the great world beyond.

Here is also the touch of genius, its infinite variety, its heartbreak and song; for Waitman Barbe is first of all a poet, to the manor born and heritor of that outlying world, where one may come only by divine right and in vision and dream. Liberal evidence may be found in *Ashes and Incense* (1891), from the opening line:

At the morning gate
With heart aflame and naked brow I wait —

all the way to the last stanza of *Finis:*

But give me
Time to fight the battle out as best I may;
And give me
Strength and place to labor still at evening's gray;
Then let me
Sleep as one who toiled afield throughout the day.

This does not mean that there is an unvarying array of excellence, that the flight is always sustained. That may not be found even in the great masters. It is significant, however, that the approval of this first book was voiced by such authority as *Clarence Edmund Steadman* and the *Saturday Review*, of London. Not only is there beauty and feeling and a true singing capacity, as pointed out, in *An Old Love Song* and the stanzas on *Sidney Lanier* and *Comrade Hills*, but there is a wonderful depth of feeling in *I'd Not Served Thee So*, reminiscent of the lover's lament in Browning's *Evelyn Hope*. The lighter mood and upspringing quality of *Earth's Equation* is also in some degree akin to the most famous song in *Pippa Passes*. There is philosophic insight as well as poetic expression in the lyrical measures of *Nature's Triumph* and *The Narrow Land Twixt Life and Death*.

Doctor Barbe is moreover learned in nature's lore, the trees have their lesson, the birds their song, the winds and wild-flowers their message. But he is not a Nature-worshiper. He loves her not for her own sake, but because of her service for humanity. His chief concern is life and its relation to the higher interests of the soul.

The following quotation from *A Watch in the Night*, while lacking some of the grace and charm found elsewhere, may serve as an expression of his creed, as here set forth:

God pity those who feed
The hungry maw of Greed;
And pity those of whom is made
A sacrifice to Trade;
God pity those who starve their souls
To pay the heavy tolls
That Life exacts in shop and mart:
O Life, here at the start
Of life, I plead with thee with heart that bleeds
For what may be, oh, starve not thus my soul!
But let me follow where the wild wind leads,
And where the lands of beauty sweep and roll;
Or if it must be mine to grope along
And hear, except my own, no cheerful song,
Let that be so; the way will not be long, —
But, Life, starve not my soul!

Nature's laws are inexorable, her penalties mercilessly exacted. It is only through struggle and sacrifice that one may rise from the dead levels of life to its sun-crowned heights. It is the bruised feet, the scarred hands, the toil-worn brow that win the victor's crown. He sympathizes with those who toil without reward, who are hedged in and handicapped; whose lives are barren as their worn-out fields. To these he would lend a helping hand; he would lead them into quiet meadow paths and point them to the upward shining way. He would have them see that while the path is steep, their environment is not invincible. He would make the hills their helpers, their comrades:

Thy hand, dear friend,
Thy hand; and away to the hills!
We'll leave our cares and ills
Below, and bend
Our steps to higher things.
The lark that sweetest sings
Is highest flown;
The soul that heeds the call
To sunlit heights hath all
Things for its own.

Burdened with many duties, Doctor Barbe has found little time in recent years for creative work, although a few of his finest lyrics were written during the World War. Of these *Stars of Gold* is conceded to be of high rank. It was reprinted in France, and by many is considered to be the most beautiful tribute paid to those who made the supreme sacrifice in the war that was waged to end war.

The age of mail-clad hosts and flaming swords it may be hoped has passed away. "The old order changeth." The present is a contest of outworn ideas and higher ideals; a crusade of education and righteousness, a strife for the finer things of the spirit. This is the challenge of the twentieth century; and as in the insistent numbers of some mighty militant poem, the world is calling for helpers, for comrades. Here is one who by his work and example has anticipated the call. If, as William Lyon Phelps says, John Masefield is the twentieth century Chaucer and Vachel Lindsay is the twentieth century minstrel, may we not with as good grace acclaim Waitman Barbe as the twentieth century crusader.

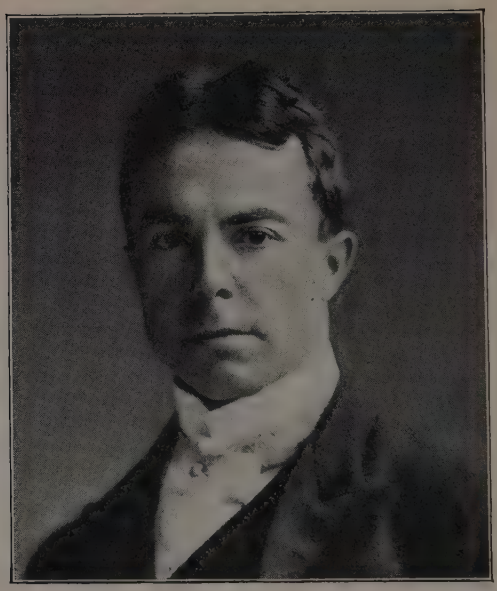
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

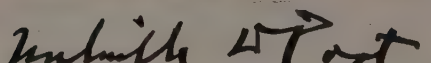
WAITMAN BARBE,* son of John and Margaret Esther (Robinson) Barbe, was born in Monongalia county, November 19, 1864. His father, a native of Shenandoah county, Virginia, was of French descent; his mother of English ancestry. Reared in West Virginia, he has devoted his life to the educational and literary advancement of his native state. He attained his A.B. degree at West Virginia University in 1884, and A.M., 1887. He was a graduate student at Harvard 1900–1901, and at Oxford, England, 1908–1909. Denison University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Letters, 1904. His work has contributed substantially to the growth and widening influence of West Virginia University since becoming a member of the faculty in 1895, first serving as Assistant to the President and Asst. Professor of English; since 1910, Professor of English and Director of the Summer School, which under his supervision has largely increased in numbers while maintaining a high standard of scholarship. He married Clara Louise Gould, of Parkersburg, June 6, 1894. More or less time from his youth up has been given to journalism and literary work. He was Managing Editor of the *Daily State Journal* at Parkersburg, 1889–1895, and Associate Editor of the *West Virginia School Journal*, 1904–1921; Managing Editor, 1915–1921.

His books are:

Ashes and Incense, 1891; *In the Virginias*, 1896; *Are You Going to College*, 1889; *The Study of Poetry*, 1905; *Famous Poems Explained*, 1909; *Great Poems Interpreted*, 1913.

* Died at Baltimore, Md., October 30, 1925.





Chapter X

A MASTER STORY-TELLER

THE love of stories is one of the primitive passions of mankind. Ever since the world began, ballads have been chanted around flickering campfires; legends have been handed down in the market-place of crowded cities and tales have been told in the language of every land. The epic, the drama and the novel have each served in turn as the medium through which narrative fiction has been developed and preserved.

Along with these and antedating them, the short-story has ever existed, although not in its present artistic form. Until a comparatively recent date it was of an uncertain and variable character, as Clayton Hamilton would phrase it, "not only quantitatively, but also qualitatively." It was Edgar Allen Poe who first gave it definite structure and direction, rejecting from the narrative everything extraneous, employing the strictest economy of material, even of words, thus securing unity of effect through unity of form. To use his own expression: "In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one preëstablished design."

There is one West Virginia author, Melville Davisson Post, whose work appears to have been squared by this exacting dictum. A prominent critic in reviewing a late collection of his stories summarizes as follows: "In the first place they are mystery stories so ingeniously contrived as to be freshly marvelled over time and again; secondly, they are extremely dramatic; thirdly, they are told with the highest skill. Actually there seems not to be a single superfluous word in them."

The attainment of such structural skill is evidently sheer genius, or what next approaches it, an infinite capacity for taking pains. So far as known, Mr. Post lays no claim to extraordinary endowment other than this unwearied capacity for painstaking work. In an article appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, he confides that his method differs from that of the grotesque old *raconteur* Sterne: "Somebody asked Lawrence Sterne how he wrote a story, and he replied that he

wrote the first sentence and trusted to the Lord for the second." Mr. Post contrives a story as an architect plans a house, studying, estimating, revising its proportions as the work goes forward until the baffling result has been achieved. The reason he assigns for this carefully worked out plot is fundamental:

> The human mind, through all vicissitudes, persists in the belief that every event touching it has a certain influence on some central purpose in life. Fiction, therefore, in imitation of life, must contemplate always this central purpose and the precise effect of every event upon it. Nature seems able to do this by virtue of some controlling authority at work in the world or by virtue of some inevitable necessity inherent in the events themselves. But the human mind is able to do it only by the nicest calculation.

Melville Davisson Post was a lawyer before he turned author. But an attorney with literary predilections is not so rare as to provoke comment. Blackstone's erudition and perspicuous style might account for that. But when before in the history of jurisprudence, pray, has there been issued from the dusty tomes of reports, statutes and digests, such a remarkable production as *The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason* (1896)? The most notable example approaching it is the trial in Samuel Warren's antiquated English society novel, *Ten Thousand a Year*, and that can hardly be considered typical. The fact is that Mr. Post in judicial procedure not only found a new fictional field, but in Randolph Mason created a character as unique as Monsieur Dupin, Sherlock Holmes, or Father Brown.

Other writers, as he has pointed out, have constructed

problems where by clever deduction the criminal and his methods were determined; or by reversing it, they have planned the crime so cunningly as to effectively baffle the trailer, but no one hitherto had attempted the construction of tales upon plans whereby the punishing power of the State might be baffled. For the development of these legal problems a central figure was required, who for obvious reasons must not only be totally devoid of moral sense, but of such Machiavelian capacity that he would never fail to find a way to defeat the law and shield the wrongdoer.

It was a daring venture. For while the records of criminal cases, especially of a mystifying nature, have always had a certain fascination even for men of intellect and imagination, the obligation of standing sponsor for a character whose only excuse for being was to point the way to immunity in the commission of crime, was of doubtful moral propriety. Mr. Post seems to have fully recognized the gravity of such an undertaking, and after giving Randolph Mason that strange psychological twist that rid him of all human consideration, he endeavored to further forestall adverse criticism in a closing paragraph of his "Introduction," which happens to be one of the most interesting chapters in the book: "It may be objected that the writer has prepared here a text-book for the shrewd knave. To this it is answered that if he instructs the enemies he also warns the friends of law and order, and that evil has never yet been stronger because the sun shone on it."

In the seven stories which follow he not only cites existing defects in the law, but under the guise of fiction

practically demonstrates how it is possible to commit the most atrocious wrongs in such a manner as to evade its penalties. He does not dally with fanciful interpretations, but deals with clearly established principles, prefacing each story with an inscription referring specifically to the law in the case. He makes clear the technical distinction between wrongs and crimes — that a wrong to become criminal must coincide with the established legal requirement and that if it does not exactly fit this iron-bound gage, it cannot be regarded as a crime, no matter how enormous its moral obliquity. He shows that by a fiction of law, crimes are wrongs against the State, that if the wrong to the citizen be not classed as an offense against the State it cannot be considered a crime, no matter what harm it may work to the individual, that the hands of Justice are tied by such restrictions, and that the judge is made a mere machine without the right or power of discretion. It is significant that not a single case in this record is permitted to reach the jury. The law is thrust between to save the rogue, or he escapes by the lack of it. In the face of the alleged untrustworthiness of the average jury, it here receives — in *The Men of the Jimmy* — a well-deserved tribute:

> The danger was with the jury; there lay the peril to be avoided. The Jury! how they hated it and feared it! and of right, for none knew better than they that whenever, and however men stop to probe for it, they always find, far down in the human heart, a great love of common right and fair dealing that is as deep-seated and abiding as the very springs of life.

Stories relating to capital crime usually savor of the

disagreeable, and it is unfortunate that the book opens with *The Corpus Delicti* — the body of the crime. It is too much of a shock to begin with. Perhaps its horror was made all the more realistic to establish the author's contention, but he might have made it less gruesome. Webster, in his famous exordium on the trial of John F. Knapp, carefully reviews all the details of the crime, reconstructing the fatal scene in the most dramatic manner, and yet without offense. Such a master is surely a safe guide to follow.

These graphic recitals of adventure and wrong vary in length and detail, in character and setting. Some of the scenes are staged in the city, but there is no lack of local atmosphere — the mining camp, the cattle country, the rural court, all bear tribute. The issues involving the various communities, however, are made to center in a certain elevated office building in New York. In all the stories the interest is well sustained; *Woodford's Partner* and the *Sheriff of Gullmore* are most satisfactory, and in *The Animus Furandi* a double play is made, which establishes beyond question the claim of Mr. Post, as well as his constructive skill.

His book provoked wide discussion and the author should have been satisfied, but from the press in New York were issuing many printings and the mistake that has been made from Chambers to Kipling was again repeated. Randolph Mason, with his worn body and restless spirit was recalled from France, and as *The Man of Last Resort* (1897), was made to resume the task of liberating from the clutches of the law the knaves who so richly deserved its penalties. The five stories in this

second volume are similar to those in the preceding, and served to confirm the assertion that the instances adduced therein were in nowise exhausted. They moreover gave the author a chance to answer his critics, some of whom were prominent in legal circles, and who held that the book was dangerous, that if the law were to be improved it would be more wisely done by influencing those who were political leaders.

Mr. Post replied that the so-called law-makers are not the originators of the law, but merely the agents of their respective districts with no other duty than that of putting the will of their constituents into effect; that " the need for the law must be first felt by the people and the demand for it made, before the legislator is warranted in acting "; that the people were going about their daily business in blissful ignorance that their lives and property were in constant jeopardy and that it was the duty of the individual to the State to warn society of the dangers that lay in the way, and with this reply he went on with his writing.

Owing to apparent limitations the same technical elaboration could hardly be expected here were the conditions otherwise. The exacting critic might point out that while the author achieves a singleness of effect, there is sometimes a lack of easy transition from one phase of the story to another; that while the legal principles are soundly developed, some of the transactions are improbable; that while the characters are usually well-drawn, they are not always convincing. But these things are of minor importance when considered in connection with the moral questions involved. One lays

down the book with a feeling of having escaped from a gang of highwaymen; even Mason's secretary, Courtland Parks, is a thief and a trickster. Too often the lawyer's adroitness is shown in creating situations, which while not justifying the crime are obviously intended to awaken sympathy for the offender. The way for the rogue's escape is made so easy as to foster a defiance of the law and create a contempt for the courts that administer it. But why discriminate between books and newspapers; are not such records of everyday occurrence in crowded court-rooms over all the land; why should the attorney's specious pleading be censured on the one hand and praised on the other? Is it not after all a matter of limited attendance, of judicious circulation?

Some such consideration appears to have been entertained by the publisher of *Pearson's Magazine*, who after waiting for four years succeeded in securing from Mr. Post another series of stories built about the remarkable character of Randolph Mason. This publisher contended that "for magazine purposes, a new series of stories would be much stronger and more universally satisfactory to our readers if Randolph Mason could be made the champion of right instead of the tutor of criminals. Mr. Post accepted our view and worked out his cases accordingly."

As *The Corrector of Destinies* (1907), Randolph Mason, after recovering from his attack of acute mania, undertook to find within the law a means by which to even up and correct all manner of injustice. As it turned out, the stories have most to do with the process of "evening up" rather than the orderly dealing out of justice. The

reformation of a man like Mason, although a fictive creation, is manifestly a difficult undertaking. In his new *rôle* he seems to be chiefly concerned with his old tricks and technicalities. The author admits that " This new attitude was in no sense a so-called awakening of conscience, nor of any moral origin. I think it arose primarily from the idea that such problems were more difficult than any others. Take a situation so hopeless as to be called fated or inevitable, add, in the correction of it, a necessity to return the injury directly and in exact measure to the author of it, and one has a difficulty not easily possible of solution to human intelligence."

As in the previous collection, there is convincing evidence of no ordinary legal acumen and mathematical constructive powers, combined with unwearied historical research. To use his own phrase the author has " tramped and retramped the field of crime; " he has delved into curious and time-worn records; he has explored the recesses of judicial sanctuaries, and that he has employed his material in these studies with telling effect cannot be well gainsaid.

It must also be said that with all his resources he has not attempted to make Randolph Mason an attractive personage. Not only are his personal characteristics forbidding, but his sneering superiority is insufferable. It is said that some fictitious creations will not down, that they persist in coming back, and it is to be wondered if Mason did not prove some such incubus, a kind of " old man of the sea," from whom his burdened taskmaster would have been gladly relieved. But Courtland Parks, the guardian of the " Ogre," who sought to replenish

his purse at the expense of his charge, was also to be reckoned with. It is a matter of congratulation that in the unequal contest the author eventually won. One view of the dark *Corrector of Destinies* in one of his most gracious moods, taken from *The Burgoyne-Hayes Dinner*, and he is left to his fate:

> The Von Huberts have a residence on Eighty-sixth street. We arrived there on the hour and were shown into the library. Randolph Mason at once sat down in a heavy black oak chair before the fire. This chair was a massive and curious piece. It was carved by the peasants of the Black Forest for the Baron's grandfather. The tortuous shapes forming its arms and legs are like the gargoyles to be seen under the roofs of castles on the Rhine and now and then in Paris.
>
> I was impressed by the picture of Mason in this massive chair. His long, sinewy fingers gripping the writhing features of the hideous oaken monsters, his face thrown partly into shadow by the flaming logs on the hearth. The masterful iron face, the lean, hard jaw with its projecting chin, the fearless, bony nose appearing in the fantastic light flattened a little at the end, like that of a beast of prey, and the craggy forehead — all colored, browned, reddened by the fire.

The Gilded Chair (1910) is a lengthy tale of a different sort, in which a matchmaking millionaire, Cyrus Childers, and the Marchesa Soderrelli endeavor to bring about the union of Caroline Childers, his niece, and the Duke of Dorset. It is somewhat lacking in coherence and definition. The most exciting scene is staged with the Japanese rioters out in Oregon.

In *The Nameless Thing* (1912), another long story, and one of the author's best, he is again engaged in unravelling the mystery of crime. A man is found dead in his room.

All the windows and doors are secured from the inside, leaving no clue as to the cause of a violent death. As in the *Doomdorf Mystery*, of which it is the precursor and which its denouement parallels, there are three persons who each have a story to tell: Father Jerome, Dr. Lenard and Judge Flint. The quest is to ferret out the *Nameless Thing*, which sometimes deals out poetic justice at the end.

The stories mentioned in the beginning of this article, eighteen in number, were gathered from various magazines and brought out in book form under the name of *Uncle Abner — Master of Mysteries* (1918). They are typical short-stories, with no strings attached other than the idea enunciated in the brief note of dedication:

> To My Father — Whose unfailing faith in an ultimate justice behind the moving of events has been to the writer a wonder and an inspiration.

The profound principle of ultimate justice like a golden thread runs through them all. Step by step, we are led in strange and lonely paths, by dark and devious ways, and after many wanderings we emerge to find it binds them all into a complete unity. Taken together they have the unanswerable logic of the masterful thesis, the perfect poem. This makes them more than stories; it gives them meaning and significance.

They have moreover an awe-inspiring quality. If they were not mysterious they would not be Post-made. He excels in the delineation of uncanny situations; in the employment of darkness and tempest for securing weird effects; in marshalling the creeping shadows, the wailing

winds, the rustling of dead leaves, the thrill and chill of ghostly hours. He plausibly maintains that mystery is the main element in fiction, and here he gives us a new kind of mystery story, in which the element of chance is eliminated and in its place is restored the wisdom and direction of Providence. Uncle Abner, as the advocate of ultimate justice, philosopher and logician, investigates, interviews and unravels; while Squire Randolph, pompous and garrulous, full of knowledge, but with little wisdom, looks on, questions and approves. A portrait of Abner may not be amiss here:

> I wish I could get my Uncle Abner before your eye. He was one of those austere, deeply religious men who might have followed Cromwell, with a big iron frame, a grizzled beard and features forged out by a smith. His god was the god of the Tishbite, who numbered his followers by the companies who drew the sword. The land had need of men like Abner. The government of Virginia was over the Alleghenies, and this great, fertile cattle country, hemmed in by the far-off mountains like a wall of the world, had its own peace to keep. And it was these iron men who kept it. The fathers had got this land in grants from the King of England; they had held it against the savage and finally against the King himself . . . And the sons were like them.

Blanche Colton Williams, Ph.D. of Columbia University, in considering Randolph Mason and Uncle Abner, says: "Whereas Mason delighted in struggling against pagan Fate, Uncle Abner finds joy in furthering the benificent operations of Providence. These two men express, respectively, the heathen and the Christian ideal; and they are complimentary as Jekyll and Hyde. This is the significant accomplishment of Mr. Post. He has

demonstrated that wrong may triumph over man-made laws, which are imperfect after all the centuries; but that right must win under the timeless Providence of God."

The choice of setting, curious range of subjects, as well as the method of treatment attest the author's originality. The sparsely settled region of what is now West Virginia in the early part of the nineteenth century serves as an appropriate background for these mountain tragedies with their network of greed and crime. They are told with that straightforward convincingness, which for all the unusual circumstances, gives them the ring of actuality. There is the strange case of the cliff-dweller, who was slain while alone in his house, inaccessible through dusty casements and bolted doors; the account of the juggler with his sheaf of knives and what happened at a county fair, with its tangled web and tragic denouement; the brother's pawn, and how an ivory chessman solved a mysterious murder; *The Angel of the Lord*, with its potent picture of evil possession, and many another. The initial number, *The Doomdorf Mystery*, is from the critical standpoint the most notable. It has been retold, dissected, analyzed and eulogized, it would seem, to the author's content, if not satiety. Perhaps the most pleasing of all is *The Hidden Law*, keyed in harmony with that fine line of Shakespeare, " Singing masons building roofs of gold."

They are related for the most part by Uncle Abner's nephew, Martin, whose alertness tallies with his boyhood's claims, but whose style of composition would indicate that he is not far from grown up. The author, in fact, excels in the use of idiomatic English, having a

ready command of virile phrase and accurate expression, the loftiness occasionally noticeable in his earlier writing being brought under control and the slight tendency to wander afield restrained, until he has here undoubtably achieved his highest distinction as an adept of the short-story.

In *The Mystery of the Blue Villa* (1919), a series of seventeen stories varying from incidents of the World War zone to the mysticism of the Far East, the author's reputation for dramatic narrative and thrilling situation is notably maintained. They are stories of individual interest, unique in plot; and in characterization, atmosphere and setting, lead from Washington and New York to London, Ostend, Paris and Cairo. It has been said that while they add nothing to the author's fame, they serve to indicate his broadening interests.

A letter from Colonel Roosevelt, who was a friend of Mr. Post and an admirer of his stories; on occasion discussing with him his plots and the material back of them, and who had been told in advance of this book, is of interest in this connection. It was written from his office in New York, September 6, 1918:

My dear Mr. Post:

When that book comes I shall without doubt find that I could pass an examination in each separate story; because I never see anything of yours that I don't read! But equally without doubt I shall read them all over again with the utmost pleasure.

With hearty thanks,
Faithfully yours,
Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. Post is also the author of a different type of detective story of the Scotland Yard variety in Sir Henry Marcus, whose activities are chronicled in *The Sleuth of St. James Square* (1920). While the principal scenes are laid in this country, the tangled threads extend to many distant lands. It bore an unfortunate title, and appears not to have attained the same degree of popularity as some of his other books.

Monsieur Jonquelle (1923) comprises a group of twelve detective stories in which Jonquelle, Paris Prefect of Police, is the moving influence through all; sometimes appearing where least expected, but always as the prime mover of the course of events. " The Great Cipher " and " Blucher's March " are the most outstanding of the group; with, perhaps, a single illogical exception all are worthy of the master hand that fashioned their fateful mysteries.

Dwellers in the Hills (1901) is one of Mr. Post's earlier books, to be exact, his third. While from a critical point of view it may not be the author's most artistic production, it is withal his most satisfying. It is tinctured with the tang of the hills and the flavor of old-time traditions. Distinctly a prose epic of the cattle country, they range through the record with true Homeric fidelity; even the Dutch bowls and teacups at Roy's tavern were decorated with the figures of queer kneeling cows.

The story opens in October time with a graphic description of three horses of high estate, El Mahdi, Cardinal and Gray Eagle, and a passing glimpse of their riders as they trailed along a high hickory-timbered ridge above the Valley river, together with what they chanced

The Chalet, Home of Melville Davisson Post

to see in the great blue cattle lands below. The narrator is the boy Quiller, who has been brought up under the fostering care of an elder brother, Ward, and the story concerns the adventures growing out of Ward's business relations with a crafty and unprincipled competitor by the name of Woodford. The transaction that brought matters to a crisis is best stated in Quiller's own words:

> I knew that Ward in the preceding autumn had bought the cattle of two graziers south of the Valley river, to be taken up during the October month, but I did not know that on a summer afternoon he had sold these cattle to Woodford, binding him to deliver them in three days after they were demanded.
>
> The trade was fair enough when the two had made it. But now the price of beef cattle was off almost thirty dollars a bullock, and Woodford was in a position to lose more money than his bald-face cattle-horse could carry in a sack. He had waited all along hoping for the tide to turn. Suddenly, to-day he had demanded his cattle. To-day, when Ward was on his back and the cattle far to the south across the Valley river. It was the contract, and he had the right to it, but it was like Woodford. Ward, helpless in his bed, had sent Jourdan on Red Mike to find us somewhere over the Gauley and bid us bring the cattle if we could. And so the old man had ridden as though the devil was after him.

Not an intricate plot, but it offers possibilities and the author makes the most of it. To complicate matters the waters are swollen by recent rains in the mountains, and back in the hills Woodford's henchmen are moving to defeat the undertaking. Quiller, though old for his years, is too young to cope with the gravity of the situation, the burden mainly falling upon the crooked shoulders of "Umph." True, there is the giant Jud,

but the hunchback is the real hero of the play — quaint, resourceful, full of stories, quips — and it must be said — ugly oaths, which would better have been unsaid.

There is also a " brown-haired witch " of a girl in the case, though there is little time for love making, the three days being filled with the urge of other things. Still, there is no unseeming haste; scattered throughout may be found bits of hill country philosophy, a dissertation on the art of riding a horse, of driving steers, or a description of the bridge the dwarfs built. One is thankful that here at least the author's art of compression is altogether wanting, that he has made this a long short-story.

Many of the incidents are said to be based upon actual experiences, and the author might have claimed like Virgil's hero that these are things " which I myself saw, and the things of which I a large part was." It could have been written only by one who had dwelt in the hills, and — to employ Quiller's phrase — " who loved the feel of a horse and the creak of saddle-leather." A most fortunate stroke was in the choice of narrator, who unemancipated from the fairy illusions of youth, touches his pages with a lingering glamour as fair as the dappled tints on the forest kingdom of the hills:

> Full of the joy of life was this October land. I could almost hear the sunlight running with a shout as it plunged in among the hickory trees and went tumbling to the thickets of the hollow. The mist hanging over the low meadows was a golden web, stretched by enchanted fingers across some exquisite country, into which a man might come only through his dreams.

In *The Mountain School Teacher* (1922), Mr. Post has ventured into the field of authentic literature with a contribution which has been received with unfeigned surprise, if not admiration. It is in the nature of an allegory paralleling the life of Christ with a modern environment. While the idea is not altogether new, it is a difficult undertaking and most of the previous attempts have been comparatively negligible. The characters here are distinctly drawn and the central figure stands out with disturbing realism, from the opening along the mountain trail where he assists the lad who is having trouble with his ox, laden with a bag of corn, till the closing scene where he is shot down as he stands between two thieves.

There is no moral appended, no preaching, but between the lines may be read the author's arraignment of modern humanity. Would the great Teacher's reception, after two thousand years, be different if he came again? There is the burden of the Master's words: "When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on earth?" The story is told with a quiet seriousness approaching reverence, and with the simplicity, directness and restraint of the genuine artist.

The technical restrictions and intensive skill of the short-story, even when associated with genius have rarely been combined with the wider range and sustained effort demanded by the novel. Yet the limitations of genius are often self-appointed and sometimes surmounted by those of humbler pretentions. The previous accomplishments of Melville Davisson Post not only serve to establish his reputation as a master of the short-story, but hint of broader canvases, the potentiality of untried powers.

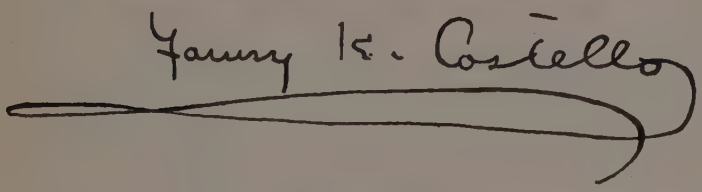
What he may accomplish with his ample endowment remains for the future to determine.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

MELVILLE DAVISSON POST, son of Ira Carper and Florence May (Davisson) Post, was born in Harrison county, West Virginia, April 19, 1871. Reared and educated in his native state, he holds the degree A.B., West Virginia University, 1891, and LL.B., 1892. He is a lawyer of parts and was practicing his profession in Wheeling when his first "Randolph Mason" stories were published. He has plead before the bar of the Supreme Court of West Virginia, the U. S. Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court of the United States. He has taken an active interest in politics, serving as Presidential Elector, 1892, and as Chairman of the Democrat Congressional Committee for West Virginia, 1898. He has also served as a member of the Board of Regents of the State Normal Schools. He acted as a member of the Advisory Committee of the National Economy League, 1914–1915, and of various committees under the War and Treasury Departments, 1917–1918. He is a lover of horses and dogs, with a decided penchant for the open. Of independent means and the greater part of his time spent in eastern cities and in Europe, he remains loyal to the traditions and ideals of his own "Mountain State." He married Anne Bloomfield Gamble, of Roanoke, Virginia, June 29, 1903.

His books are:

The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason, 1896; *The Man of Last Resort*, 1897; *Dwellers in the Hills*, 1901; *The Corrector of Destinies*, 1909; *The Gilded Chair*, 1910; *The Nameless Thing*, 1912; *Uncle Abner: Master of Mysteries*, 1918; *The Mystery of the Blue Villa*, 1919; *The Sleuth of St. James Square*, 1920; *The Mountain School Teacher*, 1922; *Monsieur Jonquelle*, 1923.



Chapter XI

A MERCHANT OF HOPE

IT WAS Napoleon who coined the phrase "merchants of hope." He regarded hope as one of the most precious commodities in the world; a possession especially to be coveted by those who would qualify as leaders. In these days of literary pessimism it is refreshing to make

the acquaintance of a writer like Fanny Kemble Johnson (Costello), whose merchandise bears the trademark of a glimmering dawn. Not that her stories deal with the futilities of an empty optimism; like Strindberg, she "keeps both the earth and the sky in view." Her nature responds to the promise and enthusiasm of youth that knows no decline. Thus her older characters manifest a responsive *camaraderie* with the young, a sympathetic understanding of their visions and dreams.

Happily, she is free from pose and affectation; almost as complacent regarding her work as was Scott about his. Sheltered at home, she says "I wrote for the interest and fun of it as a girl, and continued to do so when married — and have never felt the least professional." Yet her stories are usually serious and occasionally throbbing with the depths of earnestness, though relieved with a graceful fancy and an airy charm.

The Beloved Son (1916), her only novel, is a book of unusual type and rare quality. It is a story of an ardent devotion — not of lovers like Dante and Beatrice, nor yet of friends like Tennyson and Hallam, but a portrayal of the beautiful relation of father and son. The interest centers around the boy David, son of Dr. Randolph Peyton, his struggle to overcome an inherited craving for drink, and his father's faithful and tender aid in the unequal conflict. Naturally, there are other concerns: a charming love idyl is interwoven with the main theme and the youth becomes a popular author, but it is the watchful care of the father and the chastened devotion of the son that shines throughout the lengthening shadows of the curse.

The situation is brought out in the first few pages. David, then scarcely eighteen, had contracted the liquor habit some two years before, while on a vacation in North Mountain, where moonshine whiskey was free as water. On going away to the university that fall he got in with the drinking set, which included a number of his cousins, and from this time on had drifted with the crowd.

He thought he could stop it — in fact had tried; too late he realized it had got him. He described it as getting into a quagmire: "You step in a little way and you can get out. You step in another little way and you can't. . . . Sometimes I don't want it for months; sometimes after I've craved it for days, the craving goes — like that," said he, snapping his fingers, "and I'm all in, as if I had been ill — It's the oddest sensation, and then again, I get quite mad for it, and fighting it off does no good, and running away does no good."

It had not come to the attention of his father, who is the narrator, until the time the story opens. Absorbed in his profession, with David away for the greater part of the year, and his friends in a conspiracy to keep it from him, he was not altogether to blame for his blindness. It was his inordinate pride in his motherless boy as well as his disregard for the lurking environment that had unintentionally contributed to David's delinquency. With his knowledge of the family background he should have looked out for him, as Uncle Miles said. "That's the way with you doctors all over, knowing everyone's affairs before you know your own. Where were your eyes? I suppose you thought your boy perfect — because he was *your* boy."

His awakening brought self-reproach and a fearful estimate of the waste of drunkenness and its withering blight:

> I could not name a home unshadowed by the wide-spreading tree. I could not think of a single life unshadowed by it in the past or the present or the future likelihood, — not the happiest girl, nor any child just born, and no young man. Its fallen leaves lay deep among graves, and twisted withering in fresh garlands, and strewed in the roadways of the world — and ever the new green leaves on the tree above. The feeling in my heart was far more intense and bitter than any spoken curse could have been, as I waked there in the dark and the late night.

It is a story of the Southland; of Virginia with its tidewater plantations, its ample leisure, its free and easy living. The Peyton homestead bordered on the wide-mouthed river at the parting of the ways from which it took the name of " The Roads." Not far away was the town of Hampdon, and old friends and relatives, including numerous cousins of varying degrees, lived within easy reach. Of these Narcissa, who had been David's playmate since childhood, was the favorite and most frequent visitor. It was " Narsie " who on an unbroken mount might be expected at any time; who raided the Peyton library for the mere fun of it, and who sometimes took a hand with David in the management of the servants and this man's house with its big beautiful rooms.

With the fatuous illusions of girlhood she imagined her life complete; that she had everything except her mamma, who had died in her infancy, and the Blue Ridge mountains with their thrill and silence touching the far

horizon beyond. But the time came when her fairy dreams were broken; when, as David's father said, "the fires of youth were laid — the sandalwood and the myrrh, and frankincense, and the wreathing blossoms, and the treasures whose sacrifice was to be their glory — laid, ready for the lighting by any chance flame blown by the winds of fate;" when destiny seemed cruel to this trio, whose lives so closely intertwined had drifted asunder; when the flickering ray of hope threatened to be extinguished. Thorald had failed and Dorval had failed, but by some strange alchemy of the will the crown and the mastery of life were recaptured and the gates of Paradise regained.

It is not only an interesting and well-written story, but deeply freighted with human appeal.

Fanny Kemble Johnson had written stories and verse for such journals as "The Youth's Companion," "Harper's" and "The Atlantic" since 1900, but it was *The Strange Looking Man*, together with the "Roddy Ivor" stories appearing in "The Century" that gave her assured recognition as a short-story writer.

The Strange Looking Man (1917) cannot according to modern standards be classed as a short-story. Neither can it be called a parable; yet in the tale that is told a comparison is made that arouses a hatred, a fear and a loathing of war. It belongs with those documents, when on rare occasions great messages have been wrought in the simplest form and with the fewest words.

Edward J. O'Brien included it in his "Best Short Stories of 1917." He says: "I suppose that this story is to be regarded as a sketch rather than a short story, but in any

case it is a vividly rendered picture of war's effects portrayed with subtile irony and quiet art. I associate it with "Chautonville" by Will Levington Comfort and "The Flying Teuton" by Alice Brown as one of the three stories with the most authentic spiritual message in American fiction that the war produced."

There is no evidence that the "Roddy Ivor" stories were intended as a series. Each is complete in itself, though with a little rounding out they would have made an exceptional serial. In Roddy Ivor, the author seems to have discovered a singularly likeable character and set out to chronicle some of his critical experiences. His family dominated the community and, like Saul, he towered above his fellows. She describes him as "a splendidly handsome lad, with mischief in his eyes, and his head set on his shoulders as if he owned the earth."

He was a little wild in early youth and his dissipated brother Croy got him into serious trouble, but he was sound at heart and always trying to bring happiness to somebody.

This trait is brought out in *New Lamps for Old* (1917). On his making the acquaintance of Wilsy Lieber, a frail but charming girl with a distressing cough, and in whose "veins flowed the discontents of the downtrodden of the ages," he succeeds in persuading her to temporarily exchange an absurdly imposing residence of "old country" design for a log cabin in his health-giving Southern mountains. The scene is laid in the "*deadliest* river town" in the country, with its immediate background of suffrage headquarters and confused city life.

While hardly serving as a sequel, the leading characters

again appear in *Magic Casements* (1917). What promised in the former story to prove far more than a platonic friendship is interrupted by the complicated love affair of Roddy and Arlie Campbell, who lived in a rambling old house up along the mountain road; and what bids fair to prove a happy ending is brought to a dramatic close by the world conflagration that at last reaches these far-away mountains.

They Both Needed It (1916) records young Ivor's disciplinary experience at the age of seventeen — the time he acted so badly — when his father sent him off by himself to their hunting camp up in the mountains, where he was alone for a week. With his exile and the ordeal which ended it, his delinquency was paid in full. He had furthermore thought his way out: "I found out then that the most important thing in the world was never to be a coward — and since then I've known what to do with my life." Incidentally, his father also learned a much needed lesson. The author deals with a tense situation, and the result is a poignant rather than a pleasant story. Mr. O'Brien in his "Best Stories for 1918" accords it high praise.

The Master of His Fate (1916) concerns Roddy Ivor's first serious love affair. The fair one of his dreams chanced to be his brother Dexter's sister-in-law, a city-bred young lady several years older than himself, although this fact was little in evidence. Seeking relief from a recent unhappy experience, she found distraction in the homecoming of his half-brother Breck with his sophisticated air and mocking smile. Her coquetry won its due reward, and the younger man's reactions are recorded with credit to himself.

On the Altar of Friendship (1917) portrays the blighting effect of caste in a Southern college town on the happiness of a girl with a number of impossible cousins. The situation affords another adventure for the altruistic spirit of Roddy Ivor. It is a fine story with a happy ending.

The Persistent Little Fool (1916) is an unconventional title for Roddy's cousin Bina, who had been away in training for a nurse. The happy days at Cedarcliff lead up to an exciting climax in which her most troublesome characteristic is eminently justified.

The average character of the author's stories may be fairly judged by *The Idyl of Uncle Paley* (Harper's, 1917) and *Butterfly Dust* (Century, 1918). Though widely divergent in theme both have war for a background. The first is a typical southern story of the friendship of a young college professor and an old Confederate veteran and the long-delayed recognition of his service to the Southland. There is evidenced the subtile atmosphere of time and place and the sure restraint of a trained hand. *Butterfly Dust* recalls the darkness and horror of the World War. The scene is laid in tidewater Virginia and the characters chiefly concerned are Val Maury, a native son, and Cécile Frémy, the young sister-in-law of Nannie Vardy, an American girl who had married and lived in France and who had lost her husband in the war. It is a dramatic narrative, in which a difficult situation is handled with fine reticence and delicate art.

For nearly all her stories the author has chosen a Southern setting. There is the balmy atmosphere, the familiar environment, the well-remembered scenes and

faces. There is also the pensive beauty of receding dreams, the fragrance of old days too sweet to last, "the swiftly passing figures," of what she calls, "the inexplicable allegory of life."

Fortunately, she grew up in the beautiful, sun-steep'd region of the Natural Bridge, and in *The Beloved Son* she envisions this famous landmark with the eyes of a mystic and the heart of a poet:

> It is so big and gray and quiet, and it has been so long in the hewing, and the murmur of Cedar Creek goes vaguely on beneath it like the stream of humanity beneath the arch of eternity, and there is a little triangular platform two-thirds of the way down, where you hang over a railing and look through the wonderful light and springing arch of the bridge to the blue peaks beyond the black pines.
>
> And sitting thus, you become a part of the deep tranquility surrounding you. A breeze plays upon your cheek and lifts your hair at the temples. It comes cool and strange from wandering through thickets of cedar. You drop your forehead to your arm on the railing. Life, so loud in your ears, withdraws to silence. Life, so hard on your sight, retreats to dim horizons. You are left alone with your eternally patient Dead. It is no longer the little breeze, but their tender touches, stealing, rumpling your hair. The tears of longing well up in your heart; but you dare not look — they will not be there if you look.

Although Fanny Kemble Johnson is best known as a story writer, she has long been a contributor of verse as well as prose to leading journals. Modern in point of view, her poetical work conforms to traditional standards, while breathing an originality distinctively its own.

The simplicity, quaint conceit and unexpected turn in

the following from *The Return* unite in evoking memories of distant scenes and far-off days:

Rose vines wreathed round the broken windows,
And crept through the crumbling doors,
Wind blown petals of dying roses
Huddled about the floors.

Again I entered the raftered chamber,
Tenanted but by three,
A bold brown mouse, and a nesting bird,
And a beautiful memory.

The brown mouse scurried, the nesting bird
Whirred out by the broken pane;
But the memory of my childhood ran
To welcome me home again.

Quite different is this stanza from *Fulfillment*, when the plenitude of love and peace have supplanted the alluring dreams of lean years:

Are these not halcyon days, and perfect days, —
A home for nestling, love wed with a ring,
That I must wilful, wistful, turn my gaze
Back to the days when I went famishing
For love or bread, but not for songs to sing?
Oh, I have lain on that most ancient shore,
And watched Rodope's white self vanishing —
I, who have not the visions any more!

She has the art of portraying " a thing of beauty " until it becomes " a joy forever." In the verse appended from *The Violet Meadow*, she pictures its wonderful color till it takes on an etherial hue:

They were bluer, bluer than heaven, bluer than child's eyes
even,

Sometimes the heart of a sapphire has hints of the violet's
hue;
But ever elsewhere we lose it, all colors of earth refuse it,
Only sometimes in a dream the soul of one sees such blue.

Much of her work is marked by an illusive wistfulness running through her lines like the sad refrain of an old love song. This with the ancient desire to fathom the mystery of the unknown —

the old, divine,
Outwinging of the soul towards
A far-off, heavenly mountain line.

as in *Held Back* and elsewhere. A distinctive trait is her art of envisaging an abstract conception till it takes on the form and substance of reality, as in *The Watcher:*

Three of the night, when men are still,
You hear the Silence creeping down,
All day it crouches on the hill,
And looks toward the town.

But only at the dead of night
It dares to leave its dark retreat,
And like an evil untamed thing,
Invades the vacant street.

The thousand slumber unaware,
Sleep sound, sleep deep, and never know
How hours long throughout the town
It paces to and fro,

Or lies at ease with large bright eyes
Fixed full upon my window square,
For sometimes, sickened of surmise,
I rise and find it there.

I shudder, but I surely know
Some day when fires of dawn are lit
To drive it backward to the hill,
That I shall follow it.

And let it lead me where the pines
Cast shadows that shall never shift
For any sun, and leave me lost
Where shadows never lift.

With a versatile endowment, the author might easily qualify as a delightful essayist. Though rarely does she allow this art to obtrude, and then it accomplishes its end in the story. At the beginning of a certain chapter in her novel there is an illuminative portrait of genius that merits reproducing here:

There are some persons — not many among the many — who have but to speak a word, or to write a word, or to sing a word, and that word straightway becomes endowed with some magical quality.

Love did not exist before they felt it. Beauty did not exist before they saw it and showed it. Through them, honor came into being, and human comradeship is their supreme achievement. Because of them we are as high as we are, and go as far as we go. They lift up their faces and the visions shape themselves. They stretch up their hands, and hands yet in the making reach down to draw all life upward to yet unimagined planes of wonder. The word they utter is the sunlight in the drop of dew, the lightning flash which reveals the night, the white flower in the dusk, the flame which splits an island in two, yet it is also the slender fire in the tent of life to which we creep shivering from some too lonely excursion in the icy wastes of thought.

Nearly always they use the simplest phrases and speak of the thing we should know best. But after you have looked at the blue sky for a lifetime, they can make you see it as if

you had spent the lifetime in a cell beneath the level of the sea, and looked on the sky and its blueness for the first time. They can tell you of the grass under your feet — the grass you have seen grow green, and wither, and grow green again, all the days you have lived, and it will be as if you had never seen it before, and it will be wonderful.

They may be anyone: a boy, a woman, an old man; Landor, Emily Brontë, Keats. They may be what we call good or what we may call evil — may be strong or weak or well or ill. They need not even know how to read or how to write; but may merely speak the word or sing it, as all of them did in the ancient ages of the world.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Fanny Kemble Johnson (Mrs. Vincent Costello), daughter of Porter and Rose Mary (Brown) Johnson, was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia. Her father's family lived at Bridgeport, W. Va., near Clarksburg, while her mother was of old Eastern Virginia origin. Their daughter grew up in the beautiful Natural Bridge region, which she so admirably describes in her novel, *The Beloved Son*. She was educated in private schools, and her girlhood was largely taken up with writing and horseback riding. She has lived in West Virginia since 1897. In 1899 she was married to Vincent Costello of Charleston. They moved to Wheeling in 1907, where they resided for a decade or more and then returned to Charleston. They have a charming family — three daughters and a son who has inherited his mother's literary gift. She began writing for "The Youth's Companion" in 1900, to which she has since been a frequent contributor. That year also signalized her entrance into the professional magazines with *The Pathway Round* (Atlantic Monthly). Other stories were contributed to "The Atlantic" and "Harper's" along in 1903–1904. Some of her best work was produced 1916–1918, much of it in "The Century." Her writing has been carried on in the midst of domestic cares, but she lays no claim to any

thrilling struggles or experiences; and she has "never felt," as she says, "the least professional, or taken rejections to heart, as do those who fly to New York on their first acceptance and like Browning's youngsters, 'starve, feast, despair, and are poetically happy.'" However, she has won well-merited recognition as a short-story writer, and in the novel mentioned performed a difficult task with distinction.

Her writings include besides her earlier work:

The Beloved Son, 1916; The "Roddy Ivor Stories" (Century) as follows: *They Both Needed It*, 1916; *The Master of His Fate*, 1916; *The Persistent Little Fool*, 1916; *On the Altar of Friendship*, 1917; *New Lamps for Old*, 1917; *Magic Casements*, 1917; *The Strange Looking Man*, (Pagan Pub. Co.), 1917; *The Idyl of Uncle Paley* (Harper's), 1917; *Butterfly Dust* (Century), 1918, and others. Her poems published in "The Youth's Companion," "Harper's" and elsewhere include *Singing He Rode*, *The Watcher*, *Fulfillment*, *The Lost Child*, *The Living Use*, *The Moor's Key*, and others.

Yours sincerely,
Margaret P. Montague

Chapter XII

FROM FREEDOM RIDGE TO FAME

FREEDOM RIDGE, whether fictitious or otherwise, stands for one of the hazy mountain heights that in the purple distance calls to "Oakhurst," the home of Margaret Prescott Montague. Out where this blue range begins she finds local color whether for tragic story or intriguing tale. Linda Stillwater "lived upon the top of Freedom Ridge and to the north, south, east, and west

were mountains — more and more of them, stretching away as far as the eye could see." "Uncle Sam," too, lived up there, and in his sacrifice Freedom Ridge became a mount of consecration.

Miss Montague is one of West Virginia's authors, who by conscientious effort has won general recognition and high praise from the critical press. Brought up in one of the most picturesque regions of the State, she has lived in close intimacy with nature. Like Shakespeare, country-bred and born, she finds tongues in trees, sermons in stones and books in running brooks. Her love of the out-door life and the open road over the hills finds expression in *The Poet, Miss Kate and I* (1905), an idyllic story set among the mountains. It is an unusual first book, reminding one of David Grayson's "Adventure" series, though antedating the work of that popular author. She writes of delightful excursions along the highland roads and the odd characters she meets; of the woods, the wild-flowers, the meadows and mountains. Her pages are fragrant with drifts of bloom and vibrant with twittering birds and droning bees. There is the merest wraith of a plot; Nature is chosen as a theme, stitched together with the love affairs of Dorothy Wareham, who lives where the story is developed, and David Selwyn, lawyer and poet, whose ill health has driven him to the mountains, and who takes the old Duval place next to the Warehams. It is a tale of one summer, told alternately by the hero and heroine, while Miss Kate, a favorite horse, figures in some of the episodes.

How the quaint philosophy of nature and the making of poetry is interwoven with the story may be judged by

a quotation when the heroine on one of her outings pauses under the "wishing oak," that stands at the crossing of a stream, and so called because any wish made under its branches, if kept secret, is supposed to come true:

The tree and the creek have been at war with each other for years, and now I am afraid the water has cut so far into the bank that unless reinforcements come speedily the tree will be torn away. But they have fought for a long time, these two! Every freshet is a fierce engagement. The water laughing and bubbling to itself, as it tears away a clod of earth, a stone, or a piece of the bank, and crying, "The next time! The next time the whole will come!" Only to find on its next rising that the tree has sent its fibers deeper in new places, gaining a fresh hold, and all the little rootlets cry to one another, "Hold tight, brothers! Hold tight!"

It is pretty to think how nature's children sometimes work together; as the little rootlets fight against the stream, so, in the spring the seeds planted in my hotbed make common cause against the earth on top of them. The florist tells me to put them in thick, so that the stronger ones may make a place for the weaker to push through, and I imagine them hidden away there in the dark earth, whispering to one another in tiny voices, "Push! Push, little Brothers! Now, altogether, Push!"

King Cole's hoof-beats grew nearer, and in a little while Mr. Selwyn drew up under the tree. He fastened his horse by Miss Kate, where they could pull at the long swampy grass, and threw himself down in the shade.

"How does the poem grow?" I asked.

"Oh," he answered, "sometimes it is all hammer and tongs, and my chariot wheels drive heavily, and then suddenly it is all illumined, and before the state leaves me I know something of what I might do."

While Miss Montague writes with easy assurance of the

city and its esthetic concerns, she is especially fortunate in dealing with the life and character of her own highland folk, their dour fatalism and stoical resignation, their deadly hatred and unreasoning pride.

The Sowing of Alderson Cree (1907), her first real novel, is a forceful and dramatic feud story of the West Virginia mountaineers. Not a feud between clans as in the Kentucky stories of John Fox, but the slumbering vengeance of the family of Alderson Cree against his slayer, Kip Ryerson. It began early one October morning when the men and boys of Jumping Creek Draft were on a deer hunt out in the mountains. Alderson Cree and his son David, then a lad of twelve years, were stationed near Maple Spring, where they awaited the baying hounds and their harassed quarry.

Before his marriage, Cree had been accounted "the readiest fighter all up and down the Draft," but what avails a giant's strength with the craft of a cowardly enemy? While David drank at the spring his father was shot in the back by a hidden foe. The boy heard the shot and some one crashing through the brush, and on reaching his father who was still living, was told that he had not seen his assailant but knew it was Kip Ryerson, and he made David promise to avenge his death. While his son ran for help, Alderson Cree lingering on the brink of eternity strove to recall the promise he had exacted, and as he prayed to live to tell some one, old Martha Lampfire who happened to pass that way heard him, but for reasons that concern the story her ears were deaf to his entreaties and her reluctance to reveal her cherished secret hardly prevented another catastrophe.

The story chiefly concerns David Cree and his promise, although the whole neighborhood with its scenes of toil and tragedy was involved, including the love of Mary Redden, a charming mountain maid, although Ellen Daw appears to be the real heroine of the story — Ellen Daw, the lonely girl from Drupe mountain, for whom no one had ever cared, but whose poverty was enriched by a wonderful voice and whose hard lot found its only relief in song. On Sunday morning in the log school-house on the top of Peter's Ridge where religious service was held:

> She was loosed from all her hard fetters of reserve; she was transformed and awakened; she was recreated and free. And all because she was doing the one thing in the world that she could do surely and well, and with delight to herself and others, and in doing it she was born again. For in each of us is hid some secret treasure of ability, be it ever so humble; and when we find that ability, we find one of the doors to our souls; and with the finding of our own souls, we find God.

To the world outside, life in such isolated communities as Jumping Creek Draft may seem but a drab existence, but to the dwellers in these mountains it is far otherwise. The experience of George Hedrick, the genial philosopher of the cross-roads' store may be considered typical:

> Why, look at all ther things what happens here jest in one week. Look at week befor' last — first thing Monday mornin' Cape Johnson come in feelin' powerful good an' says ther's a baby come ter their house; an' seein' hit's a boy an' his first one, I says reckon he knowed who'd be President in erbout forty years from now. Then Wednesday word come er ther shootin' scrap up at Whitcomb's camp. Thursday, ole Mis Woods died, an' Friday mornin' Adrian Blair an' Joe Snyder had high words an' come pretty nigh fightin' right

here in ther store. Saturday erlong come er drummer feller an' tried ter sell me er whole chanst er no-'count goods, an' I hedn't more'n jest Sunday ter talk over all these things when here comes Monday mornin' ergin an' er whole trail er new things er goin' on.

It is by such characteristic sketches the darker phases of the mountain drama are somewhat relieved. A slight restraint here and there might have heightened the artistic effect, but it may be questioned whether the realistic touches are not to be preferred. The author has given herself a free hand, and so faithful a portrayal of the region, where "hate is stronger than love," is not to be found elsewhere in our literature.

In Calvert's Valley (1908) is the story of Page Emlyn's renunciation, when he accepted the responsibility of James Calvert's tragic death and of the complications which ensued when he undertook to carry another man's life burden. It is a thrilling narrative, interwoven with many tangled skeins, including the love of Hester Rymal and the fortunes of the Calvert family. The portrayal of life in a country town with its sequestered valley and frowning mountains is combined with a masterly delineation of character and chastening of the soul under the shadow and stress of a noble expiation.

That which in other hands might have become a sombre tale is enlivened by humorous situations and sallies of pleasantry. There is the weakness of human nature, the suffering and tragedy of life; there is also the splendor of heroism, the triumph of truth and the exaltation of sacrifice — While success may bring happiness, failure is not without its compensating guerdon:

That terrible distinctive dignity which marks all those of the world upon whom life has placed its stamp of catastrophe. They may be despairing, they may be wildly rebellious, or they may be heroically brave, no matter, there is upon all that something which differentiates them from the rest of happy mankind. They are drinking very deep and often very bitterly from the cup of existence, but in the draft they are set apart and educated beyond their fellows.

Linda (1912), while a different type of book marks an advance over its predecessors, not in dramatic situation or emotional appeal, but rather in artistic conception and craftsmanship. From the nature of the case there is a more definite design and a closer unity, less psychological analysis and clearer self-revelation. There are also fewer characters and these are important chiefly on account of their relation to the central figure. Hardly for a moment is the reader allowed to lose sight of the capable little heroine with her illusive charm, her mountain crudity, her absolute sincerity, who for all her fairy wistfulness stands out as a warm and human personality.

There is no complicated plot. One is simply allowed to follow this child of nature, companion of wild things of the wood, sensitive to the beauty and perfume of every flower, the changing hue of cloud and shadow, as the door of life creaks wider open and she is gripped in its relentless toils. Its sordid realities, as she frankly admits, " kind of made a sore place in my soul that even my thoughts couldn't touch."

Most readers of fiction unmindful of life's realities look forward to a happy ending. This story of Linda Freshwater, of Freedom Ridge, has an unhappy beginning. When but sixteen years old she is forced by an inhuman

father into marrying a man past middle age. Led to believe that he had contracted a previous marriage, she ran away from his mountain cabin, eventually finding her way to Boston. Here she is befriended by Annette Whittemore, who had met her back in the hills, and who takes her abroad and provides for her education, but to whom her avid thirst for learning and passionate quest for the best in life long remained an enigma. It was after her return to Boston that Linda met Dr. Paul Greenough, the man she had encountered while wandering in the mountains. From this time on the interest "vibrates from the Back Bay to the backwoods" of West Virginia. Some may call it a queer story; others pronounce it improbable, but if so they have never really known "Linda," with her hidden potentiality and elemental charm.

Closed Doors (1915) deals with an almost untouched field, and from a humanitarian standpoint is Miss Montague's most important work. The scene of these stories, seven in number, is the Lomax Schools for deaf and blind children, and the author writes from intimate and sympathetic observation. She calls them "studies," but it should be noted that her contribution to this field is neither descriptive article nor labored essay. She is an artist, not a reporter or scientist, and these are stories of real and poignant interest — "Exquisite and touching," they have been called — "They err neither by literalism nor by sentimentality." They are transcripts of life from a world obscured by an intangible veil, which she has for the moment withdrawn that we may witness the drama of the handicapped soul in its struggle to be free.

Dr. Richard C. Cabot in his word of Introduction says: "She lets us see how deaf children build up a new imagery and develop a naming power really poetic. Over her shoulder we watch the unconquerable human soul building its nest and finding its food in the dark and silent country which she has chosen to describe."

She has an unusual comprehension of the realities of childhood; especially of those entangled in life's unequal conflict, of their hopes and fears. She pictures their friendships and adventures, and the clinging bridges they strive to build across the dark and almost impassable chasms from alien lands. Incidentally, here is a bit of comment it would be well for certain sapient legislators and boards of control to give heed:

> It is impossible to imagine any two sets of persons so absolutely shut off from one another as blind people and deaf mutes. It is only through the sense of feeling that they can meet; and for the most part at Lomax, sixty blind children, and more than a hundred deaf ones, move about through the same buildings, eat in the same dining room, and, to some extent, play in the same grounds, with almost no intercourse or knowledge of one another. They move upon different planes. The deaf child's plane is made up of things seen, the blind child's of things heard. It is only in things touched that their paths ever cross, and surely only the economy and lack of imagination of the past could have crowded two such alien classes into one establishment.

Twenty Minutes of Reality (1917) is not a story but the record of a personal experience that came to the author one day as she was convalescing from a serious illness, when, as stated, she "saw into reality, and felt the ecstacy which is always there, but which we are en-

abled to perceive only on very rare and fleeting occasions."

While such phenomena are unusual and out of the beaten track of life they are not altogether anomalous, as evidenced by a number of letters received by the author from persons corroborating the possibility of her experience, and which go to make up more than half of the volume. But there are philosophers and psychologists who refuse to credit these peculiar sensations of the soul as authentic and unmistakable realities; who on the contrary hold that such psychical states are mere phantasies originating in the nervous organism or the mysterious realm of the sub-conscious. Such a book affords a glimpse of a region all but unexplored and should prove of interest to both classes.

Deep Channel (1923) is the first full-length novel by Miss Montague in many years, and otherwise far removed from her first books. It is an intensive study of two abnormal personalities. Julia Rose, the little village seamstress and milliner of Hart's Run, whose orphaned and shrinking youth is briefly but delicately sketched up to a certain " June night in the summer of 1918, the year Julia was thirty-two," when her real struggle began.

All her life she had meekly borne the jibes and patronizing airs of her narrow world, except in those rare stresses when her suppressed emotional nature flared up in a desperate sort of courage that presaged trouble in the future for somebody. Her passionate regard for all suffering and baffled creatures led to such an outburst on the occasion of her first meeting with Timothy Bixby, the new printer of " The Hart's Run News," and her own

drab counterpart. A better understanding shows him while shrinking and sensitive to be possessed of a whimsical humor, but his new-born courage is not convincing. How these two, "bound in shallows and in miseries," were emancipated from their hampering restraints, though not in keeping with conventional standards, is revealed in the story.

The book is of the prevailing modern tone and treatment, yet not of an ultra type. Unfortunately the delicate art and dignified level of the first half is not sustained in the latter part. Yet its hopeless characters one may not forget, nor such appealing pictures as Julia Rose sitting on the church steps, her head against a pillar, her eyes fixed on the infinite expanse above, where "The wraith of a cloud sailed very softly through the sky, trailing behind it a long wisp of vapor. It passed across the stars and was gone."

Up Eel River and *The To-day To-morrow* (1923) are two fanciful tales of Tony Beaver, the mythical lumber jack, and his superhuman exploits in the timber camps up the storied river. They are a new kind of Homeric fairy tales involving problems that intrigue the old as well as the young.

Of the Water and the Spirit, contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly," 1916, was the author's first story dealing with the World War. It is a tale of a little dressmaker from the South, who happened to be in Europe when Belgium was invaded by the German army, and who served as a nurse in the conflict. How the trend of her life was changed by her frightful experiences is simply but impressively told.

It has been said that as a literary medium the short-story supersedes all others in America. It is this medium that represents Miss Montague's most finished product, and through it she has been accorded widest recognition. As examples of her technique in this literary type special mention should be made of the following stories that have been republished from the "Atlantic Monthly": *The Gift*, *Uncle Sam from Freedom Ridge* and *England to America*. Though not war stories in the accepted sense, the Great Conflict serves as a background for all.

The Gift (1919) has its setting in a rectory garden the day preceding Easter of that fearful year men's souls were tried as never before. It tells how Reverend Thomas McCord, whose faith had stood for others as a rock of Gibraltar, found his belief in the eternal realities slipping away, and how, through the groping quest of one, whose tragedy was even greater than his own, he again found the *Light*.

Uncle Sam from Freedom Ridge (1920) is a story of those exalted days when men were carried away by America's high tide of patriotism, and of the turning of the tide, the country's reaction and the disintegration of the illustrious ideals for which the great sacrifice was made. Most of the author's stories were of slow growth, some of her plots forming for years, but *Uncle Sam* was of exceptional origin. Like Artaban the Median in Henry Van Dyke's story of "The Other Wise Man" he seemed to come from out the void, marching up through the shadows with his idea of atonement, and his offer was accepted.

The story is told by Blair Rogers, postmaster in a little

village " tucked away among its Southern mountains." It would be hard to find local dialect more effectively employed, or a tale of these troubled days that so appealed to the conscience of the country. The portrait the author draws of " Uncle Sam " is not an unseemly caricature, but a convincing reality. How the old man received the tidings of young Sam's death at Chateau-Thierry is told in the following paragraph:

> We thought he was going to faint, he turned so white an' shaky, an' we got him quick into that chair where you'r sittin'. But he didn't; he just sat there lookin' like the world had dropped from under him, an' saying right soft to himself, 'Sam's dead — my boy's dead.' Andy gave him the telegram, an' he spread it out on his knee an' looked an' looked at it. I don't believe he read it, but he kep' spreadin' it out an' spreadin' it out with his shakin' old hands, an' lookin' at it. We couldn't keep the tears back seein' him so lost like, an' anyhow, young Sam was just like a brother to us both."

England to America (1919) is stressed with more human interest than *Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge*, but with no thought of propaganda, as the author herself has seen fit to explain. It tells of a perplexing situation that arose when Skipworth Cary, of Virginia, but late Lieutenant of the Royal Flying Corps in France, accepted the invitation of his commander, Captain Cheviot Sherwood to spend his leave of absence at the home of Sherwood's people down in Devonshire.

Through the reaction of her characters to the complications which ensued the author endeavors to interpret England's effacing heroism and her heart-felt appreciation of America's sympathy and her coming back after many

years. Miss Montague handles this difficult problem with such remarkable skill and in such a disarming way that her stirring message won her flattering comment throughout the country and a gracious tribute in the Introduction by John Drinkwater the English author and actor, whose play, Abraham Lincoln, was received with such loud acclaim by two continents.

Blanch Colton Williams, Ph.D. a member of the O. Henry Memorial Committee, commenting on the decision awarding *England to America* first prize as the best American story of 1919 said: "It is fitting that Miss Montague's story should have received first prize; poignant, short in words, great in significance, it stands as a minor climatic peak in that array of literature, produced during the actual progress of the world war."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Margaret Prescott Montague, daughter of Russel W. and Harriet A. (Carey) Montague, was born at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, November 29, 1878. With a kinship to Prescott, the historian, and Harriet Prescott Spofford; her father a graduate of Harvard and a talented mother, who gave her most of her early education, Miss Montague has no lack of literary background; while the proximity of her home to White Sulphur Springs and her pilgrimages to Richmond and Boston have given her ample opportunity of studying life according to the most approved standards. She is as familiar with the labyrinthine streets and ingrained conventionalities of the "Hub City," as with the perfumed glens and winding trails of her own "Mountain State."

Her education, beginning with the little district school and fostered at home, was continued in private schools. At seventeen she was in Richmond under Miss Daniel, who, as

she modestly says, "discovered my small ability," which in view of the renown achieved by her work appears to be rather formidable. Her popular short-stories have first appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly." *England to America* (1919) was awarded the O. Henry Memorial prize of five hundred dollars as the best American short-story of the year. *Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge* (1920) was praised by the President and filmed at the rate of two hundred dollars a word. *The Sowing of Alderson Cree* has also lately had a revival as a photoplay. She is the author of other successful short-stories, three or four novels and *Closed Doors*, which she considers the most worth while of all her books, as it deals with an almost untouched field.

Her books are:

The Poet, Miss Kate and I, 1905; *The Sowing of Alderson Cree*, 1907; *Calvert's Valley*, 1908; *Linda*, 1912; *Closed Doors*, 1915; *Home to Him's Muver*, 1916; *Of the Water and the Spirit*, 1916; *Twenty Minutes of Reality*, 1917; *The Great Expectancy*, 1918; *The Gift*, 1919; *England to America*, 1919; *Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge*, 1920; *Up Eel River*, 1923; and *The To-day To-morrow*, 1923 (Atlantic Monthly); *Deep Channel*, 1923. *The Man from God's Country* (Announced for 1924).

H. S Harrison

Chapter XIII

CONCERNING QUEED AND HIS CREATOR

BROWNING makes a hero of his Greek Grammarian. Henry Sydnor Harrison with as impossible material shows how little Doctor Queed achieved renown, not through the medium of dead men's books, but by the development of his own personality.

A friend of Mr. Harrison, John Steward Bryan, has stated that "Queed was only an inevitable and almost

foreseeable product of Mr. Harrison's talents and character." It should not be inferred by this that the little Doctor was wholly fashioned in the image of his maker, although there are certain points of resemblance in their make-up: their pedagogical tendencies, their accuracy of expression, their method of acquiring the technic of editorial paragraphing by dissecting the other man's article, their loyalty to truth — but somewhere here the likeness ends. Their antecedents, breeding and reactions to life are characteristically different.

Mr. Harrison was born at the University of the South in 1880, where his father, Dr. Caskie Harrison, was Professor of Latin and Greek. The family a few years later moved to Brooklyn, New York. Here he attended the Brooklyn Latin School, founded by his father. After his father's death in 1900 he carried on the school with marked sucess for a period of three years. Sheltered in youth by an academic environment, he admits that a great schoolmaster was lost in the making of an author of fiction, but he would be the last to say what the world of letters might have lost had he remained a teacher. James Branch Cabell holds that "The loss of an artist demands lamentation, even when he commits suicide — presumably by writing 'best sellers.'" That Mr. Harrison is an artist is the opinion of so discriminating a critic as William Lyon Phelps, who asserts that "*Queed* and *V. V.'s Eyes* are admirable stories and could not have been written except by a born artist." But Mr. Harrison has written "best sellers," running into the hundreds of thousands — What then? Of one thing we are sure: that irrespective of critical contentions as to the merits of

"best sellers" and limited *clienteles* the "Mountain State" rejoices in Mr. Harrison's popularity. Although he chanced to be born in Tennessee, taught school in New York, manufactured bamboo chairs and conducted a paragrapher's column in the "Old Dominion," the books that made him famous were sent forth from the hill-environed city of Charleston, West Virginia. On his own authority, *Queed*, *V. V.'s Eyes*, and *Angela's Business*, were all written there, and *Captivating Mary Carstairs*, his first long story, was rewritten there.

Queed (1911), the book that first gave him distinction and which is generally conceded to be his most notable effort, is the story of a young man — yes two young men — a young woman and incidentally many another; with the transitional life of a typical Southern city, its educational, political and journalistic interests and ambitions as a background. But it is the human equation that matters most. It could not have been written without the charming intermeddling of Sharlee Weyland; and the gentlemanly Charles Gardner West with his multifarious concerns and evanescent enthusiasms is more than a mere foil for the hero. For Queed is a hero, although of apparently humble pretentions, and herein is portrayed the evolution of a sterling soul from out a sordid environment. Queed is to the book what Hamlet is to the play that bears his name.

It starts well, with an amusing scene in which the leading characters make their initial appearance, though one of them not to the best advantage. Miss Weyland being granted a half-holiday combines the pleasure of a trip down town and the business of buying

a supply of stationery for the new State Department of Charities, of which she happens to be the assistant secretary. On the way she and her dog, Behemoth — answering to the shorter name of Bee — are joined by Mr. West. The huge dog in attempting to cross the main thoroughfare, at the time congested by trolley cars, delivery wagons and all the tireless traffic of a growing city, to her chagrin and discomfiture bowls over an odd-looking little man in a brown derby and striking spectacles, who later proves to be the person owing her aunt a month's board-bill, which she has undertaken to collect.

That evening as he sat at her aunt's table, his open book propped against a plate of rolls, an open-faced nickel watch near by enabling him to keep track of the flying minutes as he ate, Sharlee from across the table patiently waited to broach the subject of lapsed board-bills. In the interim we get a more leisurely view of this absorbed and rather eccentric young man:

At first glance Mr. Queed looked like he might have been born in a library, where he had unaspiringly settled down. To support this impresssion there were his pallid complexion and enormous round spectacles; his musty air of premature age; his general effect of dried-up detachment from his environment. One noted, too, the tousled mass of nondescript hair, which he wore about a month too long; the necktie-band triumphing over the collar in the back; the collar itself, which had a kind of celluloid look and shone with a blue unwholesome sheen under the gas-light. On the other hand there was the undeniably trim cut of the face, which gave an unexpected and contradictory air of briskness. The nose was bold; the long straight mouth might have belonged to a man of action. Probably the great spectacles were the

turning-point in the man's whole effect. You felt that if you get your hands on him long enough to pull those off, and cut his hair, you might have an individual who would not so surely have been christened the little doctor.

This title had been gratuitously bestowed because of his studious habits and preoccupied air by his friend, the genial William Klinker. Yet there can be no question that Dr. Queed's attainments entitled him to an honorary degree, although no institution of learning had thus far been so fortunate as to discover him. He had learned to read out of the New York *Evening Post*, which had been wrapped around two pork chops that had come to the house of Tim Queed, the policeman, who in a way had brought him up. When seven or eight years old he had learned that there were such things as books, stacks of them, and was soon drinking deep at the Pierian spring, eating his way through alcove after alcove of the Astor Library.

It was here he picked up that arresting pasteboard sign, bearing the cabalistic word — SILENCE — which he had packed up with his effects when coming South from New York in search of a father he had never seen and of whom he had heard but little. Having established himself in the economical bed-room at Mrs. Paynter's and already fortified with such heavy authorities as Willoughby, Smathers, Conant and Crozier, he now embarked in the business of writing his epoch-making book on evolutionary psychology. In order that his work might not be interrupted he was forced on chilly nights to resort to the more comfortable quarters of the dining-room. Here on the table he would erect his ominous sign, though the

only other occupant was his landlady's daughter Fifi, who for similar reasons had come here to prepare her high school algebra. Its obstinate symbols rarely coming out in the right combination gave her endless cause for worry, and while she would have valiantly combated the idea, she was really too frail a little body to have been troubled with such things. Sometimes, discouraged with her work, her eyes would wander across the table to her companion's yellow pad, and she would curiously try to decipher some of the ponderous terminology written thereon. It was this way she managed to spell, upside down, his latest heading — ALTRUISM:

There was nothing enormous about Fifi's vocabulary, but she knew what to do in a case like this. Behind her stood a battered little walnut bookcase, containing the Paynter library. After a safe interval of absorption in her sums, she pushed back her chair with the most respectful quietude and pulled out a tall volume. The pages of it she turned with a blank studious face but considerable expectancy. Af-Ai-Al-Alf. . . .

A giggle shattered the academic calm, and Fifi, in horror, realized that she was the author of it. She looked up quickly, and her worst fears were realized. Mr. Queed was staring at her, as one scarcely able to credit his own senses, icy rebuke piercing through and overflowing his great round spectacles.

"I beg your pardon! — Mr. Queed. It slipped out, really —"

But the young man thought that the time had come when this question of noise in his dining-room must be settled once and for all.

"Indeed? Be kind enough to explain the occasion of it."

"Why," said Fifi, too truthful to prevaricate and completely cowed, "it — it was only the meaning of a word here. It was silly of me. I can't explain it — exactly —"

"Suppose you try. Since your merriment interrupts my work, I claim the privilege of sharing it."

"Well! I — I happened to see that the word at the head of the page you were writing."

"Proceed."

"I — I looked it up in the dictionary. It says," she read out with a gulp and a cough, "it means 'self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of others."

The poor child thought her point must now be indelicately plain, but the lips of Doctor Queed merely emitted another close-clipped: "Proceed."

At a desperate loss as she was, Fifi was suddenly visited by an idea. "Oh! I see. You're writing against altruism, are n't you?"

"What leads you to that conclusion, if I may ask?"

"Why I — I — suppose it's the way you do. Of course I ought n't to have said it —."

"Go on. What way that I do?"

Poor Fifi saw that she was floundering in ever more deeply. With the boldness of despair she blurted out: "Well — one thing — you sent me out of the room that night — when I coughed, you know. I — I — don't understand about altruism like you do, but I — should think it was — my interests to stay here —."

There followed a brief silence, which made Fifi more miserable than any open rebuke, and then Mr. Queed said in a dry tone: "I am engaged upon a work of great importance to the public, I may say to posterity. Perhaps you can appreciate that such a work is entitled to the most favorable conditions in which to pursue it."

"Of course. Indeed I understand perfectly, Mr. Queed," said Fifi, immediately touched by what seemed like kindness from him. And she said innocently: "All men — writing men, I mean — feel that way about their work — I suppose. I remember Mr. Sutro who used to have the very same room you're in now. He was writing a five-act play, all in poetry, to show the horrors of war, and he used to say —"

The young man involuntarily shuddered. "I have nothing to do with other men. I am thinking," he said with rather an unfortunate choice of words, "only of myself."

"Oh — I see! Now I understand exactly!"

"What is it that you see and understand so exactly?"

"Why the way you feel about altruism. You believe in it for other people, but not for yourself! Isn't that right?"

They stared across the table at each other: innocent Fifi, who barely knew the meaning of altruism, but had practiced it from the time she could practice anything, and the little Doctor, who knew everything about altruism that social science would ever formulate, and had stopped right there. All at once his look altered; from objective it became subjective. The question seemed suddenly to hook onto something inside, like a street-car gripping hold of a cable and beginning to move; the mind's eye of the young man appeared to be seized and swept inward. Presently without a word he resumed his writing.

It's a long way from here to the ending on page 340, and all concerned with the development of Dr. Queed and the conflict of his theories with their practical application. Didactic in theme, yet with romance and mystery so cleverly gathered about its unusual hero, who ate by the watch, lived by schedule and talked like a book, that it proved to be the biggest novel of that year.

It was moreover thoroughly American, its setting, its characters and above all its ideal of service for humanity. This principle ingrained in the very life of the Nation was at the time decried by certain carping critics as nothing more than a shallow American philosophy, but tested in the crucible of the world's need during the stormy days which followed was vindicated by deeds unexampled in the history of mankind. Thus the book not only proved

to have a message, but its instant recognition showed the people were ready to receive it.

Although *V. V.'s Eyes*, brought out two years later, is an altogether different kind of book from *Queed*, yet it has been pronounced "an abundantly worthy companion to the earlier novel." Its literary construction, elevation of spirit, and in some respects its portrayal of character, is even superior to *Queed*, though in a degree lacking the whimsical humor of the author's first success. Its artistic finish may in part be due to more leisurely treatment, as *Queed* was written entire in a little more than four months — in the author's own words — "from the first vague groping for ideas to the consignment of the manuscript to the express office."

V. V.'s Eyes is a tale of two houses, or rather the worlds they represent: The Dabney House and the House Heth — "One glittered upon the future, the other decayed into the past." They were but a scant mile apart, but between them yawned the Great Gulf — fixed, so it seemed. The special issue is how, through the chastening of the proud daughter of Heth and the sacrifice of V. Vivian, the lame Doctor of the Dabney House, the Great Gulf was bridged.

Both are admirable studies in their way, Carlisle Heth, with her fair face and aristocratic air, her mild cynicism and brilliant ambitions — this girl with "a certain induration of the spirit," and a readiness to resent all criticism of her father's factories, who had been taught that everything depended on money — occupies the center of the stage, but it is the unworldly Doctor Vivian, who believed that *everybody's good*, and who gave away

his belongings unheeding, that will be longest remembered. It was through his eyes, his self-effacement and his unwavering faith in humanity — as by a kind of transmutation — she eventually came to see and appreciate life's true values; to know that the soul, not riches, is man's priceless possession.

Hugo Canning is the other man chiefly concerned: of ample fortune and distinguished family; a man of dignity and pride of race — handsome, polished, a superior kind of man, as the world goes. This one with his lordly figure and fashionable clothes and the slum doctor, with his patched coat and prophetic gaze, whose face people sometimes turned to look at in the street, had met but once; yet they seem to have been pitted against each other from the beginning:

> They had entered her life in almost the same hour, two men so different that she had come to see them as full opposites. So entering together, they had both become involved with her in the first moral problem of her life, which also began in that hour. And upon that problem each had been called, in turn, to ring his metal. One the fine flower of her own world, with a high respect for that world's opinions and on the whole a low esteem of the worth of a woman, had found her completely satisfying as she was. The other a wanderer from some other planet, with his strange indifference to the world's values and his extraordinary hope of everything human, had been so passionately dissatisfied with her that he, a kind man surely, had broken out in speech that had left a scar upon her memory. And upon the stranger's shocking appraisement of her, there had, indeed, hung a tale.

And this is the tale that is told in some five hundred pages, with its plot gathered about a little puff of wind,

a misadventure in a sailing boat and the distorted reports that nothing could stop. Just a few words would have changed everything — but they were not spoken. So it is in life, and so in the story that began at the beach and ran to its tragic end.

Angela's Business (1915) is written in a lighter vein, but with evidently serious intent. It deals with what is termed the Modern Feminist Movement, though its theme has been a mooted question since the time of Mary Wollstonecraft, at least. The author here appears to strike a mean devoutly to be wished, between the egoistic doctrines of the Redmantle Club and the somewhat antiquated views of Angela Flower. The story has most to do with Charles King Garrott, author and Modern Woman Advocate, and his theories of her emancipation. His first novel, "Bondwomen," still going the rounds of various publishers when the story opens, seems to have been inspired by the example of his best friend, Mary Wing, an independent school teacher, but it is her young and pretty cousin, Angela Flower and her modest claim of being "just a daughter and sister" that modifies his views and gives a different slant to the career of the heroine in his second book.

Time and circumstance, however, disclose that under Angela's pretense of "womanliness and homekeeping," her real business, as the publishers' announcement says, was "that ancient one of getting herself married." Time also discloses that while Mary Wing, competent and self-reliant after all life's buffetings and disappointments, though rejecting man's management and protection, was not at all averse to his love and comradeship.

Captivating Mary Carstairs, published pseudonymously (1911), is Mr. Harrison's first long story — He insists upon calling it a " story," not a novel. As such it has little in common with the books already considered, its interest depending upon plot and adventure rather than the development of character.

Elbert Carstairs, of New York, clubman and social devotee, parted years ago from his wife, who with her young daughter has established a home at Hunston up the Hudson, is growing old and lonely in his big house. He sends two young New Yorkers with his steam yacht to capture his spirited daughter, who refuses to be separated from her mother, and bring her to the city. A local political campaign, a case of mistaken identity and other vicissitudes serve to complicate matters and the " captivating " does not turn out exactly according to program, but eventually to the satisfaction of those most interested.

There are a number of interesting people concerned, especially the charming heroine and big-hearted Peter Maginnis, who is not the hero. Coligny Smith, the *insouciant* editor of the Hunston *Gazette* awakens curiosity, and Mr. Higginson manages to maintain his incognito far better than Professor Nicolovius, the man of mystery in *Queed*. Of the various threads of complication the uncertain age of Mary Carstairs is, perhaps, the least convincing. On the whole there is swift action, not a few dramatic situations and a thrilling climax. What more could be desired in a " story."

While *Captivating Mary Carstairs* merits association with Mr. Harrison's books, it does not reach the high standard elsewhere attained especially in *V. V's Eyes*

and *Queed*. It is in the novel of life and character, in the human appeal, rather than in the story of plot and intrigue that he has reached his true *metier*. "Things happen," in the books mentioned, as it has been said, "but their stir is implied rather than depicted."

His characters are deftly and quaintly wrought; some of the lesser figures like Fifi Paynter in *Queed* and Kern Garland in *V. V.'s Eyes* have a Dickensesque touch, but in place of the English master's grotesqueness there is the genuine impress of life, true sentiment instead of sentimentality. The author's work is not absolved from realism, but it is a realism colored by an idealist's boundless faith in humanity.

There remains another offering of Mr. Harrison to be mentioned, a little classic of the great war, *When I Come Back* (1918). While in the nature of a memorial, this account of an American soldier — the author's brother — who was killed in action, has little to do with war-time ardors or military happenings. It is essentially a study of a rare and gifted spirit — the story of one who chose to remain inconspicuous, but whose courage and magnanimity rendered obscurity impossible.

A lawyer by profession, outside the probabilities of the draft, turned away by the life insurance companies, he volunteered as a soldier in the ranks. A man of brilliant intellect and scholarly inclinations — "One who read his Horace for pleasure, quiet evenings" — with a disposition gentle as a woman's, his deliberate choice was that of an artilleryman. His only justification for what his friends considered an enigmatic course was characteristic and simply stated:

"The Judge Advocate General's office doesn't need men. Well, I think the place to go is where they need you."

His story, based upon letters written from France, and fragrant with the memories of other days, is here told in a straightforward manner, with becoming reticence and a fine restraint. Free from all gloomy reflections, yet instinct with the sympathy of one who knew and loved him well, *When I Come Back* stands out as one of the most beautiful and touching tributes contributed to the vast literature of the World War:

> That reunion he spoke of was not to be in the flesh. But the principle which put forth the last full service, as a living plant blows one more blossom, easily disassociating itself from the wooden cross and the foreign field, stands mysteriously re-created; and the recognition of the familiar beauty stirs the heart, in very truth, like the springing welcome to a friend come home. All who have shared in these remeetings — and they are many now — have known themselves to stand in the presence of immortality.

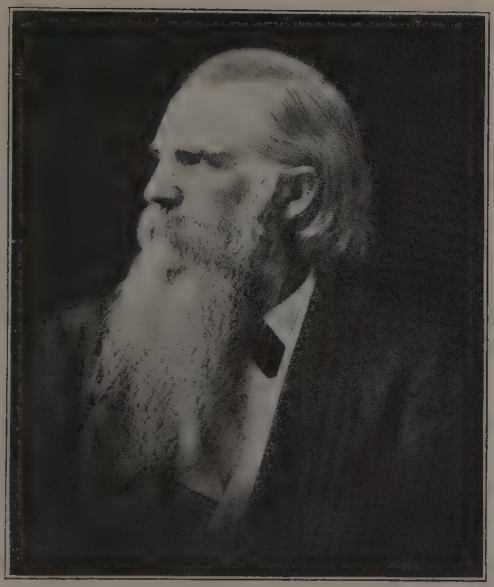
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Henry Sydnor Harrison, son of Dr. Caskie and Margaret Coleman (Sydnor) Harrison, was born at Sewanee, Tennessee, February 12, 1880. His father was Professor of Latin and Greek at the University of the South. Having resigned his position, he moved with his family in 1885 to Brooklyn, New York, where he founded the Brooklyn Latin School. Mr. Harrison attended his father's school from 1887–1896, and later at Columbia, receiving his A.B. degree in 1900, and A.M. in 1913. After his father's death he carried on the Brooklyn Latin School with signal success from 1900–1903. Tiring of the schoolmaster's profession he engaged in the

manufacture of bamboo chairs, a business in which he was not successful. Before finally closing it out he was invited in September, 1904, by John Stewart Bryan of the Richmond (Virginia) *Times-Dispatch* to join the staff of that paper as a book reviewer. He was next set to paragraphing and rhyming, and then to writing editorials. In a year or two his terse comments and well-turned rhymes had won him a national reputation as a columnist. On the reorganization of the staff in 1908 he was made chief editorial writer. From this position he resigned in March, 1909, to follow the gleam that had been luring him on. His family in the meantime had removed to Charleston, West Virginia, and he joined them there, giving his entire attention to writing the novel that was to make him famous. *Queed* was followed by *V. V.'s Eyes* and *Angela's Business*, and *Captivating Mary Carstairs* was rewritten. His literary work was interrupted by the World War, and he was with the American Ambulance in France from March–June, 1915, and was commissioned a lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force, 1917. Prior to becoming a novelist he had written a number of short-stories, the first of which was sold to the "New York Herald." Others were published in magazines including "Harpers," and one was awarded a prize in which fifteen thousand manuscripts were submitted. But it is the novel rather than the short-story that he has chosen as his medium for the interpretation of life.

His books are:

Queed, 1911; *Captivating Mary Carstairs* (Pseudonymously) 1911; *V. V.'s Eyes*, 1913; *Angela's Business*, 1915; *When I Come Back*, 1919; *Saint Teresa*, 1922.



W. K. Bendelari, Jus.

Chapter XIV

A DISCIPLE OF ELIA

A RENEWED interest, bearing promise of a renaissance, has been lately manifest in what is often deplored as the lost art of essay writing. Not that this form of literary expression has ever become extinct; there have always been essayists, at least since the days of Montaigne. No doubt others before him might have

claimed the title. Bacon, who borrowed the name from him, and who was the first to employ it in our mother tongue, assures us that "the word is late, but the thing is ancient." And to this versatile Elizabethan we are indebted for giving it direction and modernization. His initiative was continued and perfected by such worthy exemplars as Addison, Lamb and De Quincey, but since their time its slight, suggestive form has been stretched to accommodate all manner of treatise and disquisition till it has lost much of its significance and popularity, to say nothing of its fine flavor and sprightliness. After all, it is the content rather than the form that gives the essay its highest distinction — its freshness, spontaneity and intimate touch rather than its sententiousness, discursiveness and informal quality. Aside from personality, it is to the insight and mood of the essayist, as in the poet, we are indebted for its greatest charm.

This fragrant exotic flourished for a season along the New England coast, where occasional specimens may still be found, but it is one of the rarest flowers in this mountain field, whose choicest acres for the most part have lain fallow. There was one, had not his vocation led him in other ways, whose cultured hand might have coaxed its fragile fiber into leafage and flowering. It has been regretted that the urge of a busy life hindered William Kimbrough Pendleton from wandering farther in the pleasant paths of literature. He was a ready and graceful writer, with a critical appreciation of the good work of others, but it may have been that with his generous endowment along other lines, he failed to recognize the measure of this added gift within him.

He was fortunate in his ancestry; of good old Virginia stock reaching back to pre-Revolutionary days. His father, Colonel Edmund Pendleton, was the grandson of John Pendleton, whose brother Judge Edmund Pendleton was a member of the House of Burgesses and of the first Continental Congress. His mother, Unity Young Kimbrough, was a woman noted for her amiability and refinement. His youth was spent in a home of exceptional culture and amid scenes of rural beauty. His fine native ability, nurtured and developed by classical and legal training gave him preëminence in various callings and prestige on many critical occasions in life. He was graduated at the University of Virginia in 1839, and for a speech made in debate while serving as a member of the West Virginia Constitutional Convention in 1872, his position being confirmed by the United States Supreme Court, and for other reasons, he was awarded the degree of "Doctor of Laws" by the University of Pennsylvania.

All his years were filled with labor, and he touched life at many points. Besides his duties as college professor and president, preacher and state school superintendent, he wrote articles on education, religious editorials, various papers and addresses, but left no books or formal records of the nature above indicated. It is in the excerpts from letters quoted by his biographer — letters written probably without a thought of preservation, as well as in his more carefully prepared productions, that we have the evidence of what might have been, and the need of salvaging from obscurity what may remain.

The letter, when we come to think of it, is not a thing

apart but closely affilliated with the essay. It is said that Steele by a happy instinct seized on letter-writing and conversation as the two molds to which the essay must adapt itself. Professor Richard Burton says, "The letter as a literary form, offers an interesting line of side inquiry in connection with the essay; it has influenced that form without doubt, is in a sense contributory to it." Bacon himself has pointed out their interrelation: "Seneca's epistles to Lucilius," he tells us, "if one marks them well, are but essays, that is dispersed meditations though conveyed in the form of epistles." This kinship may be traced in the matchless letters of Madame de Sévigné, the less clever collection of the Earl of Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, and in these latter days in the delightful correspondence of Robert Louis Stevenson, Arthur Christopher Benson, and our own Walter H. Page.

With this in mind, we may not be judged as going too far afield in thus calling attention to this neglected side of one not only distinguished as an educator, but who was prominently identified with the early history of our commonwealth. His letters reflect his life and relations with his friends and family, as well as his multifarious concerns, both public and private. While burdened with arduous and exacting duties, the finer things of the spirit were never forgotten. There is that deep-toned note of introspection, that sympathetic admiration of the beautiful in nature and humanity, that vision which only comes with the larger knowledge of the worth and meaning of life.

Passing over the more confidential and touching mis-

sives in time of trouble, a passage may be cited from a letter to Mrs. Pendleton, at Bath Alum Springs, in the summer of 1857:

I went out this evening to see if there were any new flowers out to greet you in your mountain seclusion, but found none, only the old ones looked sweeter than ever. It is so, I said to myself, of all true beauty, material or spiritual. It is a joy forever if the heart that looks upon it be in sympathy with loveliness. It is especially so, I said with the one we love. Memory is like a sweet twilight, throwing its rosy colors over everything we look at in her, and blending light and shade so deftly that both are lost in the beauty they kindle around her.

My feelings toward you are neither new nor old. Immortals, you know, have neither youth nor age — the same yesterday, to-day and forever — they seem never to have been born, but only to have awakened from "a sleep and a forgetting" to revive affections which are and have been eternal. You will perhaps say that this is metaphysical, but you will know by the responses of your own heart that it is most delightfully true.

Here is a paragraph in a lighter vein, written in the autumn of the following year:

To-night Donati's comet was to have made her most gracious sweep to the earth, but we shall not see her. She is truly coy to shake her crinoline at so respectful a distance as fifty-two millions of miles, and then curve away again as if she would have us follow her into some retired haunts of the outer void. But our good mother is not given to running after loose company. She is a staid old matron, walking her household rounds very composedly, and dressing herself according to the season with very considerable chasteness, and we think in great good taste. Just now she is getting on her fall wrappings, and methink they were never more beau-

tiful. But, then, she is under so bad a light this evening that she does not show to advantage, and I have just in sheer politeness turned away from looking at her.

In the following may be noticed the difference in mood, the transition from the fanciful conceit and airy pleasantry to the beautiful and sublime. Written in the golden days of October, it reaches a plane in keeping with the subject, a spirit of exaltation rarely attained save by nature's most faithful interpreters:

Truly the earth and the heavens are filled with glory. Blended crimson and gold and green are smiling on the hilltops and glancing their tremulous tints from every sunny slope, and the College bell is swinging in sacred harmony in the new chapel spire, and the hum of busy, bustling students is abroad once more, and joy itself seems out on holiday. Nature is a great teacher. A sweeter singer than David is she to many a soul-sick Saul, if they would but listen to her harmony.

Night before last we read that while the Lord sat upon a throne, high and lifted up, and filled the temple with his train, one seraph cried unto another, and said, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory!" and the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. I never saw this sublime vision in the light in which it recurs to me to-day. That seraph's voice seems pealing through the wide temple of the universe, and his glory in trailing clouds is filling everything. A haze of Indian summer and the trembling air, standing like posts to the portals of the distant sky, echo the sound, and nature's temple is full of praise. The pious heart strives to join, and sighs for the touch of the live coal from the altar that its lips may be hallowed for the chorus.

His fertile imagination and linguistic skill enabled

President Pendleton to present the most abstruse and learned questions in an attractive form and with the contemplative interest of the real essayist. In considering and illustrating the distinction between knowledge and power, a favorite theme for discussion in those days, he deplores the overloading of the mind with learning instead of the development and cultivation of the intellect:

Much of what we call education, and for which we labor and toil so much, is a positive injury to the mind; and this because it prevents the growth and development of its *power*, or perchance, oppresses and weakens it. It will, of course, be noted throughout that I mean by "*power*," the combining, originating, creating energy of the mind. The conditions of the growth of anything are determined by its own nature, and we have abundant examples in vegetable physiology of the development of one part being made at the expense or to the prevention of another. The analogy is complete; it is precisely so with the mind. Now, the conditions of the development of mental power are thinking, studying, reasoning, and this for ourselves, not after another. But this requires time, abstraction and deep meditation, while these again demand solitude. We must go out in the evening, like Isaac to meditate, and then will thoughts, beautiful and lovely as Rebecca, come as upon troops of camels, to meet us — pure thoughts, and in bridal array, coming to marry themselves to the soul, and fill it with immortal love. But these are of the reason. They will not come while we are busy with the mechanism of logic, or trotting in the leading strings of pedagogues, "be-school-mastered, be-tutored, be-lectured, anything but educated; receiving arms and ammunition instead of skill, strength and courage; being varnished rather than polished; perilously over-civilized and most pitiably uncultivated!" Reason's ray is the light of all our seeing, but it comes not through the mist of the world. We must seek

it upon the heights of contemplation. There it will meet us and make all things clear.

Here is

"Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hushed,
And the heart listens."

This in consideration of a subject where too often naught may be expected but jejune theory and endless terminology. Not that he would have anything omitted, anything neglected in the regular college course. He would have these studies pursued, not as ultimate ends, not in and for themselves, but as means and instruments to work the way to true greatness:

You may have them all — gorge yourselves with them till you become full-grown, plump and pampered book-worms, and the man of *power*, who like our own Franklin, has barely tasted them, will laugh at you, as mere bustling aldermen in the empire of thought, sweep by you with imperial contempt, and leave you, like any other grub, to batten on the refuse of others.

One more paragraph along this line of education:

Pythagoras, when he had come back from his travels, and was asked by the multitudes who hung upon his eloquence what they would call him, replied, modestly, "Philosopher" — not a *wise* one, but *a lover of wisdom*. Protagoras and others were not content with so unpretending a title. They would be called Sophists, Wisdom-mongers, just as we say fish-mongers, as if wisdom could be bought and sold in the market-place like hams or herrings! Their distinctive character, if we may trust Plato rather than Webster, was to huckster wisdom. No wonder that on so foolish a mission they in a little while became mere babblers of nonsense. They soon received as they deserved the contempt of mankind. The

School of the Sophists is no more, but the race of wisdom-mongers is not altogether extinct. You shall not stray through many stalls in the market till you are met by "Proverbial Philosophy" — hung up for sale. Wisdom, assorted and put up in broken doses to suit all appetites and all diseases! I charge you, buy it not, thinking it will make you wise! Wisdom must be dug out of your own hearts. Words have no wisdom in them to you till you have *felt* them. Only that is truly yours which is born of you.

He was a true lover of books notwithstanding his unsparing criticism of the ends they were made to subserve. Quick to seize upon the essential qualities of an author, he was equally able to present them in the most luminous and comprehensive terms. He pays the accompanying tribute to St. Paul as a writer:

"Things hard to be understood," he had to write about; and look at his eloquence, his logic, his dialectics! Study his style — perspicuity, energy, elegance — all the grand essentials of a great and accomplished writer shine and burn and glitter through his immortal sentences. He bears you on like a mighty river — deep, yet pelucid to its bottom — resistless in its strength and beautiful in every turn and ripple of its current.

As an example of his more formal manner an editorial in the "Harbinger" on the death of President Lincoln reflects the awful shock and tense feeling of that time:

Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States, is dead! Suddenly and without a moment's warning, he has fallen by the hand of an assassin! The morning of the 14th of April, 1865, rose upon him full of hope; and all that anxious day his head and his heart were busy and strong in what he fondly thought would bring speedy peace and rest to our disturbed and weary people; and the evening found

him amid the gay and joyous throng of hearts beating free with a sense of mighty national agonies endured and ended, and lending the welcome of his presence to the happy signs of returning peace. But in a moment how all is changed! The deadly bullet enters the brain, so busy with the future fate of this mighty nation, and it is paralyzed forever! Soon the heart grows still, and the man of all eyes— for whose words thirty millions of people were waiting in hushed breath and with fondest hope — whose single mind held the secrets that nations were trembling to hear, and upon whose fiat the fortunes of agriculture and manufactures and commerce and even civil liberty seem to hang, — he from whose lips we were waiting to hear the potent spell of peace sound over the troubled waves of our stormy sea, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, lies dead, and powerless to speak to us for good or for ill — as though he had never been. He is dead and another ruleth in his stead. If there be any events in which Providence seems to challenge the world to serious and awful consideration, surely this is one of them. For the last four years, who can have occupied so much of public attention as the man who, as President of the United States, stood forth, the representative of the mightiest military power on earth, in a storm of revolutionary conflict that seemed at times destined not only to drift the Christian world into war, but to engulf in irremedial ruin the very temple of our political liberty. And now, just as this long and anxious struggle seemed about to terminate, and we were looking for the answer of light and peace upon the face of this oracle of all the national wisdom in the cabinet and victory in the field, to see it suddenly grow dark under the bloody hand of the assassin, and veiled forever in the night of a violent and untimely death, — the heads of nations must shudder under the shock of the awful disappointment, — and turn in their perplexity to God for wisdom and strength to read and bear the calamity of His providence aright.

While still a young man, in his twenty-ninth year, he

was advised on account of ill health to take an ocean voyage. Acting on this advice he sailed from Halifax for England July 20, 1846. The following excerpt is taken from his story of this voyage. With a little less animation and a little more leisureliness it might easily be mistaken for a selection from Irving:

It was on the morning of the 30th of July that the spires of Liverpool first came into view. We had been for more than twenty-four hours wading through the British Channel, with the rugged and dangerous coast of Ireland, for the most part, in view; and now we had entered the Mersey and were bearing fast upon the mother both of merchantmen and men-of-war. Wales had been left behind us on the right, and we were already almost in the bosom of England. The banks of the Mersey looked green and cheerful in the bright sun, with which we were almost miraculously favored, and the hand of cultivation and art showed itself everywhere in the beautiful embellishments of the coast. All our company were up on deck, arrayed in their best holiday suits, as if to be in keeping with the neatness and freshness ashore; and many, like ourselves, looking with the curiosity of a first sight upon everything connected with this our much heard of, but never before seen, mother. Small steamers were plying hither and thither, in every direction, crowded with living masses of human beings, and dashing athwart each other's paths with a lightness and ease scarcely to be fancied; whilst all alongside and before us, stretched in one dense and leafless forest, lay the vessels of every clime and nation on earth, with their sails all motionless and furled, and their colors flapping lazily in the sleepy breeze that just lifted them from their fastenings. The deep and deafening tones of welcoming cannon thundered in our ears, trembled upon the wave, and then rolling back over the merry plains of England, were lost in the more cheering shouts of the multitudes around. Salute after salute, shout after shout, from

shore to vessel and vessel to shore again, rose and died upon the air, till nearer and nearer familiar hands were clasping, long separated hearts embracing, and our vessel was in port.

Some parts of the account show the reflective character that distinguished his work in after years. His mind was cast in a metaphysical mould, his writing occasionally showing the idealistic philosophy of Coleridge, who was one of his favorite authors. He was an accomplished linguist. One who knew him said, "He read Latin as he read English and wrote it, too, with ease; and at a time when Greek texts were fiercely contested by the best scholars, he was in the front rank!" His style is marked by clearness and vigor, a grace and glow of expression that comes from classical culture and the accurate choice and true appreciation of the worth of words. So far as may be gathered, his conception of literature may be summed up in that stanza of Emerson's:

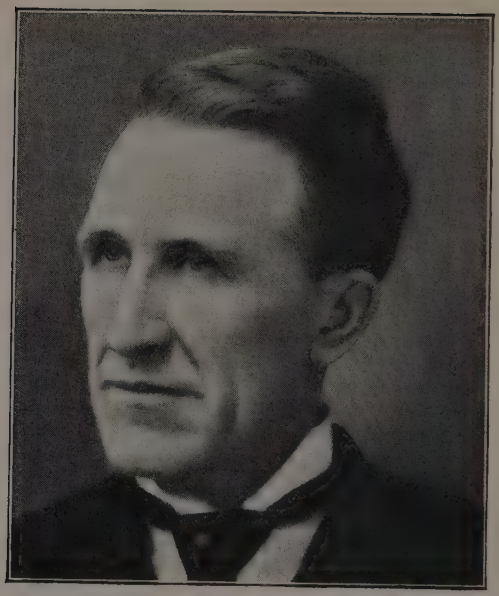
> That you are fair or wise is vain,
> Or strong, or rich, or generous;
> You must add the untaught strain
> That sheds beauty on the rose.

He touched nothing he did not adorn, whether the chemical transformation of a drop of water, the dream-life of childhood, or the immortality of the soul. His life was filled with unremitting labor, with noble deeds and high ideals. In the work he left may be found a message of cheer, of hope and inspiration.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

William Kimbrough Pendleton, son of Edmund and Unity Young (Kimbrough) Pendleton, was born at Yancyville, Va., September 8, 1817. He was sent to a private school

at the age of thirteen, and after the second session his studies were pursued in classical academies until he entered the University of Virginia in 1836. During his last session in 1838–1839 he studied law only, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. In October of that year he married Lavinia Campbell, daughter of Alexander Campbell, who died May 29, 1846. He was elected Professor of Natural Philosophy in Bethany College in the fall of 1841, and chosen Vice-President in 1846. During the summer of that year he made a voyage to England. He married Clarinda Campbell in July 1848, who died in January 1851. Catherine Huntington King, daughter of Judge Leicester King, of Warren, O., became his third wife, September 19, 1855. He was nominated by the Whig party as a congressional candidate in 1855, but was defeated although by a greatly reduced majority. During 1859 he supervised the erection of the new College building, which rose from the ashes of its predecessor, and which was carried to completion during the strenuous days of the Civil War. In 1865 he became editor of the "Millennial Harbinger," and in 1866 he was elected President of Bethany College. He served as a senatorial representative in the West Virginia Constitutional Convention in 1872. Appointed by Governor Jacob to fill the unexpired term — Jan. 1st to March 4, 1873 — of Charles S. Lewis as State Superintendent of Schools, he not only made a report of that Department, during those three months, but framed a school law for the State, which was adopted by the Legislature as it came from his hand. His successor, B. W. Byrne, had been elected before he was appointed, but in 1876 he was elected to the office and served four years. On account of age and ill health he resigned as President of Bethany College in 1884, but his resignation was not accepted until two years later. In 1886 he bought some orange groves in Florida and built a home at Eustis in that state. In June, 1899, he returned to Bethany for the last time, and in the sunny days of September, full of years and honors, he was laid to rest near the scene of his greatest achievement.



P. B. Reynolds.

Chapter XV

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

BUNYAN in *Pilgrim's Progress* describes a resting place on the Pilgrim's journey called the Interpreter's House, where he tarries for a season, reviews the adventures he has encountered on the way, and is instructed in the things pertaining to his strenuous wayfaring.

It is likewise a rare experience in our bookland pil-

grimage when we reach some tranquil station where we may contemplate the way we have come, catch a glimpse beyond, and where we may find one who by reason of his understanding may instruct us in the various relations of literature and life; who comprehends the significance of character and personality; who has a penetrative conception of social problems and ethical values; whose view of life is steady and whose vision is clear. Such an interpreter is Dr. Powell Benton Reynolds.

Doctor Reynolds like President Pendleton was a minister and educator, having served as President of both Shelton College and Buckner. While not the actual head of West Virginia University, he served as Acting President of the institution with which he was for a quarter of a century identified as one of its most valued faculty members. He, too, was a man of exemplary character, of high ideals and beautiful life. He was deeply beloved, and esteemed the seer and philosopher of the University faculty — " the local Emerson, with whose mind and spirit and physical traits he had many things in common." Like Pendleton, he left no books; his literary work finding only occasional expression in the pages of educational journals.

As an essayist, he is of the more modern type, of whom Macaulay, Ruskin and Lowell may be considered representative. His work shows no " loose sally of the mind," as characterized by Dr. Johnson; no " notebook jottings " of Bacon; no informality or discursiveness. On the contrary, it is orderly, coherent, invariably marked by clearness of conception and intellectual vigor of treatment.

The modern kind of essay may be as dry as a thornbush in a desert, or it may be a fountain of cheer, a joy, an inspiration. Doctor Reynolds' discourses partake of the latter quality. They are incentives to higher endeavor and more complete living. His characteristics as an author may be determined by *Some Gospel According to Latter-Day Prophets*, a series of articles in which he considers some of the teachings of certain American and British authors of the nineteenth century and their application to personal problems under present day conditions.

His method of treatment is unique and in keeping with the title. While generally conforming to homiletical requirement, his dissertations are really essays rather than homilies, and are moreover admirable of their kind. His method in its more formal aspect is illustrated in his consideration of a text taken from Tennyson — a line from *Ulysses*. By way of introduction he hastily sketches the life of the old king, his varied experience, his travels, his ruling and battling. From his intercourse with the world, his contact with life, he arrives at a truth well worthy of consideration: "I am a part of all that I have met."

"The text," it is stated, "is susceptible of two or three interpretations, each one giving truth, whether expressing the special thought of the author or not, and all together setting forth, in its several aspects, one of the fundamental laws of life and the social order." The proposition then follows under three heads: "It may mean that the king has discovered, or recognizes the fact of social solidarity"; that "Each individual is essential to

the existence and integrity of the system of which he is a part to the fulfillment of its purpose." This is dealt with in some 570 words.

Again, " It may mean that the king has discovered, or recognizes the law of personal influence, namely: That every one impresses, modifies, affects the character and life of every one else; works himself into the life of his fellow man, according to, and in proportion to, the character and strength of his own personality and the aggressiveness and potency of his activities, thus becoming a part of all he meets." This is also dealt with at some length.

Finally, " The common interpretation, and most probably that one that gives the thought in the prophet's mind, is that it means that the king has become a part of all that he has met, because all that he has met has become a part of him." The biological law that every personality, and so the life determined by the personality is, in its completed form, the product of its environment, — is a fundamental law of the social order." And so we arrive at the conclusion: " The surroundings afford the experience. The experience molds the personality. To determine the experience, and so the personality and life, determine the surroundings, so far as care and effort can determine them."

There are eight authors considered in this expository series. Three papers are devoted to Carlyle, who comes in for the greatest share of attention for the reason, as the writer states, that " No modern prophet has preached a more practical or important gospel, or has said, especially upon social, moral and religious topics, more

pointed, pregnant and pertinent things in brief and forcible sentences that may be taken as the foundation for such discourses as this."

For the first, he selects a quotation from *Past and Present*, "*Il faut payer de sa vie*," in plain English, "one must pay with his life." Without accepting Carlyle's view that high rank, preëminent social standing and political power are purposely conferred by society on the privileged class that they may devote themselves to the service and welfare of the people, that these advantages create the obligation to pay with one's life, he holds that the service is due, the debt just and inescapable, whatever the advantages are and howsoever they are acquired:

> Each must pay with his life. The debt is due according to the advantages enjoyed. The kind of payment required is as the kind of benefits received. The amount of payment required is as the amount of the benefits. To whom much is given, of him much is required. It is required according to that a man hath. Account must be rendered to the uttermost farthing. We must pay for bodily health and strength and intellectual ability in such service as such endowments fit us for, and in proportion to the degree of these endowments. So for wealth. So for culture. So for social position and influence.

He further maintains that we must pay with our life, not only in rendering service, but also for hiding our talents, or for their misuse, and closes as follows:

> "Il faut payer de sa vie." This is not dogmatism. This is not visionary and impracticable. Nothing is more reasonable, more just, more efficacious, more profitable, more imperative, more verifiable. It is a fundamental law of the social order. Every one must render the equivalent of what

he receives. For this he has received it. And the equivalent is the life as it is, or may become, because of what it has received.

He next deals with one of Carlyle's cardinal tenets, his gospel of work. Carlyle distrusted humanity. He had no faith in democracy, but in his consideration of labor he manifested rare judgment of one of the biggest problems that confronts the modern world. Like certain choice spirits of old, he had a mind to work, and likewise prescribed work for others as an antidote for all human ills, the *summum bonum*, life itself.

From Book III of *Past and Present*, Dr. Reynolds selects a typical saying, " The latest gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it." He reasons with Carlyle that the real workers are not only entitled to the credit for the existence, but for the preservation and advancement of civilization. In short his thesis is that " Civilization is wholly the product of work."

Its earliest rudest beginnings cost the primitive savage hard work. All the development from these rude beginnings to the highest stages yet reached, has come by work. Work has produced the elegant and comfortable homes of civilized men from the hut and bare cabin of the savage; the great modern city from the primitive village; broad tilled fields, yielding great harvests, from the dense forest, the jungle, the swamp and the desert; populous, wealthy and powerful nations from naked, roaming hordes of savages. It has established governments, created great industries and world-wide commerce, built up systems of education, jurisprudence and religion. By work have grown up languages and literature, arts and sciences — everything that distinguishes civilization from savagery, in all the stages through which it has

passed and degrees of approximation to the ideal it has yet reached. Work has done it all. And all progress yet to be made, in bringing the lower up to the level of the higher, and in carrying the higher — the highest yet achieved — to still greater heights, must be accomplished by work.

He shows that work produces things which in turn become instruments for doing more and better work; that it develops the worker in body, mind and soul, thus fitting him for more and better work. So that civilization whether measured by the products of work or the attainments of the workers, or by both, is all the result of work: "Civilization is wholly the product of work — of all varieties of work — work done by 'sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms — up to that 'Agony of bloody sweat,' which all men have called divine.'"

From these considerations logically follow Carlyle's key-note affirmations: "All work, even cotton-spinning, is noble; work is alone noble." "All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness." Considering the nobleness and sacredness of work, it follows that there is also blessedness in work: "Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask for no other blessedness." These principles are also elucidated.

There remains another tenet, Carlyle's favorite doctrine of heroism, which is interpreted with the worker in the rôle of hero: "When it is fully realized that civilization is wholly the product of work, the worker, whoever

he be, and whatever his work, will hold the place of honor, and the idler, whoever he be, and whatever his possessions and attainments, will be without praise."

Nowhere is manifested deeper penetration, fuller comprehension and exegetical qualification than in the discourse on Carlyle's strange and satirical book, *Sartor Resartus*, from which is taken this thematic utterance: "Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name!"

After interpreting Carlyle's aphorism as set forth in *Sartor* our essayist shows that the social order depends upon the producer. He must contribute his part for the preservation and improvement of the social order, give what is in him to the triumph of cosmos over chaos:

> You must occupy one of several relations. You may be a producer. You may create the wealth you consume, or produce, in the form of commodities or services, or both, a just equivalent for it. Or you may be a protégé — a parasite — a beggar — tramp — loafer —. Or you may be a plunderer. By robbery, theft, fraud, cheating, deceit, you may get a living out of what belongs to others without their consent; and without giving any equivalent. Many get their living, even get enormously rich, by getting hold of the earnings of others by sharp trading. This is called "good business," and he who is successful at it, not only retains his respectability, but is applauded for it. But he is a non-producer, and every cent thus got was made by somebody else. Or, finally, you may be a pseudo-producer, a pure speculator, or one who lives upon the "unearned increment" — the wealth that is made for him by the community without any help from him, or return from him. You may live exceedingly well thus, but you are, nevertheless, in the ranks of

the non-producers. In all these economic relations, except the first, you are a non-producer, and have your wants supplied by the wealth created by those who are producers.

According to any true view of justice and honor, no one who can produce has a right to possession, to use, who does not produce the wealth, or its equivalent; and it is dishonorable for those who can produce to live off the productions of others without compensation. Humanity requires that the wants of those unable to produce shall be supplied by those who are able to produce; and the interests of society are served, and the real social order promoted, by providing the necessary living for those, who for any reason, are incapable of sufficient production. Carrying even those who are non-producers from necessity, is a heavy burden upon the workers; and to have to provide for those who can produce and will not, is unjust and intolerable.

He takes the high ground, that as one owes whatever means he may possess to the benefits conferred by the social system in which he lives, he should not only produce to the extent of his ability, but with a view to the public good as well as his own, and even with a view to the public good when his own is not directly served by it. One step further:

"Really, all he has beyond the needed supply for rational wants and all that he can do beyond providing this supply, should be devoted to the benefit of the public. It is only in this way that he can be a producer in the sense in which he ought to be. This applies to all his wealth, talents, opportunities and influence. . . . This is to be done in God's name. It is to bring the high and holy sanction of religion to the support of true production.

Not only does he find this gospel of work proclaimed in the social economy of Carlyle and Ruskin, but he hears

it chanted by the poets from Milton down to Frances Sargent Osgood. It is Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who strikes a new and higher note in this pæan to labor:

> . . . "Get leave to work
> In this world — 'tis the best you get
> at all."

He admits that this is a hard saying, "The truth of the proposition that work, in itself, is the best that can be gotten at all, that it is better than what is worked for, or even that it is good and not evil, depends upon certain definitions, qualifications, limitations and conditions." A paragraph or two from the body of his argument makes its meaning plain and worthy of acceptation:

Work is exercise, exertion, of body and mind to accomplish some object. Exercise, exertion, for the sake of the exercise, or exertion, is play. If work is fit, normal; if it gives exercise of body, mind and heart needed for health and growth; if it does not overtax any organ or faculty, and does not leave any organ or faculty without proper exercise; if it does not require too much exertion by some organs and faculties and not enough of other organs and faculties; if it is suited to the endowments, capabilities, strength, of the worker; if it is worthy of human beings; if it is carried on under healthful and safe conditions and pure social surroundings; if it gives time for rest and needed recuperation, and for other pursuits that are required for the welfare of the worker; then it is healthful, beneficial, indispensable, and is *per se* a blessing, aside from its products. It is truly educative.

If work is a curse and not a blessing, it is because of bad allotment, bad application, or bad adjustment, or of all of these. One of the most pressing and difficult labor problems is to provide that all work shall fulfill the above conditions. This problem must be solved, in order to keep work from

being a damage to and the ruin of the personality of the worker — to keep it from being degrading and destructive of his manhood — to make it elevating and a means and instrumentality of personal perfection. When this is done, work, in itself, will indeed be a great blessing to the worker, besides conserving and improving the workers of the world, and increasing their efficiency and productiveness, as well as securing their own greatest happiness.

He contends that if work falls short of these requirements, it is better than idleness, for one thing because employment keeps from intellectual degeneracy and also from actual vice; further that work should not be wasteful, but constructive; that it should not be irksome, but suited to one's talents and capabilities: "When all things are considered, when all the necessary qualifications are made, and all the limitations to which the text is subjected are understood, it may be accepted as good gospel."

Naturally the inclination of the author of *Some Gospel According to Latter-Day Prophets* is toward the things with which his life work has been chiefly concerned, to matters of education, the development of personality, the upbuilding of character. His conception of character appears to be in agreement with the tenets of the Philosopher of Concord, from whom he selects a text, brief but burdened with meaning, "Character is nature in the highest form." He conceives Emerson's idea of character to be "A natural, inherent force in the person . . . that gives stability and power to personality, and is the principle of all his action;" that "It is what he is . . . the product of his make-up."

He admits that the elements of the make-up are not

purely natural, but partly acquired; yet the natural character is the determining factor and form; "The natural character will determine the type of the actual character and fix limits beyond which it cannot go." Again, "We have nature in the inorganic, a form. Then we have nature in the organic, a higher form. Then we have nature in personality, a still higher form. Then we have nature in character — moral character — the highest form."

According to the text and its interpretation, nature is the increasing purpose that runs through all, dominates all. It is a fascinating theory, especially as presented here, a pæan that philosopher and poet have ever paid to nature. But is there no rift in the lute? Is personality "the product of nature's laboratory?" Has not man been given dominion over nature? Does not personality transcend nature? Natural laws are subject to the human will. Nature's procedures are the servants of human intelligence. It may be contended that this is only true in the narrower sense, nature as dealt with by the physicists. What about that of the philosophers and poets, as set forth here? Dr. Fairbairn, English divine and educator, has formulated a sufficient answer: "What nature, so understood, does, God does; and its products or achievements must be interpreted, not through our idea of nature, but through our idea of God."

It may be noted that the business in hand is not so much concerned with the doctrines under consideration as with the manner of their presentation, but the attempt to square the transcendental philosophy of Emerson and especially his naturalism, in which is echoed the panthe-

ism of Spinoza, with the teachings of Christianity, is not a happy undertaking. This seems to be the feeling in summing up, which is resolved into a series of debatable affirmations instead of the usual satisfying and unassailable conclusion:

"Character is nature in the highest form." This is not an atheistic gospel. It does not deny, but recognizes the personal authorship, maintenance and administration of the order of things. It is not a materialistic gospel. It does not deny, but recognizes, the reality of what is denominated a spiritual order of things, holding, however, that the so-called spiritual order is but a phase of the real order, and that it is as much of a natural order as the material order so-called. It is not an anti-christian or an unchristian gospel. It will be found to be in perfect harmony with the teachings of the Founder of Christianity — that it is indeed the logical interpretation and application of these teachings. Nature is the revelation of the plan and purpose of its Author, and this plan and these purposes must be perfect — the measure of all excellence. We must go back to this revelation to test the truth and merits of all philosophies, gospels and other revelations.

In another essay he considers character from the standpoint of Ruskin's dictum: "The entire object of true education is to make people not merely DO the right things, but ENJOY the right things." He explains that "The ability to do the right things — to be moral — depends upon the moral faculty. This faculty is not simple but compound. It is composed of several elements. Each element is essential to the integrity and the efficiency of the faculty. The total absence of any element destroys the faculty. The imperfection or impairment of

any element weakens the faculty. If any, or all, these elements can be developed and improved, this is moral education."

He analyzes the moral faculty and defines the elements of which it is composed: moral consciousness, intelligence, or reason, conscience, will. The last element of the moral faculty to be noticed is called moral taste, which he defines as, " The capacity for receiving satisfaction from the right things and for suffering dissatisfaction from the wrong things. If one enjoys doing the right things because they are right, he has moral taste. If he enjoys doing wrong things, in spite of the fact that he knows they are wrong, he lacks moral taste:

> Here is the real problem of moral education. Can moral taste, as here defined, be created, or cultivated, by any process of education? If not, there is really no such thing as moral education. For moral taste is the heart of moral character, without which moral character cannot exist. Wickedness does not consist in doing hurtful things, but intending to do them, and the intention grows out of the liking for them. Righteousness does not consist in doing the helpful things, but in intending to do them, and the intention grows out of the taste for them. To like bad things is to have a bad moral character, and to like good things is to have a good moral character.

He reasons that from the original nature and experience of people, their desires and satisfactions, that they not only can be educated to enjoy the right things; that the apprehension of such ideals can be developed and strengthened; that the cultivation of sound moral taste is not only entirely practicable, but there is urgent need for such moral education, and that an adequate educa-

tional system must provide for the cultivation of moral taste.

While making no pretense of mysticism, Dr. Reynolds shows rare insight in interpreting the enigmatic sayings of spokesmen sometimes hard to understand. He makes sure that the terms under consideration, if obscure or ambiguous, are fully comprehended. Take the statement of John Burroughs: "We can gain a lot of facts, such as they are, but we may lose our own souls."

He points out that the author does not employ the term soul in the theological sense, "But he means the finer and the higher human nature, especially perhaps, that which enables one to see the poetry and beauty in the natural world and gives a feeling of kinship that begets sympathy with the love for nature's sake. . . . This may, through too great devotion to science and reliance upon it, be neglected, subordinated, lost sight of, till it starves and atrophies and so is lost, the soul is lost."

He contrasts the functions of the intellect and the soul:

"The intellect sees facts — phenomena and relations. The soul sees worth — the essential, intrinsic value of things. It sees, feels, apprehends truth, justice, purity, piety, charity, goodness, beauty — moral beauty — duty, holiness — these and all higher things. As this vision is unclouded, and it sees these things perfectly, it is itself perfect. When the vision is lost, the soul is lost."

He demonstrates that the knowledge of facts is not an end in itself, not the supreme thing; that the true end is the culture, development, perfection of the soul; that herein we realize the total inadequacy of what is called scientific education to fit and equip us for the mission and

destiny indicated by the nature and possibilities of our souls:

> Our courses of study and systems of instruction are fatally deficient, if they leave out provision for soul education, the really higher education. Somewhere and somehow, the ideals, aspirations, valuations, satisfactions, sympathies, affections, loyalty and morality that are our higher and finer nature must be strengthened and perfected. In the home, in the school, in the church, in the associations and activities of life, the soul must be quickened and its vision clarified till it can see clearly — and when it so sees, it will love truth, justice, purity, charity, beauty, duty, holiness — all that is highest and best. Otherwise, no matter how many facts are gained, our souls will be lost.

Something like this is found in a thesis developed from his consideration of the opening lines of one of Wordsworth's early sonnets:

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

The last paragraph of the essay follows:

> Along with the education that fits for business, with which every one should be equipped, if possible, to the extent of rendering him able to produce, or provide himself with, enough wealth to satisfy his own wants, and even a surplus for helping others, should go that education that gives the knowledge of, and cultivates the taste for, the better things. Any proper view of life, or proper estimation of the relative value of things, will make wealth subordinate to higher things, and require that it be used to serve these higher things. And when the higher things suffer from, or are sacrificed to, the effort to gain wealth, and to the misconception of the proper ends to be served by consumption, the 'world is too much with us,' and we 'lay waste our powers.'

Our essayist's most vital interest is manifested in life itself, its meaning, its outcome and value. He contends that life is well worth the living, that regardless of personal rewards, the ideals that may be attained, the joys of their realization, or the effort of their realization is sufficient guerdon for all the misery and suffering, the labor and striving, that the end justifies all, compensates for all.

This is effectively brought out in his consideration of Rudolph Eucon's philosophy as set forth in *The Meaning and Value of Life*, and especially in his pronouncement that " Unless faith in some lofty ideal infuse zest and gladness into every department of our activity, we cannot realize the highest possibilities of life."

Dr. Reynolds holds that " The value of life consists of the service that may be rendered to the ideal according to the meaning of life, and the satisfaction that comes from living such a life; " that " According to the notion of the meaning of life will be the ideal. According to the ideal will be the notion of the value of life. And according to the notion of its value, will be the interest in life and the effort to make it serve its proper ends. The ideal must be high — lofty — great enough to enlist all interest and call forth all energy, for only so, can the greatest possibilities of life be realized. If the true meaning of life can be found, the loftiest ideal will be held, the most perfect faith in that ideal will be bred, and zest and gladness will be infused into all our activities. So, and only so, will life become truly worth the living."

He gives a comprehensive statement of the three views held regarding the meaning of life and after a brief dis-

cussion of each, he concludes that each may be true, and yet not be exclusive, that an adequate philosophy of life must include them all:

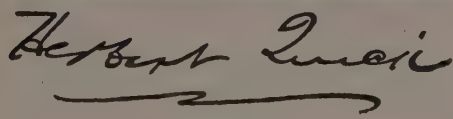
All, taken essentially, are necessary to a sound philosophy — a philosophy that will establish the true value of life and that it is altogether worth living. Let it be admitted that man has a this-world life as unique, independent and complete as if he had only his sensuous, conscious, so-called natural, existence to maintain and its possibilities to realize. Let it be held that man has an inherent, independent, distinctive, spiritual self and life, and that this self is the real self and this life the real life. Let it be held that there is another-world life, which is the real life, and that the this-world life is only the prelude to, the probation for, that life. These views are not inconsistent — they are not contradictory — they are not antagonistic — they are not mutually exclusive. It is mere dogmatism, the product of shallow thinking, to assert that they are.

It is true wisdom to live the so-called this-world life fully, according to the ideals and notions of its value set forth above. In this way, and only in this way, will you realize its highest possibilities, get the great good it can afford. If it is the only life, you have gained it wholly. If there is a spiritual self and a spiritual life, the activities for the realization of the ideals of the this-world life are the certain means — the only means — of developing this spiritual self and life. So you gain it also. If there is another-world life, the activities for the realization of the this-world ideals, are the best preparation for — the only real preparation for — that life, because they develop the qualities that are to characterize that life, fit for all the services and enjoyments of that life, and carry on the work that the King of that world and of that life has to do in this world. So, in gaining this life, you gain that life also. To so live this life is real godliness. Thus is verified the truth of the scripture that says godliness is profitable wholly, having the promise of this life and of that to come.

Such was the teaching, the practice, the message, of one who " used the world as not abusing it." Of whom one of the Editors of the *West Virginia School Journal*, in calling attention to the privilege of publishing this series of papers, paid tribute in these words: " As was said of another, we may say of him: ' a man of sweet spirit and a great mind;' also, of ripe scholarship and culture. To his old students, these sermonettes will come as a familiar and beloved voice; to others as an introduction to a great teacher."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Powell Benton Reynolds, son of James B. and Roxana (Shelor) Reynolds was born in Patrick county, Virginia, January 9, 1841. He was educated in his native state, graduating at Richmond College. In 1887, West Virginia University conferred upon him the degree of A.M., and Richmond College, D.D. in 1890. He married Virginia Woolwine, of Patrick county, Va., in 1868. His first wife dying, a second marriage was contracted with Martha W. Love, of Putnam county, W. Va., in 1874. He was ordained a Baptist minister, 1866, and served as President of Shelton College from 1872–1884, and as President of Buckner College, 1884–1885. He was elected Professor of English in West Virginia University in 1885, occupying that position till 1889. He served as Vice-President and Professor of Metaphysics, 1889–1893; Acting President, 1893–1895; Professor of Metaphysics and Political Science, 1895–1897; Professor of Philosophy, 1897–1901; and as Chaplain and Professor of Economics and Sociology, 1901–1911. He resigned the latter year, content with the assurance that his work was well and faithfully done. His death occurred December 29, 1914.



Chapter XVI

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

SCIENCE and invention have brought nearer the ends of the earth since Kipling sang:

"Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,"

In this shrinking world the magnificent distances of this Western Continent, though not annihilated, have been greatly minimized by modern scientific conquest. Its

structural countour still persists, but its habitants shift their East for West and *vice versa* with even greater facility than they change their minds and tempers. These diametrical terms have come to be regarded as largely relative; the people of the Pacific coast viewing the country as mostly East, while those of the Atlantic border visualise the main body as the " Great West."

Here in the more central region — for West Virginia though not halfway between may be justly considered as centrally located; for five consecutive decades, 1810–1860, the center of population of the United States was within its present boundary. As Professor Porterfield, of Columbia University, a former West Virginian, has said: " It is the most eastern of the western states and the most western of the eastern states; the most northern of southern states and the most southern of the northern states." Here East meets West with a greeting like " ships that pass in the night."

In surveying the literature of this field, local classification of an author is not always an easy undertaking. One is led into such reflections when considering the writings of authors like Herbert Quick and Albert Benjamin Cunningham.

Herbert Quick

Herbert Quick was reared in Iowa, where he taught school, practiced law, and tried his hand at the writing game. But it was in West Virginia, of which he has been a resident for eight or ten years, that he gained a national reputation as an author, an achievement of which he had dreamed since boyhood. Prior to the publication of

Vandemark's Folly (1922) he had written several books, which for the most part were the outgrowth of his professional and political experience, but *Vandemark's Folly* appears to have been the first production he hoped to make " real literature."

His first book, *In the Fairyland of America* (1901) was a tale for children, inspired by his little son and featuring the " Puk Wudgies " as the household fairy of this western land. His first story for adults, *Aladdin & Company* (1904) is a realistic tale of a Western real-estate boom, based on the expansion of Sioux City, where he had lived and served as Mayor.

He next tried his hand at serializing, and in 1906 he published *Double Trouble*, a fanciful account of alternating personality. The hero, a modest and retiring man, awakes to find himself with a new name in a town remote from his old home, and that he has become a business man and politician with a reputation as a sport, and engaged to a beautiful girl. His troubles are solved through appeal to another charming woman, a professional hypnotist, who can put him back to his new personality at will.

The book proved very successful and was the forerunner of a novel with a somewhat similar plot by another popular author, brought out by the same publishers the following year.

His next venture, *The Broken Lance* (1907) is a sociological novel in which Emerson Courtright, a school teacher in the " short-grass " section of the Middle West is cast for the leading part. He later becomes the minister of the fashionable First Church of Lattimore and marries

Judge Bloodgood's daughter Amy. Her brother John, Superintendent of the Lattimore Division of the Halliday Railroad System, and Courtright had been classmates in the university, where the latter had been noted for his good looks, kindness of heart and prowess as a foot-ball tackle, but it was his poetic eloquence which won him renown as pastor of the First Church.

Fairly embarked on a promising career he meets Morgan Yeager, a former pupil of his out in the range country, who since had had a checkered experience as a school teacher, member of the Legislature, Populist orator and disciple of Henry George, and who had drifted into Lattimore as a store-box propagandist of the Single Tax theory. Through his influence Courtright becomes an ardent follower of the author of "Progress and Poverty" and a preacher of economic reform, maintaining that what Yeager called "private earth-holding" is the all-pervading cause of poverty and of economic and social evil. Instead of a philosophy he endeavored to make it a religion, professing to find in the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule a basis for his theory. He arraigned big business, the oil trust, the railway system and even the government, with such vehemence that he was forced to give up his aristocratic church. His next charge was a congregation of working people who met in a hall. A strike ensued, his followers were scattered and he became a wanderer and outcast. His wife secured a divorce, and from this time on he led a stormy career amid embattled labor factions, and came to his death at the hands of John Bloodgood, his former friend and brother-in-law.

Nothing permanent appears to have been gained; his only compensation was the friendship of Morgan Yeager, his evil genius, and the love of Olive Deerwester, whom he had known as a little girl out in the short-grass country, who served as chorister in the First Church and later achieved fame as an operatic star, and who, the innocent cause of much of his trouble, proved his good angel as well.

Conforming to the vogue of the modern problem novel, *The Broken Lance* is plausible as a thesis and interesting as a story. Some may object to the sermonizing and private discussion in which its doctrines are set forth, but its searching challenge to those who uphold the present economic system seems to be the reason for which the book was written.

His ablest sociological novel was followed by *American Inland Waterways* (1909), a volume of descriptive character, and *Yellowstone Nights* (1911), a series of stories. These were succeeded by an unusual book, *On Board the Good Ship Earth* (1913), which, as the title implies, conceives the Earth as a vessel on which we are embarked as passengers, as in the old saying, "We are all in the same boat." In a series of chapters the author treats of the dangers, the obstacles, and the safety of the human family enroute. Such basic problems as the soils, raw materials, monopolies, transportation and kindred topics are considered in a large and comprehensive way. Many abstruse questions from diverse scientific and sociological fields of inquiry are dealt with in their relation to the common interest, and with such cleverness as to appeal to the popular imagination.

As a teacher in the rural schools Mr. Quick had experienced the futility of adapting the curriculum of the city school to the work of the country boy and girl, and had formulated certain theories, more or less revolutionary at the time, regarding the introduction of manual training and domestic science in the district school.

In *The Brown Mouse* (1915), the title of which has little more to do with the contents than that of George Borrow's with his "Bible in Spain," his upsetting methods find expression, and which, the author says, "is my thesis on rural education, the branch of education in which I am most interested."

Jim Erwin, as the protagonist of the drama of Woodruff District, introduces these modern innovations, not as an integral part of the daily program, but as virtually supplanting the time-honored textbooks. They might have been found in the desks, but the language lessons, the arithmetical work and other scholastic subjects were for the most part based on the practical transactions of the farm, the shop and the dairy. The conflict in the story — for it is a real story, though somewhat burdened with propaganda — lies between the patrons of the school and the lady county superintendent, who happens to be the teacher's former sweetheart, on the one side, and the Lincolnesque farm hand, elected by mistake as teacher, his pupils and Colonel Woodruff, father of the lady superintendent, on the other. Jim Erwin proved a genius in his way and finally won recognition, but whether the average teacher would have succeeded under such adverse circumstances still remains a question.

The Fairview Idea (1919) is similar in theme to that of

COOLFONT, HOME OF HERBERT QUICK

The Brown Mouse but broader in conception and treatment. By means of a series of short stories it deals with better industrial, social and educational organization of the rural district. This " restoration of rural morale," as the author terms it, was brought about chiefly through the coöperation of the Reverend Frank and Daisy Wiggins, the preacher and presiding genius of the Fairview Meeting House and Doctor Thomas Whelpley, Principal of the Consolidated Rural School. The stories are told by Uncle Abner Dunham, who is known as the " neighborhood mossback," and who also had a hand in what he considered was nothing more than the old New England public school and town meeting applied to the present-day life of the rural community, but whose conservatism and " nervous reflexes " occasionally ran counter to the leaders' new-fangled ideas.

These tales of Uncle Abner are not short-stories in the accepted sense, but they are just as interesting and moreover offer a solution, in part at least, of the big business of farming, as well as some of the basic problems of the nation, including the conservation, well being and happiness of the agricultural citizenship of the country.

From War to Peace (1919), written just after the close of the World War is a plea for a definite policy of reconstruction, including a consideration of demobilization problems, land settlement, reconstruction of railways, waterway development, improvement of highways, importance of national morale and kindred topics. He refers to the old haphazard policies as " the rich history of legislative inefficiencies," appeals to the patriotism, common sense and courage of American statesmen and

citizenry, and points the way to a more efficient, higher and happier democracy in the future. Here, his theory of education is again given a prominent place.

Vandemark's Folly (1922) and its signal success was the realization of a youthful dream of the author, as heretofore intimated, who as a boy planned "The Tewksbury tribe," from which with its pioneer setting was developed the record with which he reached his far-flung goal at the age of sixty.

The story as told by Jacobus Teunis Vandemark and edited by his granddaughter Gertrude, purports to be a history of Vandemark Township, one of some fifteen hundred sub-divisions of the state of Iowa; each of which he claims has a similar history. It proves, however, to be the old Dutchman's autobiography rather than a history, and it is more nearly a novel of epic proportions than either; portraying the sweeping course of empire westward, when, as he would phrase it, the great tide of the Republic broke over the Mississippi and inundated the prairies of the West — when "new prairie schooners came all the time into view from the East, and others went over the sky-line into the West."

He pictures this migration to the promised land something as Whitman would have done:

> The road was rutted, poached deep where wet and beaten hard where dry, or pulverized into dust by the stream of emigration. Here we went, oxen, cows, mules, horses; coaches, carriages, blue jeans, corduroys, rags, tatters, silks, satins, caps, tall hats, poverty, riches; speculators, missionaries, land-hunters, merchants; criminals escaping from justice, couples fleeing from the law; families seeking homes;

the wrecks of homes seeking secrecy; gold-seekers bearing southwest to the Overland Trail; politicians looking for places to win fame and fortune; editors hunting for opportunities for founding newspapers; adventurers on their way to everywhere; lawyers with a few books; Abolitionists going to the Border War; innocent-looking outfits carrying fugitive slaves; officers hunting escaped negroes; and most numerous of all, homeseekers "hunting country" — a nation on wheels, an empire in the commotion and pangs of birth. Down I went with the rest, across ferries, through Dodgeville, Mineral Point and Plattville, past a thousand vacant sites for farms towards my own farm so far from civilization, shot out of civilization by the forces of civilization itself.

Horsewhipped by his stepfather, Jake Vandemark at the age of thirteen ran away from home. Rescued by the captain of an Erie canal boat he embarked on the sordid life of a "driver." While still a youth, but big and strong, he was caught in the swirl of the great exodus westward. His wanderings abound with the romance and adventure of a new country, but it is with his struggle and sacrifice to gain a foothold on the trackless Iowa prairie that his story is most concerned:

Iowa lived in the future in those days. It was a land of poverty and privations and small things, but a land of dreams. We shivered in the winter storms, and dreamed; we plowed and sowed and garnered in; but the great things, the happy things were our dreams and visions. We felt that we were plowing the field of destiny and sowing for the harvest of history; but we scarcely thought it. The power that went out of us as we scored the wonderful prairie sod and built those puny towns was the same power that nerved the heart of those who planted Massachusetts and Rhode Island and Virginia, the power that has thrilled the world whenever the white man has gone forth to put a realm under his feet.

In *Vandemark's Folly* Mr. Quick has written of the brave old homely days that form the background of our national existence. It is richly American, reflecting the elemental life of a most stirring era in our history; its dreams and triumphs, its tumult and storm, its hate and love. William Lyon Phelps says: "It is of the Americans, for the Americans and by an American. It is a story of the Erie Canal and the Iowa farms — a story filled with exciting adventures and presented with consummate skill. I wish that *Vandemark's Folly* might circulate in England, and be translated into all European languages."

The Hawkeye (1923) is a sequel to *Vandemark's Folly*. The scene is laid in the same county, and the nickname applied to Iowans, which is said to have been a tribute to an old Indian chief, is appropriated as a title. Some of the characters are left over from the previous record, but the leading actors are of a later generation.

It begins with the birth of Fremont McConkey in June, 1857. His family were poor but honest folks who had come out West from Ohio the year before. His father was regarded as a kind of "odd" genius in his way and his hard-working mother is one of the finest characters in the book. Fremont was a rather precocious boy with an ingratiating manner, a bent toward learning and an unusual gift of expression. At seventeen he was teaching the Vandemark School and becoming interested in local politics as well as the society of Monterey Center, especially the family of Captain Fillmore Ashe, land agent and office-seeker. When just of age he turned down the opportunity to become County Superintendent of Schools

because he wanted to go to college. It was then events began to move more rapidly. During the Institute which followed he eloped with Winifred, the second daughter of Captain Ashe, who owed his nomination for County Clerk to Fremont and his promiscuous following, but who objected to his paying court to his fairest daughter. In face of parental displeasure the young folks were married by Elder Skeels in the county seat of the adjoining county West, with the formal ceremony " with this ring I thee wed," an innovation for the West in those days.

With his marriage and appointment as Deputy County Clerk Fremont becomes more deeply involved in the affairs of the " Court House Ring," whose chief interest in county government was to divert the public funds to their individual use. But with his idealism and preoccupations he is slow to realize the corruption of his associates. The exposure of the County " boodlers " and the breaking up of the Bushyager horse-thief gang serves as a thrilling climax of the story.

A reviewer in the *New York Times* referring to the struggles of the prairie settlers says: " Another writer might have drawn the picture as grim and hopeless. But such was not the spirit of the Iowa pioneers. They worked for happiness and found it in large measure; and Mr. Quick has gathered the beauty and the good cheer and the courage of their experience in a novel that lifts American literature and American life a little higher."

Mr. Quick has adventured into many fields and his literary work reflects a diversity of interests, which in part may account for an unequal appeal to the general

public. Notwithstanding the flattering success of his late books, some have claimed *The Broken Lance* to be his best story. While of an entirely different character and more modern in setting, it lacks the epic proportion, the consistency as a faithful transcript of life portrayed in *Vandemark's Folly*, which to date may be judged as his outstanding contribution.

He writes in a straightforward interesting way, with touches of quaint humor, and an unfailing optimism. One of his greatest gifts is in the delineation of character. His canvas whether narrow or extended is invariably crowded with people — people who live in his pages. Some of his characters, such as old man Fewkes and his family in the book just mentioned, would do credit to Dickens. He is moreover as leisurely and at rare intervals as sentimental as the great English novelist.

Though a student of many sciences and environed with books, he loves the open, and the spirit of nature pervades some of his best work. Some of his descriptions of the prairie are startlingly realistic and beautiful: its vaulting fires, its drifting snows, and, in springtime its widening area of variegated wildflowers and virgin greenery flooding the landscape with an undulating sea of color. Even the humble tumbleweeds that in the autumn overwhelmed the corrals on the open prairie, filled the margin of the cornfields and the brooks, and clung to the trees in the little poplar grove on the McConkey farm, become of absorbing interest:

> But the most human thing about them was this, that where they found no anchorage they were blown back and forth across the prairies like lost souls in some Tartarus of

aimless subjection to the god of fickleness. When in October the northwest wind, with a touch of winter in it, blew down on some lone prairie dwelling, then out of the dusk came these gray shapes, like a great host of hunted animals, rolled past and out of sight, or were followed by other armies of shades, hurried but noiseless like drab ghosts; and the next day, perhaps, when the south wind blew up, back would come the tumbleweeds as if wondering where on all that broad plain they might find rest, but never finding it.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Quick, (John) Herbert,* son of Martin and Margaret Coleman Quick, was born in Grundy county, Iowa, October 23, 1861. He attended the country schools and was engaged in teaching, 1882–1890; beginning in the rural schools he later taught in town schools and still later was employed as Principal of one of the Mason City schools. In the meantime he studied law and practiced at Sioux City, 1890–1909. In 1894 he was a member and counsel for the Citizen's Committee, and engaged in prosecuting a gang of grafters. He served as Mayor of Sioux City, 1898–1900. His first book was published in 1901 and others followed at considerable intervals. He also tried his hand at serializing and editing. He was Associate Editor of *La Follette's Weekly*, Madison, Wisconsin, from December, 1908 to July, 1909, and Editor of *Farm and Fireside*, Springfield, Ohio, 1909–1916. He became a member of the Federal Farm Loan Board, Washington, 1916, from which he resigned to continue his writing in August, 1919. He was made Chairman of a Commission of the Red Cross in the Far East in 1920. So seriously ill in Vladivostok his life was despaired of, he finally succeeded in reaching home and again resumed work on *Vandemark's Folly*, which by this time was well on the way. He married Ella D. Corey,

* Died at Columbia, Mo., May 10, 1925.

of Syracuse, N. Y., April 9, 1890. His home is at Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

His books are:

In the Fairyland of America, 1901; *Aladdin & Company*, 1904; *Double Trouble*, 1906; *The Broken Lance*, 1907; *Virginia of the Air Lanes*, 1909; *American Inland Waterways*, 1909; *Yellowstone Nights*, 1911; *On Board the Good Ship Earth*, 1913; *The Brown Mouse*, 1915; *From War to Peace*, 1919; *The Fairview Idea*, 1919; *Vandemark's Folly*, 1922; *The Hawkeye*, 1923.

Albert Benjamin Cunningham

ALBERT BENJAMIN CUNNINGHAM

Herbert Quick in middle age traveled east; Albert B. Cunningham while still a young man wended his way west. Though born and reared in West Virginia, he has since youth lived and labored elsewhere, for the most part in the neighboring state of Ohio, but after the Great War the insistent call of the West lured him on toward the sunset. But in all his wanderings he has remained a true son of his native state, and he dreams of her misty moun-

tains, her retreating valleys and shimmering rivers as he knew and loved them in boyhood. As a logical result his first books deal with his youth that was nurtured in the hills.

Singing Mountains (1919) as the poetical title would imply is a charming story of the West Virginia highlands and its sturdy mountain people, particularly of two boys: Ben Rhodes and his older brother Henry; of their home folks and associates, and of the primitive life of the hills. Ben is a throughgoing, capable chap, with a strain of acquisitiveness, a vivid imagination and histrionic inclinations. Henry is naturally smart, apt in books, venturesome in everything, but somewhat irresponsible in the practical affairs of life — you can never tell what he will do next. In a way their story is related to Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" and "Seventeen" — both rolled into one, but with a less sophisticated setting. Though lacking the subtility and finished art of this master novelist, *Singing Mountains* is not without its own peculiar merits. The author has a keen sense of humor, is a good judge of human nature, and especially of mountain character. While his book is full of fun, it is at bottom of serious intent. There is a great deal more involved than the adolescent scrapes of these boys; their love mishaps; their adventures in the capital city down the river, and the humbler hill country around their home.

The older people play their part, not as mere lay figures, but as such real folks as the author must have known in the flesh, and that still may be found in the more remote mountain region to-day. Peter Rhodes, the

father, is one of those sterling, self-sacrificing ministers to whom the state owed so much in its early history, and his sweet-voiced wife, Ann Rhodes, is, perhaps, the finest character in the book. There is no implication of a plot, other than the natural sequence of events — just the story of life as it is lived in the hills, passing from one episode to another with the fleeting days and the steady procession of the seasons. In its last analysis it is a study of the mountains themselves, their beauty and grandeur; their somber and mysterious influence on life and character:

> One can never understand the mountain people of West Virginia without some conception of their ubiquitous religiosity. For they are religious. From the preacher who is usually doctor, dentist and undertaker as well, to the ox-driver who slashes his team and hurls curses at them, there is a permeating spiritual force at work that manifests itself in religious expression.
>
> Some have explained it by the physiography of the region: great sleeping ridges covered by mighty trees; here and there a bare cliff jutting out like a toothless mouth opening into the bowels of the earth; rivers that brood in silence and creeks that wind away to some legendary source; and nights over the hills with no light save stars or silver moon, where of summer the whippoorwill and hoot owl and of winter the fox and catamount cry their nature calls to the wide spaces — nature may partly explain the reliance on a mysterious power.

In *The Manse at Barren Rocks* (1918), the author's first book, of which *Singing Mountains* is the continuation, the scene is laid in the region of the same little village, which nestles at the foot of the mountains up Elk river, and the story as before gathers about the home of

the backwoods preacher, Peter Rhodes, at a somewhat earlier date. It is recorded by Ben, the younger son, in the first person and more attention is given to the fair Margaret and less to little Ann, the youngest member of the family. In contents and character it is the counterpart of the other volume, although a little less mature in different ways, but withal a faithful transcript of the homely life of the hills as seen through youthful eyes. Here are recorded not only a boy's experiences and adventures, but his evaluations and judgments of men and things under primitive surroundings.

In a simple straightforward way and not without a certain naïve distinction the author in the books mentioned has interpreted the life of the mountain region of West Virginia in a way that has not been attempted before. Dr. Waitman Barbe, as good a judge of literature as we have in the state, in writing of *The Manse at Barren Rocks* says: "It is wholly unpretentious and as sincere as the sunshine, or a bird's nest, as Emerson would say. These are the dominant qualities of Cunningham's books. They are wholesome from a literary standpoint as well as any other standpoint."

The Chronicle of an Old Town (1919) is not a history as the title and background might imply, but a novel, and the only book of the author thus far that properly can be so designated. The scene is shifted from the mountain region of West Virginia to that section of Ohio known as the Western Reserve. Here was located the little town of Paxton, a small backwater community, stranded by the great tide of emigration flowing on westward. Old? One would judge so. Uncle Hi, the little white-bearded

chicken fancier says he can remember " when folks used to come here from Cleveland for their winter clothes." Its delightful location is thus described by the author:

> The village is set on a hill, from which mile after mile of the surrounding country may be seen. To the north, out beyond the four corners, is the great tract of timber that shows mostly brown when viewed from the town. To the west, there is the little creek far down in its basin — Carle creek, where the old water mill used to stand — and beyond it the big maple bush, where three thousand pails are set out at sap-running time. South and east, seen from the edge of the park, is a vast bottom country with little Morrow showing in the far distance.

Its houses were of an unusual type, wide at both ends and narrow in the middle, with the woodshed attached to the kitchen, but set well back from the street and shadowed by spreading maples. Its inhabitants were quaint as its dwellings, old fashioned, aristocratic stock, relic of the shrewd Connecticut Yankee. For it was this state when ceding its western lands to the nation reserved this out-of-the-way corner adjoining Pennsylvania.

The story concerns the precarious affairs of an old minister, Dr. Morgenthal and his family, especially his charming daughter Edith and her equally involved problem, in which two marriageable young men were the deciding factors. One was Knowles Carleton, a big breezy modern farmer with his wide-acred domain; the other was John Dexter, less substantial materially — as it appears — not bad looking, but of contradictory character, known locally as somewhat of a braggart, but underneath a poet and dreamer. Much of the story has

to do with the emergency of the man behind the mask. Its dénouement for a time seems uncertain, but withal it ends happily.

It is another kind of "Main Street." With the author we stroll through the old town and make the acquaintance of some worthy and interesting people. His leisurely pace, humorous characterization and sound philosophy of life here unite in a story of more than ordinary moment. Structurally and in some other ways it is superior to his West Virginia books.

Old Black Bass (1922), the author's latest contribution, is a book out of the ordinary. Life histories of animals and even fowls are not so rare. Their characteristics and adventures have been the theme of romancer and fabulist from Æsop down to Hans Anderson. Jack London's *Call of the Wild;* Zane Gray's *Firefly*, and Albert Payson Terhune's *Lad* and *The Pest* are more modern examples. But here is the history of a clever and masterful fish, a fit survival of a hardy ancestry. One who was to Lone Pine Lake what Napoleon was to the continent of Europe, but who so far as recorded never met his Waterloo:

> His head was the head of a fighter: cheek armored by ten rows of glistening scales; maxillary cleaving the head; mouth gleaming with cruel teeth; and cold lidless eyes filled with brooding — eyes through which he surveyed the world with a boldness that challenged everything and bowed to nothing!
>
> Many were the factors that had fashioned him: physical heredity that had endowed him with measureless vigor, power that had awakened and nourished the sense of despotism, Jealousy of Leaper that had soured him, defeat by the great bass that had embittered him. But at five years he

swam at the head of his school, feared by many and hated by all.

His life story is as interesting as a novel — a tale the author calls it. While strictly scientific it is in effect a romance, with Old Black Bass as the central figure. He has his trials and mishaps, his encounters, and the climax is reached in his great battle with the *Killer* and his signal victory over the ancient enemy.

There are other ichthyological actors, named according to their individual characteristics, and one learns to know them through their dispositions and reactions to their environment and kindred.

Besides its story interest, it has also an economic and humane appeal. It not only leads back to the lure of other ages but looks forward to the time when he to whom was given dominion shall manifest greater wisdom and exercise a more merciful spirit. It is a book to be cherished by the fisherman and it will prove a joy to the lover of good literature. Only one who from childhood has loved the sparkling waters, the shadowy reefs and the sunlit spaces could have written it.

His next book, so we understand, will be *A Romance of West Virginia*. What period he has chosen to portray may only be conjectured, but hardly this modern industrial day. As he has written in the " Prologue " of *The Manse at Barren Rocks:*

West Virginia's sons know her as a different land. To them she is not befouled by a commercial age. They know her as a land of peace, a land where blue rivers serenely flow between the fragrant hills to make the valleys green. To them she is ever the same: white mists hanging over the waters,

straight trees unblackened by smoke, shoals murmuring over rounded pebbles, the after-glow shot myriad fingered into the sky, the path of the moon on the waters! She is the land of dreams and of laughter and of love.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Albert Benjamin Cunningham, son of Nathan Beecher and Sarah Ann (Shafer) Cunningham, was born at Linden, West Virginia, June 22, 1888. His early youth was spent among the mountains of Braxton county, but when his family removed to the state of Ohio he trailed after. As a young man his experience was of a varied character, first as a bookkeeper and accountant of the Carnegie Steel Company, then as a soldier in the United States army. But the compulsion of his boyhood's home which the father and mother were both ministers won back the aspirant of a more adventurous career, and he entered Muskingum College to prepare for some form of religious service. He edited the College Annual in his junior year, and in his senior won the State Oratorical contest. In 1913 he received his A.B. degree; B.D. from Drew Theological Seminary in 1915, and A.M. from New York University the following year. He married June Gregory, of New Concord, Ohio, June 18, 1912. He served as Dean of Lebanon University, Ohio, 1916–1917, Chaplain in the army, 1918; Dean of the College of Puget Sound, Tacoma, Washington, August 1919 to June 1922; since then, Professor of English Literature in the State College of Washington at Pullman, where he has time to continue his literary work.

His books are:

The Manse at Barren Rocks, 1918; *Singing Mountains*, 1919; *The Chronicle of an Old Town*, 1919; *Old Black Bass*, 1922.

A RÉSUMÉ OF WEST VIRGINIA BOOKS AND AUTHORS

INCLUDING some supplemental data and many additional names, arranged alphabetically and classified as follows: Section I. Journals, history and biography. Section II. Fiction, verse and essay.

SECTION I

JOURNALS, HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

ALER, F. VERNON. *History of Martinsburg and Berkeley County.* Hagerstown, Md., 1888. An account of the old part of West Virginia.

ALVOIRD, CLARENCE W. *First Explorations of the Trans-Allegheny by Virginians.* Cleveland, Ohio, 1912. It deals with the period 1650–1674.

ANDREWS, MATHEW PAGE. His works include: *A History of the United States; A Brief History of the United States; American History and Government; A People's Edition of the Constitution; Women in the South in War Time; A Heritage of Freedom,* and *The Birth of the Nation* — a play. The author was born near Shepherdstown, 1878. He received his M.A. degree from Washington and Lee University; taught at Winchester, Va. and Baltimore, where he is now engaged in literary work.

ARNOLD, THOMAS JACKSON. *Early Life and Letters of Gen. T. J. Jackson.* Deals with a neglected phase of Stonewall Jackson's life and character.

ASBURY, FRANCIS (1745–1816). *Journals of his Travels over Western Virginia* from 1792–1810. New York, 1852. It largely relates to the moral, religious and social conditions of this region a century ago.

ASHE, THOMAS. *Travels in America Performed in 1806, for the Purpose of Exploring the Rivers Allegheny, Monongahela, Ohio and Mississippi.* London. Reprint Newburyport, 1808. One of the most interesting of the old journals, but containing many inaccuracies.

ATKINSON, GEORGE W. *Prominent Men of West Virginia* (with Alvaro F. Gibbens), Wheeling, 1890. Also author of *A History of Kanawha County from its Organization in 1789.* Charleston, 1876; *West Virginia Pulpit*, Wheeling, 1882; *Bench and Bar of West Virginia*, Charleston, 1919, and other writings. The author, a native of Kanawha county, was Governor of the state from 1897 to 1901. He has also served as Internal Revenue Collector, Postmaster of Charleston, U. S. District Attorney and Member of Congress.

BARBE, WAITMAN. (Editor) *Alumni Record of the West Virginia University, 1867–1903.* Morgantown, 1903. Contains Historical Sketch of Monongahela Academy by Dr. E. M. Turner and a History of Woodburn Seminary by Mrs. J. B. Moore.

BARRY, JOSEPH. *The Annals of Harper's Ferry, with Sketches of its Founder.* Martinsburg, 1872. It contains much relating to John Brown's Insurrection not found elsewhere. Also wrote *The Strange Story of Harper's Ferry with Legends of the Surrounding Country.* Martinsburg, 1903. Story of John Brown's Insurrection and other happenings.

BARTON, THOMAS H. *Autobiography of, with a History of the Fourth Federal Regiment Virginia-Volunteer Infantry.* Toledo, 1862–Charleston, 1890. Includes an account of Lightburn's Retreat down the Great Kanawha Valley with government stores worth a million dollars.

BATTS, THOMAS. *Journal from Virginia beyond the Appalachian Mountains in September, 1671.* Printed in "The Ohio Valley in Colonial Days," New York, 1890. Batts and his companions were the first white men to traverse the region of West Virginia; they reached the Falls of the Great Kanawha in the year mentioned.

BELTZHOOVER, GEORGE M. *James Rumsey the Inventor of the Steamboat.* Charles Town, 1900. The inventor launched a steamboat on the Potomac in 1784, which was witnessed by General Washington and other distinguished men twenty-three years before the trial trip of Robert Fulton's "Clermont" up the Hudson.

BICKLEY, W. L. *History of the Settlement and Indian Wars of Tazewell County.* Cincinnati, 1852. Relates to part of West Virginia included in Mercer, McDowell, Mingo and Logan counties.

BLENNERHASSETT, HARMAN (1765–1831). *The Blennerhassett Papers* (Edited by William H. Safford) Cincinnati, 1861. Embodies the private journal of Blennerhassett and correspondence of

the principals engaged in the Burr and Blennerhassett enterprise, and also a memoir of Harman Blennerhassett. By the same author, *The Life of Harman Blennerhassett.* Chillicothe, O., 1850.

Bosworth, A. S. *A History of Randolph County, W. Va.* Elkins, W. Va. Valuable for its genealogical department.

Breckenridge, H. M. *Recollections of Persons and Places in the West in 1792.* Philadelphia, 1868. Contains much of interest relating to West Virginia.

Bruce, Thomas. *Heritage of the Trans-Allegheny Pioneers,* Baltimore, 1894. Also author of *Southwest Virginia and Shenandoah Valley.* Richmond, 1891.

Butterfield, C. W. *The Crawford Letters — Correspondence between George Washington and William Crawford from 1767–1781.* Cincinnati, 1877. Largely relating to lands in West Virginia surveyed by William Crawford for Washington. He is also the author of the *History of the Girtys.* Cincinnati, 1890. An account of Simon Girty and his brothers and the part taken by them in border wars.

Callahan, James Morton. His writings include: *Neutrality of the American Lakes,* 1898; *Cuba and International Relations,* 1899; *American Relations in the Pacific and the Far East,* 1901; *Confederate Diplomacy,* 1901; *The American Expansion Policy,* 1903; *Introduction to American Foreign Policy. Vol. I. The Monroe Doctrine and International Relations; The United States and Canada: A Study of International History; Evolution of Seward's Mexican Policy.* Besides these there are his West Virginia writings: *Studies in West Virginia History.* Morgantown, 1909. *Upper Monongahela Valley* (with B. L. Butcher), 3 vols. New York, 1912; *Centennial History of West Virginia,* Charleston, 1913; *West Virginia, 1863–1909,* in "South in the Making of the Nation;" *The Government of West Virginia,* in "Cyclopedia of American Government;" *West Virginia Old and New,* Chicago, 1923.

Campbell, Selina Huntington. *Home Life and Reminiscences of Alexander Campbell,* by his wife.

Caperton, Allen T. (1810—1876). *Memorial Addresses on the Life and Character of —.* Washington, D. C., 1877. The subject, a resident of Monroe county, died in Washington while a member of the U. S. Senate.

Carpenter, T. *The Trial of Aaron Burr.* 3 Vols. Washington, D. C. Report at Richmond, Va., 1807 for treason and misdemeanor in connection with Blennerhassett.

CÉLORON DE BIENVILLE. *Journal of the Voyage down the Ohio, 1749.* (Included in "Newton's History of the Panhandle.") He left Montreal June 15, 1749, with a detachment sent by Marquis de Galissonière to establish the claim of France to the Ohio Valley and ally the Indians to the interests of the French.

CHANDLER, J. A. C. (with O. P. Chitwood). *Makers of American History.* New York, 1910. Suitable for supplementary reading. Dr. Chitwood is Professor of History in West Virginia University.

COLE, JOSEPH R. Author of *The History of Greenbrier County; The History of Preston County; The Birth of the Next Nation,* and other writings.

COOK, ROY B. *The Life of Stonewall Jackson.* Richmond, 1923. This gives special attention to Jackson's early life, with intimate touches obtained by original investigation. The author, a business man of Charleston, is a native of Lewis county. He has also published *Lewis County in the Civil War,* Charleston, 1924; *Lewis County in the Spanish-American War,* Charleston, 1925, and numerous magazine articles of a historical character.

CORDELL, EUGENE F. History of the University of Maryland. 2 vols. Also author of literary studies, *Horace; Juvenal,* and *Medical Annals of Maryland.* He was born at Charles Town; served in the Confederate Army; Professor in Department of Medicine, University of Maryland.

COX, GEN. J. D. *Campaign in West Virginia in 1861.* Printed in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War."

CRANMER, GIBSON L. (*et al.*) *History of the Upper Ohio Valley.* Madison, Wis., 1891. Also author of *History of Wheeling and Ohio County.* Chicago, 1902. An excellent local history. The author was a prominent member of the Wheeling bar, and active in the organization of the state.

CUTRIGHT, W. B. *The History of Upshur County from its Earliest Exploration to the Present Time.* Morgantown, 1907.

DANDRIDGE, DANSKE. *George Michael Bedinger, a Kentucky Pioneer.* She is also the author of *Historic Shepherdstown; American Prisoners of the Revolution,* and other books of a literary character.

DE HASS, WILLS. *History of the Early Settlements and Indian Wars of Northwestern Virginia.* Wheeling, 1857. It also embraces an account of the various expeditions in the West prior to 1795 and biographical sketches of distinguished actors in the border

wars. The author was a physician who practiced in Wellsburg and Wheeling and later moved to Philadelphia.

DILLON, JOHN B. (1808–1879). *A History of Indiana.* Indianapolis, 1859. Also author of *Adverse Theories of the Origin and Nature of the Government of the United States*, New York, 1871, and *Oddities of Colonial Legislation of America.* Indianapolis, 1879. Indiana's first historian was a native of Wellsburg, W. Va. He learned the printer's trade before going west in 1834; studied law and was admitted to the bar at Logansport, Ind., served as a government employee at Washington, 1863–1875. He died at Indianapolis.

DINWIDDIE, GOV. ROBERT. *George Washington in Command of West Virginia Frontier* (in "Dinwiddie Papers from 1753–1761." vol. I). Other correspondence relative to the frontier in vol. II.

DODDRIDGE, JOSEPH. *Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania from 1763 to 1783 Inclusive*, "Doddridge's Notes" and "Withers' Chronicles," together form the basis of all subsequent pioneer histories.

DODDRILL, W. C. *Moccasin Tracks and Other Imprints*, 1915. Local traditions relating to the Indian wars and early settlers of Webster county. The author is a resident of Webster Springs.

DUNNINGTON, GEORGE A. *History and Progress of Marion County from the Earliest Settlement by the Whites down to the Present Time.* Fairmont, 1880. The author was aided by memoranda left by Richard P. Knott.

ELY, WM. *The Big Sandy Valley*, Catlettsburg, Ky., 1887.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY OF WEST VIRGINIA. New York, 1894. The best work of its kind relating to West Virginia.

FAST, RICHARD E. (with Hu Maxwell) *History and Government of West Virginia.* Morgantown, 1901. A State history for schools.

FAULKNER, CHARLES J. *Memorial of —*, Martinsburg, 1884. The subject was a resident of Berkeley county, and Minister to Paris in 1861.

FERNOW, BERTHOLD. *The Ohio Valley in Colonial Days*, Albany, 1890. Contains authentic history prior to the Revolution.

FLEMING, WALLACE B. *History of Tyre.* An important work among studies of ancient historical subjects. The author is the able President of the West Virginia Wesleyan College.

FOOTE, WILLIAM HENRY (1794–1869). *Sketches of Virginia,*

Historical and Biographical. Philadelphia, 1850. Much relates to settlements west of the Blue Ridge. He also wrote "Sketches of North Carolina" and "The Huguenots." The author was Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Romney.

FOREMAN, S. E. *Advanced American History.* New York, 1920. By the author of *The American Republic.* West Virginia is here given its due national place for the first time in its history.

FRYE, ROSE W. *Recollections of Rev. John McElhenny.* Richmond, 1893. The subject was the founder of the Lewisburg Academy in 1808, and for fifteen years Pastor of the Presbyterian churches in the Greenbrier Valley. His biographer is a native of Greenbrier county.

GASS, PATRICK (1771–1870) *Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.* Pittsburg, 1807 — London, 1808 — Philadelphia, 1810. A diary kept by the last survivor of the famous expedition sent out by President Jefferson, reaching the Pacific at the mouth of the Columbia river, November 16, 1805. The author was a resident of Brooke county.

GIBBONS, ALVARO F. *Historic Blennerhassett Island Home,* Parkersburg, 1899. A brief account of the Blennerhassett homestead and the expedition that led to its ruin. Also author of *A Century of Progress, or a Historical Souvenir of Wood County.* Morgantown, 1899; *Wood County Annals,* Parkersburg, 1899. The author was associated with G. W. Atkinson in *Prominent Men of West Virginia.* Wheeling, 1890.

GIST, CHRISTOPHER. *Journals of his Travels and Discoveries Down the River Ohio for the Ohio Company, 1750–1751.* On his return he passed down the valleys of the Bluestone and New Rivers. Also *Journal of his Travels and Discoveries Down the River Ohio on the S.-E. Side as low as the Big Conhaway, 1751–1752.* Both Journals edited by William Darlington. Pittsburg, 1893. On this last journey his route lay through Marshall, Wetzel, Tyler, Ritchie, Wood, Wirt, Jackson, Putnam and Mason, and included Brooke and Ohio on his return.

GITTINGS, JOHN G. *Personal Revelations of Stonewall Jackson.* Cincinnati, 1899. The author writes of a friend with whom he served in the War between the States.

HAGANS, JOHN MARSHALL. *Sketch of the Formation of West Virginia, with Brief Biographies of the Judges of the First Supreme Court of Appeals.* Prefixed to Vol. I, W. Va. Reports, 1866.

HALE, JOHN P. *Trans-Allegheny Pioneers.* Cincinnati, 1877. The author was a descendant of the pioneer Draper and Ingle families, and especial attention is given to the history of their settlements and the New River-Kanawha region. He was associated with Charles E. Hogg and Virgil A. Lewis in writing the *History of the Great Kanawha Valley.* Madison, Wis., 1891. Also author of *Scraps of Tradition, History and Facts.* Charleston, 1899. In addition he wrote *A Sketch of Daniel Boone; Some Facts and Incidents not hitherto published.* Charleston, 1888. It treats of Boone's residence in the Kanawha Valley. While a resident he represented Kanawha county in the Virginia Assembly in 1781.

HALL, GRANVILLE DAVISSON. *The Rending of Virginia.* Chicago, 1902. This is the most complete account of the formation of West Virginia extant. Mr. Hall is also the author of *Lee's Invasion of Northwest Virginia.* Chicago, 1911. Several of his historical essays have been issued in pamphlet form. The author, a native of Harrison county, was stenographic reporter of the First and Second Wheeling Conventions, 1861, which resulted in the erection of the new state. He was also reporter of the Wheeling Constitutional Convention, 1863, of which his notes still exist in manuscript form.

HALL, JOHN E. *Letters from the West.* London, 1828. Sketches of persons, places, scenery and notable events connected with the first settlements of the West. Unusually well-written for the time. Judge Hall conducted "The Portfolio," a monthly magazine published at Philadelphia, first issued in 1801 and still in existence at the time his book was published. He was also the editor of the "American Law Journal."

HARDING, BENJAMIN. *A Tour of the Western Country in 1818–1819.* London 1819.

HARRIS, THOMAS M. *The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln.* Boston, 1892. The author was born in Wood county, served in the Civil War with the rank of Brigadier-General, and was a member of the military commission that tried the conspirators.

HAYMOND, HENRY. *History of Harrison County from the Early Days of the Settlement of Northwest Virginia to the Present Time.* Morgantown, 1910.

HENDERSON, GEORGE F. R. *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War.* It treats of the military aspect of his life and accomplishment.

HENKLE, MOSES M. *The Life of Bishop Bascom.* 1853. The author was a native of Pendleton county. Much relates to early Methodism in West Virginia.

HILDRITH, A. E. *Biographies of the Physicians of Wheeling for the last Hundred Years.* Wheeling, 1882.

HOWE, HENRY (1816–1893). *Virginia, Its History and Antiquities.* Charleston, S. C., 1846. An outline history containing a chapter on each county of West Virginia then in existence.

HULBERT, ARCHER BUTLER. *History of Braddock's Road.* Cleveland, 1903; *History of the Old Glade (Forbes) Road.* Cleveland 1903; *Washington and the West* (Washington's Diary, 1784.) New York, 1905.

JACOB, JOHN J. *Life and Times of Patrick Gass.* Wellsburg, 1859. An authentic account of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, with interesting matter pertaining to the early settlement of West Virginia. He also wrote a *History of Brooke County.* Wellsburg, 1882; and *A Biographical Sketch of the Late Michael Cresap.* Reprint Cincinnati, 1866.

JEFFERSON, THOMAS. (1743–1826). *Notes on the State of Virginia.* Baltimore, 1800–Philadelphia, 1825. He describes some of the physical features of West Virginia, including the rivers and mountains, with some account of the Indian tribes.

JOHNSTON, ALBERT SIDNEY. *Captain Beirne Chapman and Chapman's Battery.* Union, 1903. Historical sketch of a Monroe county company enlisted in Confederate service. Much relates to military movements within the state.

JOHNSTON, CHARLES. *A Narrative of the Capture and Ransom of —.* New York, 1827. He was made prisoner by the Indians on the Ohio River in 1790.

JOHNSTON, DAVID E. *A History of the Middle New River Settlements.* Huntington, 1906.

JOHNSTON, DAVID E. *Four Years a Soldier.* Princeton, W. Va., 1887. He was Sergeant-Major of the Seventh Virginia Infantry Confederate Army; and served as Judge of the Circuit Court and member of Congress.

JONES, BEUHRING H. *Memoir of William Margrave.* Lewiston, 1868. The subject was a worthy Baptist minister who traveled the Greenbrier Valley for thirty-five years.

KENNA, JOHN E. (1848–1893). *Memorial Addresses on the Life and Character of —.* Washington, D. C., 1893. The subject, a

native of Kanawha county, died at Washington while a member of the U. S. Senate.

KIRCHEVAL, SAMUEL. *History of the Shenandoah Valley.* Winchester, 1833. Reprint 1850. It covers the first settlement of Berkeley, Morgan and Jefferson counties and the Valley of the South Branch of the Potomac.

KIRK, EDMOND (J. R. Gilmore). *Workingman's Paradise; West Virginia as a Home.* New York, 1879.

LAIDLEY, W. S. *History of Charleston and Kanawha County.* Chicago, 1911. Also author *The First Settlement in West Virginia.* Charleston, 1900.

LANG, THEODORE F. *Loyal West Virginians from 1861 to 1865.* Baltimore, 1895. An account of the reorganization of the Virginia government and erection of the new State.

LEDERER, JOHN. *The Discoveries of John Lederer on Three Several Journeys from Virginia Over the Mountains, March 1669 to September, 1670.* London, 1672. Printed in Latin. A map is preserved showing Lederer's tour to the vicinity of Harper's Ferry.

LEECH, SAMUEL V. *The Raid of John Brown at Harper's Ferry as I Saw It.* Morgantown, 1900.

LEWIS, VIRGIL A. His writings include: A general *History of West Virginia*, Philadelphia, 1889; *Life and Times of Anne Bailey*, Charleston, 1891; *The Original Indiana Territory*, Charleston, 1895; History and Government of West Virginia (for schools) Chicago, 1896; *Story of the Louisiana Purchase*, St. Louis, 1903; *The Battle of Point Pleasant*, Charleston 1910; *First, Second and Third Biennial Reports Department of Archives and History*, 1906–1911, Charleston; Editor *How West Virginia was Made*, Charleston, 1909; Author many historical papers in various publications.

LIEB, CHARLES. *Nine Months in the Quartermaster's Department, or the Chance of Making a Million.* 1862.

LOWTHER, MINNIE KENDALL. *History of Ritchie County.* Wheeling, 1911. Also author of *Mount Vernon, Arlington and Woodlawn.* Washington, 1923. The history, romance and family traditions that gather about these famous shrines is here presented in an artistic setting. The author, a West Virginian, is now a resident of Washington City.

MACCORKLE, WILLIAM A. His writings include: *The Nicaragua Canal.* Richmond, 1896; *The White Sulphur Springs;* New York, 1916; *The Monroe Doctrine; Some Phases of the Race Question*, and

various articles and addresses. He was Governor of the state from 1893–1897, and at present is one of Charleston's most public spirited citizens. In his study of the life of Lafayette he has brought together one of the greatest collections of books relating to the subject to be found anywhere.

MARLEY, JOHN F. *The Life of Bishop Thomas A. Morris, D. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* Bishop Morris was born in Kanawha county, April 28, 1794.

MAXWELL, HU. His historical writings include: *History of Tucker County.* Kingwood, 1884. The first work to treat in detail of the pioneer history of the Cheat River Valley; *History of Randolph County*, Morgantown, 1898; *History of Barbour County*, Morgantown, 1899; *History of Hampshire County* (with Howard L. Swisher), Morgantown, 1897; *History and Government of West Virginia* — for schools — (with Richard Ellsworth Fast), Morgantown, 1901; *History of West Virginia and Its People* (with Thomas C. Miller), New York. Mr. Maxwell is a native of Tucker county and was educated in the state. Since youth he has had a varied and interesting career, especially in the far West. He was a pioneer in forest investigation and has been employed as an expert in the U. S. Forest Service. He has also represented West Virginia in all the important waterways and conservation congresses. A number of his reports and monographs relating to forestry and wood-using industries have been published by the National Government.

MCCLELLAN, GEORGE B. *Report of the Organization and Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, to which is added an Account of the Campaign in Western Virginia.* New York, 1864.

MCCLUNG, JOHN A. *Sketches of Western Adventure, Containing an Account of the Most Interesting Incidents connected with the Settlements of the West from 1755–1794.* In part relates to events in West Virginia. Maysville, Ky., 1839.

MCELDOWNEY, JOHN C. *History of Wetzel County.* New Martinsville, 1901. An interesting county history.

MCGREGOR, JAMES C. *The Disruption of Virginia.* New York, 1922. This work covers substantially the same ground traversed by former historians of the state; and with whom there appears to be general agreement as to the causes which led to the separation from the Old Dominion. But in considering the formation of West Virginia, the author takes issue as to the constitutionality of the processes by which the new state was erected. He also holds that a

majority of the people were not in favor of the movement, and impugns the motives of some of its leaders. The author is a native of the state, a former instructer in the Wheeling High School and at present connected with Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.

McWhorter, Lucullus Virgil. *The Border Settlers of Northwestern Virginia from 1768–1795.* Hamilton, Ohio, 1915. It embraces the life of Jesse Hughs and other noted scouts and pioneers of the trans-Allegheny region. The author is a native of Harrison county and his work is one of the latest contributions to our pioneer history, and in which the Red man is given a square deal. He also wrote *The Crime Against the Yakimas* (1913), exposing the corruption of government officials and speculators in their attempt to despoil the natives of the Yakima Reservation in the State of Washington.

Michaux, François André. *Journal of Travels to the Westward of the Allegheny Mountains, 1802.* He describes many places on the Ohio, including Wheeling and Point Pleasant, and the Kanawha and also some of the experiences of frontier life.

Miller, J. H. *History of Summers County.* Hinton, 1908.

Miller, Thomas C. (Editor) *History of Education in West Virginia.* Charleston, 1903. Revised, 1907. The author, a veteran educator of the state, has served as State Superintendent of Schools and President of Shepherd College.

Morgan, Benjamin S. (with Jacob F. Cork). *History of Education in West Virginia,* Charleston, 1893. By a State Superintendent of Schools and his Secretary.

Morris, Thomas A. *Sketches of Western Methodism.* Cincinnati, 1852. Contains early church history of the Guyandotte and Big Sandy Valleys.

Morton, Oren F. *A History of Pendleton County,* 1910. Replete with historical and genealogical information. Also author of *A History of Preston County,* 1914 — a comprehensive record of an interesting region; *A History of Monroe County,* and *A History of Winchester, Va.*

Myers, R. C. *Life and Adventures of Lewis Wetzel.* Philadelphia, 1889.

Myers, Sylvester. *History of West Virginia.* 2 vols, New Martinsville, 1915. Described in *Preface* as: "A compilation of information gleaned from a large number of historical works, old

newspaper files, responsible magazines, correspondence and personal interviews, which has required a number of years in preparation." Contains much of historical interest which would be difficult to obtain outside of the larger libraries. The author is a native of Marion county.

NEWMAN, D. L. *Marion County, W. Va. in the Making.* Baltimore, 1917. A history of this county by Mr. Newman and others.

NEWTON, J. H. (*et al.*). *History of the Panhandle.* Wheeling, 1879. Valuable on account of the rare documents included, among them Washington's *Journal of his Journey to the Ohio in 1770.*

NORRIS, J. E. (Editor). *The History of the Lower Shenandoah Valley.* Chicago, 1890. Includes history of Berkeley and Jefferson counties and is replete with the annals of the older portion of the state.

PALMER, WILLIAM H. *Calendar of Virginia State Papers, 1652–1781.* 8 vols. Richmond, 1875. Affords a view of West Virginia during the Indian wars and Revolution.

PANGBORN, J. G. *History of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.* Chicago, 1883. Account of the construction from Baltimore to Wheeling of the first railroad across the Alleghenies, and which has played an important part in the history of the State and Nation.

PARKER, GRANVILLE (1809–1881). *The Formation of West Virginia.* Wellsburg, 1875. The first book to treat of the formation of the state in detail. He participated in the erection of the state, and represented Cabell county in the Convention which framed the first Constitution of the state.

PEPPER, CHARLES M. *The Life and Times of Henry Gassaway Davis.* New York, 1920. Life of West Virginia's "Grand Old Man"; a pioneer in railroad construction, for twelve years U. S. Senator, and whose life was largely devoted to the material development of the state.

PETERKIN, GEO. W. *A History and Record of the Protestant Episcopal Church in West Virginia.* Charleston, 1902. A valuable record based upon Bishop William Meade's "Old Churches, Ministers and Families of Virginia." Besides serving as a church history, it contains much interesting material of a general character. The author was the first Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of West Virginia, 1878.

PEYTON, J. LEWIS. *History of Augusta County, Virginia.* Staunton, 1882. Historical account of the region which once included

two-thirds of West Virginia. Also author of *Over the Alleghenies and Across the Prairies*. Staunton, 1870.

PIERPONT, FRANCIS H. (1814–1899). *Sketch of the Reorganized Government of Virginia*. Printed in "Calendar of Virginia State Papers, Vol. XI." He was Governor of the Restored Government of Virginia. *Proceedings in Statuary Hall in the Washington Capitol on the Occasion of the Unveiling of the Statue of Governor Francis H. Pierpont, April 30, 1910*. Washington, D. C.

POFFENBARGER, LIVIA NYE (SIMPSON). *History of the Battle of Point Pleasant, First Battle of The Revolution, Oct. 10, 1774*. Also author of a number of genealogies. The author is the wife of Judge George Poffenbarger of the Supreme Court of Appeals, and resides at Point Pleasant.

POND, GEORGE E. *The Shenandoah Valley in 1864*. New York, 1892. Contains an account of the military movements in Jefferson and Berkeley counties.

PORTER, SARAH HARVEY. *The Life and Times of Anne Royal*. Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1909. Biography of a West Virginia woman, "whose life-span stretched from George the Third to the political rise of Abraham Lincoln," and who was the first woman journalist in this country. The author is a member of the Columbian Historical Society, Washington, D. C.

POWER, FREDERICK D. *Life of William Kimbrough Pendleton*. St. Louis, 1902. The subject was State Superintendent of Schools and President of Bethany College, and the author was Professor of Languages in that institution, later minister of a Washington, D. C. church. Much relates to the founding of Bethany College.

PRICE, WILLIAM T. *Historical Sketches of Pocahontas county*. Morgantown, 1901.

RAGLAND, H. CLAY. *History of Logan County*. Printed in "Logan County Banner," 1895

RAWLING, C. J. *History of the First West Virginia Infantry*. Philadelphia, 1887. Account of the formation of this regiment at Wheeling.

READER, FRANK S. *History of the Fifth Regiment of the West Virginia Volunteer Cavalry, Formerly the Second W. Va. Volunteer Infantry, and of Battery "G" First W. Va. Light Artillery*. New Brighton, Pa., 1890.

RICHARDSON, ROBERT. *Memoirs of Alexander Campbell*. 2 vols. Philadelphia, 1868.

ROBERTSON, DAVID. *Report of the Trial of Aaron Burr at Richmond, 1807.* 2 vols. Philadelphia, 1818. This report was taken in shorthand by the author.

ROWAN, ANDREW SUMMERS (with M. M. Ramsey). *The Island of Cuba, A Descriptive and Historical Account of the Great Antilla.* New York, 1896. Also author of *How the Message was Carried to Garcia.* San Francisco, 1922. He is a native of Monroe county and the man who carried the "Message."

SAFFORD, WILLIAM H. *The Life of Harman Blennerhassett.* Chillicothe, O., 1850. Contains a brief narrative of the Burr Expedition. The author edited the "Blennerhassett Papers" and included a memoir of Blennerhassett, Cincinnati, 1861.

SALLEY (or SOLLE) JOHN PETER. *A Brief Account of the Travels of John Peter Salley to the Westward as far as the River Mississippi, between March, 1741, and May, 1745.* Included in "Christopher Gist's Journals" by Wm. Darlington, Pittsburg, 1893. On his tour Salley was captured by the French on the Mississippi and imprisoned in New Orleans for two years. He was accompanied by Charles Sinclair, John Howard, and his son Josiah.

SEARIGHT, THOMAS B. *The Old Pike; A History of the National Road.* Uniontown, Pa., 1894. The most historic highway in America. For many years Wheeling was its western terminal.

SHAW, S. C. *Sketches of Wood County, West Virginia.* Parkersburg, 1878. Also author of *Captain Joseph Cook, one of the Early Pioneers of Wood County,* Parkersburg; and *Historical Sketches of the Life and Character of Hon. Jacob Beesom, and Early Pioneer of Wood County.* Parkersburg, 1881.

SHAWKEY, M. P. *West Virginia; A Book of Geography, History and Industry.* A recent work that comprehends the essentials of the State's history, geography and industrial life. The author attained a wide reputation as an educator while serving as State Superintendent of Schools. He is at present Superintendent of the Bluefield Schools and conducts the Bluefield Branch of the W. Va. University Summer School.

SMITH, EDWARD C. *A History of Lewis County,* 1920. A comprehensive account of an influential section of the state.

STATTS, HAROLD. *History of Jackson County.* Printed in the "Ravenswood News," 1921.

STUART, JOHN. *Memoirs of the Indian Wars and Other Occurrences.* Richmond, 1832. Written thirty-four years before publication.

SUMMERS, LEWIS (1778–1843). *Journal of an Extended Journey through Western Virginia in 1808.* Published in "Southern Historical Magazine," 1892. He crossed the mountains, passed through the Greenbrier region, down the Great Kanawha and up the Ohio to Wheeling, thence home to Alexandria on the Potomac. In 1814, he made his home in Kanawha county, served as Judge of the Kanawha Judicial Circuit, was a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention, 1829–1830, and a Judge of the General Court of Virginia for nearly a quarter of a century.

SUMMERS, LEWIS PRESTON. *History of Southwest Virginia, 1746–1786.* Abington, Va., 1903. Much of this relates to West Virginia, including the Battle of Point Pleasant.

SUTTON, J. J. *History of the Second Regiment W. Va. Volunteer Cavalry,* 1861–1865. Portsmouth, O., 1892.

THOMPSON, GEORGE W. (1806–1888). *Virginia: Her Ancient Title to the Northwest Territory and her Rights on the Ohio River Vindicated.* The author was a member of the joint commission to determine the title and sovereignty of the Ohio river. He was a member of the Wheeling bar, served as U. S. District Attorney, Congressman and Judge of the Circuit Court. Also author of *The Living Force,* 1866, and *The Administration of Good and Evil,* 1870.

THORNTON, JESSE QUINN. *Oregon and California,* 1849. Also author of *A History of the Provisional Government of Oregon* and *A History of the Willamette Valley.* The author, a prominent citizen of the Pacific coast, was born near Point Pleasant, W. Va.

THWAITES, REUBEN GOLD. *Afloat on the Ohio.* New York, 1900. Republished under the title "The Storied River." An historical pilgrimage of a thousand miles in a skiff in 1897. Contains some history relating to the West Virginia shore. Also author, in association with Louise Phelps Kellog, of *The Revolution on the Upper Ohio, 1775–1777.*

TRENT, CAPTAIN WILLIAM. *Journal from Logstown to Pickawillany, of Virginia Troops sent by Robert Dinwidie, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, Across the Allegheny Mountains in 1754 to build a Fort at the Head of the Ohio.* Edited by Joseph M. Toner, Albany, N. Y., 1893. It relates to the early history of the Upper Ohio Valley.

TURNER, FREDERICK J. *Western State-Making in the Revolutionary Era.* In "American Historical Review," Vols. I and II. Also author of *Rise of the West.* New York, 1906.

VEECH, JAMES. *The Monongahela of Old.* Pittsburg, 1852. Reprint 1892. Contains much relating to the northern part of the state, and a full account of the Mason and Dixon Line.

WADE, ALEXANDER L. *Life Sketch of* —. Dean of West Virginia school teachers, Prof. Wade was engaged in educational work of the state for more than half a century. Author of *A Graduating System for Country Schools*, Boston, 1881, widely circulated and adopted in many parts of the country. He died at Richmond, Va., May 2, 1904.

WADELL, JOSEPH A. *Annals of Augusta County.* Richmond, 1888. Record of early days in this county, which once included the larger part of what is now West Virginia.

WALKER, DR. THOMAS. *Journal of an Expedition in the Year 1750.* Edited by William Campbell Rives, Boston, 1888. With five companions he penetrated the Kentucky wilderness, and on his return passed down the Bluestone to New river, down New river to the Greenbrier, up Greenbrier and over the mountains on his way home. On a tour into the Kentucky region two years before he discovered and named Cumberland Pass and Cumberland river.

WARNER, ZEBIDEE. *Life and Labors of Rev. Jacob Bachtel.* Dayton, O., 1868. Affords a view of early ministerial labor in West Virginia.

WASHINGTON, GEORGE. *Journal of My Journey Over the Mountains beyond the Blue Ridge 1750.* Annotated edition, J. M. Toner, Albany, N. Y., 1892. A diary kept by young George Washington while surveying lands for Lord Fairfax, including the first farms in West Virginia. Also *Journal when on His Tour from Mount Vernon to the Ohio in 1770.* This tour was made to locate lands for himself and others for services in the French and Indian War. He proceeded to the mouth of the Great Kanawha. His account gives the clearest picture of the Ohio Valley prior to the Revolution.

WELLS, RICHARD D. *The Life and Letters of Captain John Brown.* London, 1861.

WHITE, A. B. *Addresses 1901–1905.* These addresses were delivered while he was Governor of the State.

WHITEHILL, A. R. *History of Education in West Virginia.* Washington, 1902. A Government Document prepared by a member of the faculty of West Virginia University.

WILEY, SAMUEL T. *History of Monongalia County.* Kingwood, 1883. Exhibits research, and is among the best of the county

histories of the state. The author also wrote the *History of Preston County*. Kingwood, 1882. A work of considerable interest, though largely traditional.

WILLEY, WAITMAN T. *Life of Philip Doddridge*. Morgantown, 1875. Deals with early political history. The subject was an early congressman from Northwestern Virginia, and the author was one of the first U. S. Senators from West Virginia. He is author of *Ethics of the Bar*. Morgantown, 1886. His *Addresses 1862–1863* have also been preserved.

WILLEY, WILLIAM P. *An Inside View of the Formation of West Virginia*. Wheeling, 1901. Reviews in detail the work of the "Mountain State" builders, with character sketches of the prominent figures in the movement. The author is a native of Monongalia county and Professor of Law in West Virginia University.

WILLIAMS, MARTIN. *Reminiscences of Gen. Joseph Martin*, 1891. In part relates to New River Valley and Indian wars in West Virginia.

WINSOR, JUSTIN. *The Westward Movement; the Colonies and the Republic West of the Alleghenies, 1763–1798*. New York, 1897. Early West Virginia settlements are given treatment.

WITHERS, ALEXANDER SCOTT. *Chronicles of Border Warfare; or a History of the Settlement by the Whites of Northwestern Virginia, and the Indian Wars and Massacres in that section of the State*. Clarksburg, 1831. Reprint Cincinnati, 1895. The leading authority on the Indian wars in this region and more frequently quoted than any other. The author was a lawyer, teacher, magistrate and member of the First Wheeling Convention.

SECTION II

FICTION, VERSE AND ESSAY

APPLETON, EVERARD JACK. *The Quiet Courage and Other Songs of the Unafraid*. Cincinnati, 1912, and *With the Colors*, Cincinnati, 1919. The author was born in Charleston, W. Va., but his youth was spent in Monroe county. He later engaged in newspaper work in Cincinnati. His best known poems are "The Fighting Failure" and "The Woman who Understands."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT A. *Literary and Historical Outlines of the Old Testament*. Morgantown, 1907. Also author of *Life and Death*, 1906; *The Law of Service*, 1907; *Dramatic Interpretation of Shake-*

speare's Tragedies; Mastering the Books of the Bible, New York, 1916, and *How to Know the Bible: Mastering the Books of the Bible*, New York, 1922. He edited "An Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey" by R. L. Stevenson. Besides these he is author of a series of papers on the "Patriotism of Peace," appearing in the "West Virginia School Journal," of which he was Associate Editor from 1904–1921, together with many articles on literary and educational topics in this and other journals. Doctor Armstrong is Head of the Department of English at West Virginia University and also occupies the position of Chaplain of the institution with which he has been connected for the last thirty years. He is one of the best known educators in the state, and has been in much demand in the Middle West as an institute instructor.

Atkeson, Mary Meek. *A Study of the Local Literature of the Upper Ohio Valley.* Ohio State University, 1921. Also author of *Writers of West Virginia* (Manuscript), 1913; *The Development of Literature in West Virginia* (In "Semi-Centennial History of West Virginia,") Charleston, 1913; *A Study of the Literature of West Virginia* (In "West Virginia Old and New" by Dr. J. M. Callahan), Chicago, 1923 — also issued as a separate monograph. She is author of a number of popular rural plays and a pageant entitled *The Good Old Days; A Woman on the Farm*, New York, 1924; besides many magazine articles and stories. Doctor Atkeson received an A.B. degree from West Virginia University in 1910, and A.M., 1913, and for four years was an instructor in English in that institution. She received a Ph.D. degree from Ohio State University in 1919. At present she is a resident of Washington, D. C.

Atkison, George W. *After the Moonshiners: by One of the Raiders.* Wheeling, 1881. These are sketches of the mountain folk, lawless and otherwise, by a young internal revenue agent. He also published *Don't or Negative Chips*, Wheeling, 1883; *From Blocks of Living Truths*, Wheeling, 1886; *Chips and Whetstones*, a book of verse, 1908; *Addresses, 1897–1901*, Wheeling, 1901, and other books of a historical character.

Barbe, Waitman. The first book of this well known educator and author was a volume of poems, *Ashes and Incense*, Philadelphia, 1892; followed by *The Study of Poetry*, New York, 1905; his next was a group of short-stories, *In the Virginias*, Akron, O., 1896; *Going to College* — educational propaganda — appeared in 1899; *Famous Poems Explained*, New York, 1905; *Great Poems In-*

terpreted, New York, 1913. He has since written many fine lyrics, including *Stars of Gold*, which was reprinted in France. Dr. Barbe is Professor of English in West Virginia University and Director of the University Summer School. Died Oct. 30, 1925.

BARNES, WALTER. (Editor) *Types of Children's Literature*, New York, 1919. Also author of an excellent series of articles, *Some Children's Poets* (In "West Virginia School Journal"). Besides publishing *English in the Country School*, Chicago, 1913, and more recently *The New Democracy in the Teaching of English*, he edited that standard anthology of "English Undefiled," *Palgrove's Golden Treasury; The Crisis* by Churchill, and other works. The author is Head of the English Department of the State Normal at Fairmont. He is a specialist in children's literature and is considered one of the foremost of the younger educators of the state.

BEAN, JOSEPH HERBERT. *A Pilgrim Harp*. Boston, 1923. The author is pastor of a church at Hinton.

BLAND, FRANCES MOORE. *Twilight Reveries*. Morgantown, 1900. Her work is marked by chaste expression and keyed to the moods of eventide. The author, a daughter of C. P. T. Moore, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals, resides in Weston.

BLENNERHASSETT, MARGARET AGNEW (1778–1842). *The Widow of the Rock and Other Poems*. Montreal, Canada, 1824. Published anonymously, but the author's identity is established by internal evidence and by her correspondence in the "Blennerhassett Papers." The forty titles include "The Desert Isle," usually printed "Deserted Isle." The author was the wife of the ill-fated Harman Blennerhassett, and some of her verses commemorate her romantic island home.

BRENNAN, IGNATIUS. *Mountain State Gleanings*, 1911. A volume of verse by a Wheeling journalist.

BROOKE, CHARLES FREDERICK TUCKER. *The Shakespeare Apocrypha*. Oxford (England), 1908. Doctor Brooke is also the author of *The Tudor Drama*, Boston, 1911; *Shakespeare's Principal Plays* (In collaboration), New York, 1914. He is editor of *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, London, 1909; *The Works of Christopher Marlow*, Oxford, 1910; *War Aims and Peace Ideals*, (Joint editor), New Haven, 1915; *Much Ado About Nothing*, New Haven, 1917, and *The First Part of King Henry the Sixth*, New Haven, 1918. Doctor Brooke, son of St. George Tucker Brooke, was born at Morgantown, W. Va. where his father was Dean of the Law School

of West Virginia University. He received the degree A.B., 1901, and A.M., 1902, from West Virginia University, and was the first Rhodes scholar at Oxford from West Virginia. Oxford conferred upon him the degree A.B. with honors, 1906, and B. Litt., 1907. He has been a member of the English Department of Yale since 1909, where he is at present Professor of English. He is widely known as a Shakespearean scholar.

Brown, William Perry. *A Sea Island Romance*, 1888. The author, a resident of Glenville, has written other stories for boys, including a new series relating to the World War.

Byer, St. John. *Stories in Rhyme, Elegies and Lyrics*. New York, 1915. Mr. Byer was born in Shepherdstown, and in early life followed the profession of teaching; later he was engaged as music and dramatic critic on the Louisville "Courier Journal," to which he contributed some stories. About the time his book was published, he accepted a position as Editor of "The Art Journal," New York City. He is a writer of beautiful lyrics.

Campbell, Alexander (1788–1866). *Popular Lectures and Addresses*. Philadelphia, 1864. Also author of *Memoirs of Thomas Campbell* and various theological works. He was Editor of the *Millennial Harbinger* and founder of Bethany College.

Christian, Charles Russell (1860–1889). *The Mountain Bard*. Huntington, 1881 — enlarged edition, 1885. The author was a native of Logan county. "My honest endeavor," said he, "has been to sow the seed of literature in this hitherto barren land."

Coleman, Noah. *The Visions of a Seer; or a Poetic Account of Creation*. Charleston, 1894. By a native of Kanawha county who was blind.

Cook, Philip Pendleton (1816–1850). *Froissart Ballads and Other Poems*. Philadelphia, 1847. The author, a brother of John Esten Cooke the novelist, was born and reared at Martinsburg, graduated at Princeton, and studied law. He was a contributor to magazines and at the time of his death was publishing serially *The Cavalier Merlin*, a historical prose-poem. He also wrote *John Carpe, the Hunter of Lost River*, and other stories. The scene of the former is laid in the South Branch Valley during the Tory Insurrection in Revolutionary days. He is best known as the author of *Florence Vane*, which has been translated into many foreign languages.

Cornwell, John Jacob. *Knock-About Notes*. Romney, 1918.

A volume of gathered verse and sketches by one of West Virginia's most noted governors.

CORNWELL, MARSHALL S. *Wheat and Chaff.* Romney, 1899. The author, a native of Hampshire county, died at the age of twenty-seven, and this volume of verse was written in part while he was seeking health in the balmy Southland.

COX, JOHN HARRINGTON. His writings include: *Knighthood in Germ and Flower.* New York, 1910. Translations of the Anglo-Saxon stories of "Beowulf" and "A Knight of Arthur's Court." *A Chevalier of Old France,* New York, 1910, is a translation of the old French epic, "The Song of Roland;" *Siegfried,* the ancient Teutonic story as told in "The Niebelungs." The translations and adaptations for school and home of those fine old tales and romances of chivalry is something new in the literature of our state. The thorough scholarship of the author and the delightful literary quality of his work is attested by the adoption of his books by the reading circles of other states. Professor Cox is also the author of *Folk Tales of the East and West.* New York, 1912. This is a collection of old folk tales for young people. His *Literature in the Common Schools* is a book for teachers. The author is Professor of English Philology in West Virginia University.

CUNNINGHAM, ALBERT BENJAMIN. *The Manse at Barren Rocks.* New York, 1918, a story of a preacher's family in the West Virginia mountains, was followed by *Singing Mountains,* New York, 1919, staged in the same section and in which the leading characters of his first story again make their appearance. *Chronicles of an Old Town,* New York, 1919, portrays community life in the old "Western Reserve," Ohio. *Old Black Bass,* New York, 1922, is the story of a plucky fish of the species mentioned. The author was born and reared in West Virginia, but at present is engaged in college work in the state of Washington.

CURTIN, THOMAS D. *The Tyranny of Power.* Boston, 1923. A novel having the West Virginia coal fields for its background, and concerned with the problem of labor and capital, written by the author of "The Land of Deepening Shadow," a story of Germany in war time.

DANDRIDGE, DANSKE (1854–1914) *Joy and Other Poems.* New York, 1888. Together with its companion volume, *Rosebrake,* New York, 1890, it won for its talented author general recognition. Most of the poems in these two books with some additional titles

were collected in a single volume, *Joy and Other Poems*, New York, 1900. She is the author of other interesting books of a historical character.

DAVIS, DUDLEY H. *Songs of the Ages*, Baltimore, 1891; *The Kingdom Gained and Other Poems*, Richmond, 1896. The author is a resident of Harrison county.

DAVIS, REBECCA HARDING (1831–1910) *Life in the Iron Mills*, 1861, is a vivid picture of the manufacturing city of Wheeling, where she lived at the time. *Margaret Howth*, issued the same year, also reflects life in the mills. This was followed by *David Gaunt*, 1862, a story of the Civil War in West Virginia. Besides these she wrote *Kemp Hampden, Doctor Warrick's Daughters* and other successful stories. She was born in Wheeling, and in 1863 married Clark L. Davis, Editor of the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

DODDRIDGE, JOSEPH (1769–1826). *Logan, the Last of the Race Shikellemus, Chief of the Cayuga Nation*, 1823. A frontier drama with Logan's famous speech as the climax. His poem *An Elegy on His Family Vault* is cast in the classic form of Gray's "Elegy."

ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN (1819–1902). *American Ballads*, 1882. The author for a number of years resided at Logan, W. Va., where he practiced medicine and where he found material for such contributions as "Rafting on the Guyandotte;" "Gauley River;" "The Logan Grazier;" "Boone Wagoner," and others. He is also the author of the "Boy's Book of "Battle Lyrics," 1885, and two or three novels. His *Select Poems*, Newark, N. J., 1894, were edited by his daughter, Alice English.

FEARNOW, MARTIN LUTHER. *A Modern Crusade*, 1889. The author is a resident of Morgan county.

FRENCH, MINNIE REED. *A Little Court of Yesterday*. New York, 1900. The author is a resident of Bluefield, and her story deals with life in the South.

GARNER, WINFIELD SCOTT. *Rustic Rhymes*, 1904. The author lives in Tunnelton.

GITTINGS, JOHN G. *West Virginia Lyrics*. Morgantown, 1902. Many of the "Lyrics" of this Clarksburg author are reminiscent of the olden time in the "Mountain State."

GREY, ZANE. *Betty Zane*. New York, 1903. A romance in which the heroine of Fort Henry figures as the leading character. The popular author of western fiction is the great grandson of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, founder of the city of Wheeling and this

story is based on an old diary of his. Mr. Grey also wrote *The Spirit of the Border*, another story dealing with pioneer life on the Ohio.

HADDOX, ELLA MAXWELL. Poems of Sentiment. Charleston, 1912.

HALL, GRANVILLE DAVISSON. *Daughter of the Elm.* Chicago, 1899. A prewar story of the upper Monongahela with the interest centering about a famous old elm tree. The author's *Old Gold*, Chicago, 1907, is a series of delightful sketches of the essay order, relating also to days before the Civil War.

HALL, JOHN. Musings of a Quiet Hour. The author, a resident of St. Marys, was a soldier of the Civil War and former editor of "The Oracle."

HARVEY, WILLIAM H. *A Tale of Two Nations.* Chicago, 1894. In which a love story is involved. *Coin's Financial School*, 1894, by the same author, once attracted wide attention. He is a native of Putnam county.

HARRISON, HENRY SYDNOR. His writings are: *Queed*, Boston, 1911; *Captivating Mary Carstairs*, Boston, 1911; *V. V.'s Eyes*, Boston, 1913; *Angela's Business*, Boston, 1915; *When I Come Back*, Boston, 1919; *Saint Teresa*, Boston, 1922. Mr. Harrison began his career as a short-story writer, but is more generally known as a novelist. He was a resident of Charleston, W. Va. for nine years.

HAYMOND, BRUCE. *Borderland Echoes*, Boston, 1923. A late story of Civil War days in West Virginia by a native and resident of the state.

HENDERSON, ANNA R. *Life and Song*, Buffalo, N. Y., 1900. The author is a resident of Williamstown.

HILL, ASHBELL FAIRCHILDS. *The White Rocks; or the Robber's Den.* Morgantown, 1900. The scene is laid in the valley of the upper Monogahela.

HILL, DAVID R. *Works of —, in Song, Poetry and Prose*, 1905.

HOUSTON, JANET JANE. *A Summer Idyl.* Baltimore, 1883. Descriptive of a summer season at Salt Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

JOHNSON, LENA LEOTA. *Nonie*, 1898. An interesting child's story by a Monroe county author.

JOHNSON, CLYDE BEECHER. *Rhyme and Reason.* Pittsburg, 1914. A tasteful little volume of prose and verse by a prominent member of the Charleston bar.

JOHNSON, FANNY KEMBLE (Mrs. Vincent Costello). *The Beloved Son.* Boston, 1916. A well-written novel with an unusual plot. The author is also known as a short-story writer; one of her productions, "The Strange Looking Man," being included in Edward O'Brien's "Best Short Stories of 1917." The author resides in Charleston.

JOHNSON, PHILANDER CHASE. *Now-a-Day Poems.* Washington D. C., 1900. Also author of *Sayings of Uncle Eben*, Washington, 1896; *Senator Sorghum Primer of Politics*, Philadelphia, 1906, and the popular war song, *Somewhere in France is the Lily.* Mr. Johnson is a native of Wheeling, and at present is editorial writer and dramatic critic of the "Washington Star."

JONES, BEUHRING H. *The Sunny Land: or Prison Prose and Poetry.* Baltimore, 1868. The author, a native of Jefferson county, was Colonel of the Sixtieth Regiment Virginia Confederate Infantry. Much of his book was written while a prisoner on Johnson's Island.

JONES, SARAH A. *Rest or Unrest*, "A Story of the Parisian Sabbath in America," 1888. Also author of *Godfrey Brentz*, Philadelphia, 1894; *None Other Name; or the Blacksmith of Ninaberg*, and other temperance and Sunday School stories. The author is a native of Putnam county.

JONES, J. MCHENRY. *Hearts of Gold.* Wheeling, 1896. A novel by the Principal of the W. Va. Colored Institute.

KELLY, JAMES PAUL. *The Prince of Izon.* A story by a resident of Charleston.

KENNA, EDWARD B. *Lyrics of The Hills.* Morgantown, 1902. The author died in his early manhood. All his verses have since been collected in a larger volume entitled *Songs of the Open Air and Other Poems*, 1912. He was the gifted son of John E. Kenna, U.S. Senator from West Virginia.

KENNEY, PATRICK. *Wayside Thoughts.* Morgantown, 1903. A contribution of prose and verse that serves as a memorial of a well-known West Virginia teacher.

KING, GEORGIANA GODDARD. *The Way of Perfect Love.* New York, 1908. An allegorical poem considered by critics as a work of rare merit; also author of *Comedies and Legends for Marionettes*, N. Y., 1904; *The Way of St. James*, N. Y., 1920; *A Citizen of the Twilight*, N. Y., 1921; *The Play of the Sybil Cassandra*, N. Y., 1921; *The Military Orders in Spain*, N. Y., 1921; *Sardenian*

Painting, N. Y., 1923. The author was born at West Columbia, W. Va., but her home since childhood has been at Norfolk, Va. and New York. She is now Professor of the History of Art at Bryn Mawr.

KUNST, EARL. *Justine*, 1905. The author is a resident of Weston.

LEECH, SAMUEL VAN DERLIT. *From West Virginia to Pompeii.* Morgantown, 1901. An interesting story of travel by a Charleston pastor.

LEES, THOMAS J. *Musings of Carol.* Wheeling, 1831. The second edition including the "Snowy Daughter," and entitled *Poetical Works* was issued 1839. The author for several years was President of Linsley's Institute at Wheeling. Many of his poems picture the beauty of the Ohio river and its environing hills and valley.

LEIGHTON, WILLIAM. His writings include: *The Sons of Godwin, A Tragedy*, 1877; *The History of Oliver and Arthur*, 1903; *At the Court of King Edwin*, 1878; *Change: The Whisperings of the Sphinx*, 1879; *Shakespeare's Dream, A Masque*, 1881; *The Price of the Present Paid by the Past*, read at the dedication of the Soldier's Monument at Wheeling, 1881; *A Scrap-Book of Pictures and Fancies*, Chicago, 1906. Uniform with this collection of poems was reissued *Whisperings of the Sphinx*, Chicago, 1906, his most ambitious undertaking, besides three volumes of Sonnets issued abroad. The author, a graduate of Harvard, moved to Wheeling in 1868; while engaged in the industrial enterprise of that city he found time to devote to literary work.

LEWIS, JOHN ? *Young Kate; A Tale of the Great Kanawha.* New York, 1845. Republished under the title *New Hope; or The Rescue*, New York, 1855. In the form of a story it portrays the life of the early settlers of the Great Kanawha region.

LUCAS, DANIEL BEDINGER (1836–1909). *The Land Where We Were Dreaming.* Boston, 1913. Including selections from earlier publications and edited by Charles W. Kent, Ph.D. and Virginia Lucas, with a critical Introduction by Dr. Kent. Also author of *Dramatic Works*, Boston, 1913, edited by Dr. Kent and Miss Lucas, with a critical Introduction by Prof. C. F. Tucker Brooke. Judge Lucas's work is distinguished by a sure grasp of the essentials of poetry and the easy grace with which he passes from one verse form to another. His prose mentioned elsewhere is likewise worthy of attention.

LUCAS, VIRGINIA BEDINGER (1838–1865). *The Wreath of Eglantine.* Baltimore, 1869. Published posthumously by her brother, Daniel Bedinger Lucas and in part composed by him. She was known as the Pastoral Poet of the Potomac Valley. A lover of nature and the gentler things of life, the minor strain in her song is reminiscent of the fiery trials through which she was fated to pass. This treasured volume commemorates her rare gift of expression, her cultivated mind and beautiful spirit.

LUCAS, VIRGINIA. *The Captain.* New York, 1912. Miss Lucas is also the author of *Wild Flowers*, 1898, (privately circulated) and some occasional poems. She is the daughter of Judge Daniel Bedinger Lucas, and assisted Dr. Charles W. Kent in editing her father's poetical and dramatic works. She was born at Rion Hall, Jefferson county and was educated in the schools of Charles Town, at Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va. and the Student's Art League, New York City. Her writing is marked by grace and charm and an inherited conception of form and attention to detail in search of faultless expression.

MAGILL, MARY TUCKER. *Women; or Chronicles of the Late War.* Philadelphia, 1870. She wrote several other stories of the Civil War and also a school "History of Virginia." The author is a native of Jefferson county but has long been a resident of Virginia.

MAXWELL, HU. *Idyls of the Golden Shore.* Morgantown, 1889. A volume of verse written while wandering in California; "That strange and beautiful country, different from all other lands of earth." *Johnathan Fish*, Morgantown, 1902, by the same author, is a group of stories with a West Virginia setting. Mr. Maxwell is usually classed as a historian.

MCRA, DUNCAN. *The Quaint Family of Three.* Charleston, 1902. Accurately described by the title. He also published *Essays of Duncan McRa.* New York, 1899. The author is a native Monongalia county.

MEADOR, JOSEPH MARGRAVE. *Memories and Other Poems.* Boston, 1923. The author is a native and resident of Summers county.

MILLER, MRS. ALEXANDER MCVEIGH. *The Bride of the Tomb*, 1881. She also wrote *Guy Kenmore's Wife* and other successful light fiction Her home was at Alderson, W. Va., but she now resides in Washington, D. C.

MITCHELL, JOHN KEARSLEY (1798–1857). *St. Helena, A Poem by*

a Yankee. Philadelphia, 1821. Also the author of *Indecision: A Tale of the Far West and Other Poems*, Phil., 1839; *Five Essays*, 1859, and *On the Progress of Recent Science*, Phil., 1851. Dr. Mitchell was born at Shepherdstown, W. Va., May 2, 1798, but spent most of his life in Philadelphia, where he was connected as instructor with the leading medical colleges of that city from 1826–1858. He was father of S. Weir Mitchell, the distinguished novelist and physician.

Montague, Margaret Prescott. Her writings include: *The Poet, Miss Kate and I*, New York, 1905; *The Sowing of Alderson Cree*, New York, 1907; *Calvert's Valley*, New York, 1908; *Linda*, Boston, 1912; *Closed Doors*, Boston, 1915; *Home to Him's Muver*, New York, 1916; *Twenty Minutes of Reality*, New York, 1917; *Of the Water and the Spirit*, New York, 1917; *The Great Expectancy*, 1918; *The Gift*, New York, 1919; *England to America*, New York, 1919; *Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge*, New York, 1920; *Up Eel River*, 1923 and *The To-day To-morrow*, 1923 (Atlantic Monthly); *Deep Channel*, Boston, 1923. The first is a mountain idyl with story interest, followed by three novels, a volume of stories concerning blind and deaf children; the remainder except *Deep Channel* are short stories, a number with the World War as a background. Miss Montague has continued to improve her work until the critics have conceded her a place among the leading writers of the country. Her home is at White Sulphur Springs.

Morton, Oren F. *Winning or Losing*. Kingwood, 1901. A West Virginia story dealing with the Spanish-American War. *Land of the Laurel*, Morgantown, 1903, is a tale of the Alleghenies half a century earlier. In these he has materially aided in preserving the life of the West Virginia highlands. He also wrote a story, *Under the Cottonwoods*, depicting pioneer life on the prairies and a number of county histories mentioned elsewhere. The author was a resident of Kingwood.

Nadal, Ehrman Syme. *Impressions of London Life*. London, 1875. Also author of *Essays of Home and Elsewhere*, London, 1882; *Zwibak; or Notes of a Professional Exile*, 1887. The author was born and reared in Greenbrier county; graduated from Yale, and was Secretary of the American Legation at London.

Painter, F. V. N. Author of *Introduction to English Literature*, Boston, 1894; *Introduction to American Literature*, Boston, 1897; *History of English Literature*, Boston, 1900; *Lyrical Vignettes*,

Boston, 1900; *Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism*, Boston, 1903; *Poets of the South*, New York, 1903, and other educational works. The author was born and reared in Hampshire county and is Professor of Modern Languages in Roanoke College, Va. His writings are well and favorably known.

PEMBERTON, ROBERT L. *Random Rhymes*. St. Marys, 1904. Also author of *Songs in a Merry Mood*, St. Marys. The author is Editor of the St. Marys Oracle.

PENCIL, MARK. *The White Sulphur Papers; or Life at the Springs of Western Virginia*, 1839.

PENDLETON, WILLIAM KIMBROUGH. Lectures, Addresses and Contributions to periodicals, as yet not published in book form except selections in his biography by Dr. Frederick Power. The subject was one of the earlier State Superintendent of Schools, Professor in Bethany College and later President of the institution.

PIDGIN, CHARLES FELTON. *Blennerhassett: or the Decrees of Fate*. Boston, 1901. Mr. Pidgin is a Massachusetts man; biographer of Aaron Burr and novelist. His story deals with the Burr and Blennerhassett affair.

POLLOCK, BERNICE MCCALLY. *Hortense*, a novel, 1902.

POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON. The author's writings include: *Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason*, New York, 1896; *The Man of of Last Resort*, N. Y., 1897; *The Corrector of Destinies*, N. Y., 1909. The foregoing all deal with the scheming of Randolph Mason. *Dwellers in the Hills*, N. Y., is a W. Va. cattle story; *The Gilded Chair*, N. Y. 1910, a novel; *The Nameless Thing*, N. Y., a lengthy mystery story. The following except next the last are made up of short-stories: *Uncle Abner: Master of Mysteries*, N. Y., 1918; *The Mystery of the Blue Villa*, N. Y., 1919; *The Sleuth of St. James Square*, N. Y., 1920; *The Mountain School Teacher*, N. Y., 1922, an allegory; *Monsieur Jonquelle*, N. Y., 1923.

PRICE, ANDREW. *Dreams*. Marlinton, 1923. By the author of the short stories: *The Princess Pocahontas* and *Selim, the Alegerine*.

PRICE, ANNA LOUISE. *The Old Church and Other Poems*. Marlinton, 1921. Although eighty-seven years old Mrs. Price is a contributor to the weekly press.

PURRINTON, EDWARD EARLE. *The Soul in Silhouette*, 1904. A book of verse.

QUICK, HERBERT. His writings include: *Fairyland of America*, Indianapolis, 1902; *Aladdin and Company*, Indianapolis. 1904;

Double Trouble, Inds., 1905; *Virginia of the Air Lanes*, Inds.; *The Broken Lance*, Inds., 1907; *American Inland Waterways*, Inds., 1909; *Yellowstone Nights*, Inds., 1911; *On Board the Good Ship Earth*, Inds., 1913; *The Brown Mouse*, Inds., 1915; *From War to Peace*, Inds., 1919; *The Fairview Idea*, Inds., 1919; *Vandemark's Folly*, Inds., 1921; *The Hawkeye*, Inds., 1923. Aside from his late popular novels his most important work deals with sociological and educational topics.

RANKIN, MARVIN L. *Studies in Prose and Verse*, 1919. The author is a native of Jackson county; although blind he preaches and lectures and has represented his county in the West Virginia Legislature.

REYNOLDS, POWELL BENTON (1841–1914). *Some Gospel According to Latter-Day Prophets*. Contributed to the "W. Va. School Journal," 1913–1914. Also author of various educational articles; none of which have been given book form. The scholarly author, a native of Virginia, was for a quarter of a century the most courtly and deeply revered faculty member of the West Virginia University, and for two years was acting president.

ROBERTS, LILLIAN MAYFIELD. *The Fly on the Window*. This short-story was awarded the $1000 prize in the "West Virginia Review" short-story contest. Mrs. Roberts is a resident of Wheeling. She studied short-story and editing under Professors Wilson and Lee, and poetry under Joyce Kilmer, the poet-soldier who was killed in France. Her poem, *Heart Hunger* has been selected by S. A. Coblentz for his "Anthology of Contemporary Verse" published in the fall of 1924.

ROYALL, ANNE (1769–1854). Her writings include: *Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States*, New Haven, 1826 *The Tennesseean; A Novel founded on Facts*, New Haven, 1827; *The Black Book; A Continuation of Travels in the United States*, 3 vols., Washington, D. C., 1828–1829; *Pennsylvania*, 2 vols., Washington, 1829; *A Southern Tour*, 3 vols., Washington, 1830–1831; *Letters from Alabama*, Washington, 1830. Her later views were published in her weekly newspapers: *Paul Pry*, 1831–1836, and *The Huntress*, 1836–1854, which she issued for nearly a quarter of a century at Washington, D. C. The author was eccentric, had a sharp tongue, and wrote with a vitriolic pen, but was not without humor and kindness.

RUFFNER, HENRY. Author of *Judith Ben Sadi, A Tale; The*

Predestinarian; The Fathers of the Desert, and other books of a religious nature; also *Pioneers of the Kanawha Valley*. He was a son of David Ruffner, the saltmaker, and died at Malden.

SCOTT, NATHAN B. *Letters from Foreign Lands*. Wheeling, 1903. Correspondence of a Wheeling business man and U. S. Senator while traveling in Europe.

SIVITER, ANNA PIERPONT. *The Sculptor and Other Poems*. Pittsburg, 1903. Also author of *Songs of Hope*, 1906; *Songs Sung Along Life's Way*, 1921; *Nehe: A Tale of the Time of Artaxerxes* Boston, 1901; *Four Christmas Days*, 1912, and *On Parole*, Boston, 1916. A story of Wyoming for young people. The author, a resident of Pittsburg, was born at Fairmont. She is the daughter of Francis H. Pierpont, Governor of Virginia under the Restored Government.

SLAUGHTER, HENRIETTA E. *Passion Past*. Charleston, 1888. The author of this story, who resides in Charleston, is a native of Mason County.

STOCKTON, FRANCIS R. *John Gayther's Garden*. New York, 1900. The setting is at "Claymont," the author's beautiful West Virginia home near Charles Town. *The Captain's Toll-Gate*, N. Y., 1903, is located on the road between Charles Town and Harper's Ferry. *Kate Bonnet*, 1903, was also written at "Claymont," where the popular author resided the last years of his life, 1899–1902.

STROTHER, DAVID H. (1816–1888). Author of *Virginia Illustrated: Containing A Visit to the Virginia Canaan and the Adventures of Porte Crayon and his Cousins*, New York and London, 1857; Also *The Blackwater Chronicle; A narrative of an Expedition into the Land of Canaan in Randolph County, Virginia*, 1853. Sometimes attributed to John Pendleton Kenedy. He was artist, author and soldier; born at Martinsburg, served in the Federal Army with the rank of Brigadier-General, and was appointed by President Hayes as Consul-General to Mexico. He died at Shepherdstown.

SWISHER, HOWARD L. *Brier Blossoms*. Morgantown, 1899. A volume of verse and story, the product of a business man with youthful literary inclinations. The author is a native of Monongalia county.

THOMAS, HENRY J. *The Allens; A Tale of the Great Kanawha*, 1862.

THOMPSON, JOHN RHEY. *Lectures to Young Men*. The author

was President of the West Virginia University 1877–81, and later Pastor of a Brooklyn, N. Y. church.

Townsend, Frank S. *Hugh Graham; A Tale of the Pioneers.* Most of the happenings related occur in the Great Kanawha Valley.

Turner, Ella May. *Prose and Verse of West Virginia*, 1923. The latest and one of the most valuable contributions that has been offered to the literature of the state. It comprises selections from and biographies of our leading authors, designed for general reading and class work in literature. The author is Instructor in English in Shepherd College State Normal.

Venable, William Henry. *A Dream of Empire; or the House of Blennerhassett.* New York, 1901. Prof. Venable is an Ohioan, and author of "Beginnings of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley." He is best known as a historian.

Warren, Rose Harlow. *A Southern Home in Wartime*, New York. A story of the home life of the southern woman during the Civil War. The author, a resident of Beckley, had written many short-stories prior to this her first book.

Wertz, William W. *Malinda, A Tale of Early Days.* The scene is laid in the Valley of the Great Kanawha and Elk rivers near Charleston.

Whisner, Will C. *Mark Ellis, or Unsolved Problems.* Morgantown, 1899. The author was born at Berkeley Springs.

Winger, Betty Bush. *The Legend of the Great Cup.* Point Pleasant, 1905. A rhymed story of an Indian princess and her lovers. *My Dream Garden; A Gift Book of Poems*, Pt. P., 1921. *My Glad New Year and I; A Cheer Calendar*, Pt. P., 1922. The author's work shows improvement from year to year. She lives at Point Pleasant.

Withers Emma. *Wildwood Chimes.* Cincinnati, 1891. The author, a native of Gilmer county, is West Virginia's nature poet. She is a granddaughter of Alexander Withers, author of "Border Warfare."

Wood, Warren. *The Tragedy of the Deserted Isle.* Boston, 1909. A chronicle of the Burr and Blennerhassett Conspiracy; *When Virginia Was Rent in Twain*, New York, 1914, a romance dealing with the formation of West Virginia; *Voices from the Valley*, Boston, 1918, a book of verse, and *Representative Authors of West Virginia.*

Woods, Katherine Pearson (1853–1923). Her novels include:

Metzerott, Shoemaker, 1889; a publication that engaged the attention of political economists everywhere; *A Web of Gold*, 1890; *The Mark of the Beast*, 1890; *From Dusk to Dawn*, 1892; *John, A Tale of the Messiah*, 1896; *The Son of Ingar*, 1897; *The True Story of Captain John Smith*, 1901; *The Face of Christ.* The above comprehends a varied range. The author, a native of Wheeling, was educated and passed most of her time in Baltimore.

ADDENDA 1924–1925

BARNES, WALTER. *The Children's Poets.* Yonkers, N. Y., 1924. An appraisment and analysis of American and English children's poets by a specialist in this field. In a series of delightful and discriminating essays the author offers a new evaluation and a more adequate treatment than hitherto attempted. His *Types of Children's Literature* and other educational books are mentioned elsewhere.

MCGREGOR, W. BURNS. *Sowing and Reaping*, 1924. A novel by a resident of Parkersburg, in which the scene is laid in the mountains of West Virginia. The plot concerns two young lawyers who love the same girl. One is the son of a man who changed his name and ran away to avoid service in the Civil War.

MONTAGUE, MARGARET PRESCOTT. *The Man from God's Country.* New York, 1924. A touching story woven about England's Unknown Soldier by one of West Virginia's talented writers. It is a poignant appeal for peace.

POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON. *Walker of the Secret Service.* New York, 1924. Stories of an American sleuth who was a reformed train robber. The first part deals with Walker's crooked past, while the latter has to do with his adventures as a detective of crime. By the well-known author of the Randolph Mason stories.

QUICK, HERBERT. *The Invisible Woman.* Indianapolis, 1924. The third novel in the author's trilogy including *Vandemark's Folly* and *The Hawkeye.* Peopled with characters from the earlier books, the action is carried on through the closing years of the century. The plot revolves around a celebrated legal case, complicated by state politics and industrial unrest. *There Came Two Women.* Indianapolis, 1924. A play written in blank verse which deals with the situation of two women; one with a child she thinks she does not want, the other with the love of motherhood but childless.

WALLER, MARY E. *Deep in the Hearts of Men.* Boston, 1924. A novel by a non-resident depicting the fortunes of the son of a manufacturer who became a West Virginia coal miner, together with the spiritual and social problems of his best friend, and the way they were solved.

WEBB, ELIZA A. *The Mystery of the Old Mill*, 1924. A tale of West Virginia in pioneer days, in which a man endeavors to obtain the fortune of a young girl. Combined with the intrigue is the love story of the young lady. The author resides in Salem.

1925

BROOKS, EARL A. *A Handbook of the Outdoors.* New York, 1925. An excellent guide for nature enthusiasts and lovers of the open road. Under the headings: Outdoor Activities; Woodcraft, and Campcraft, are chapters dealing with the great outdoors and the enjoyments of the open air. The author, formerly of Weston, is an instructor in Boston University.

COX, JOHN HARRINGTON. *Folk Songs of the South.* Cambridge, 1925. Old English and Scottish ballads, together with old-fashioned songs comprising a valuable contribution collected under the auspices of the West Virginia Folk Lore Society and edited by its archivist, Professor Cox of West Virginia University.

CUNNINGHAM, ALBERT BENJAMIN. *Animal Tales of the Rockies.* New York, 1925. Thrilling life stories of the denizens of the mountains and their activities in their native lairs, by the author of *Old Black Bass*, and stories of his own "Mountain State."

HARRISON, HENRY SYDNOR. *Andrew Bride of Paris.* Boston, 1925. The story of a young intellectual abroad, his disillusionment and how it turned out. An interesting satire on the literary poseurs of the younger generation, motivated by a charming love interest. By the author of *Queed.*

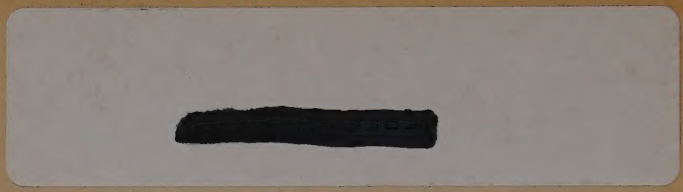
MURRILL, HOWARD AGASSIZ. *Andiron Songs*, 1925. Some seventy descriptive and reflective poems, nature lyrics and legends; many scenes are from West Virginia. The gifted author, a resident of Enterprise, had previously published *Mountain and Stream Songs.*

QUICK, HERBERT. *One Man's Life.* Indianapolis, 1925. Mr. Quick's autobiography published posthumously. A document crowded with absorbing and varied interests, with the Middle West, its history and problems during its pioneer period for a

background, the later and more familiar events of his life while a resident of West Virginia not being included. Died June 10, 1925.

RICHARDS, ELIZABETH DAVIS. *Leaves of Laurel.* Chicago, 1925. A dainty book of verse containing some thirty poems, most of them nature lyrics, distinguished by finished phrasing and stately rhythm. The author is a resident of Morgantown.

TURNER, ELLA MAY. *West Virginia Verse of To-day.* Shepherdstown, 1925. Reprinted from verse in newspapers and magazines between July, 1922 and June, 1924, by the author of *Prose and Verse of West Virginia.*



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